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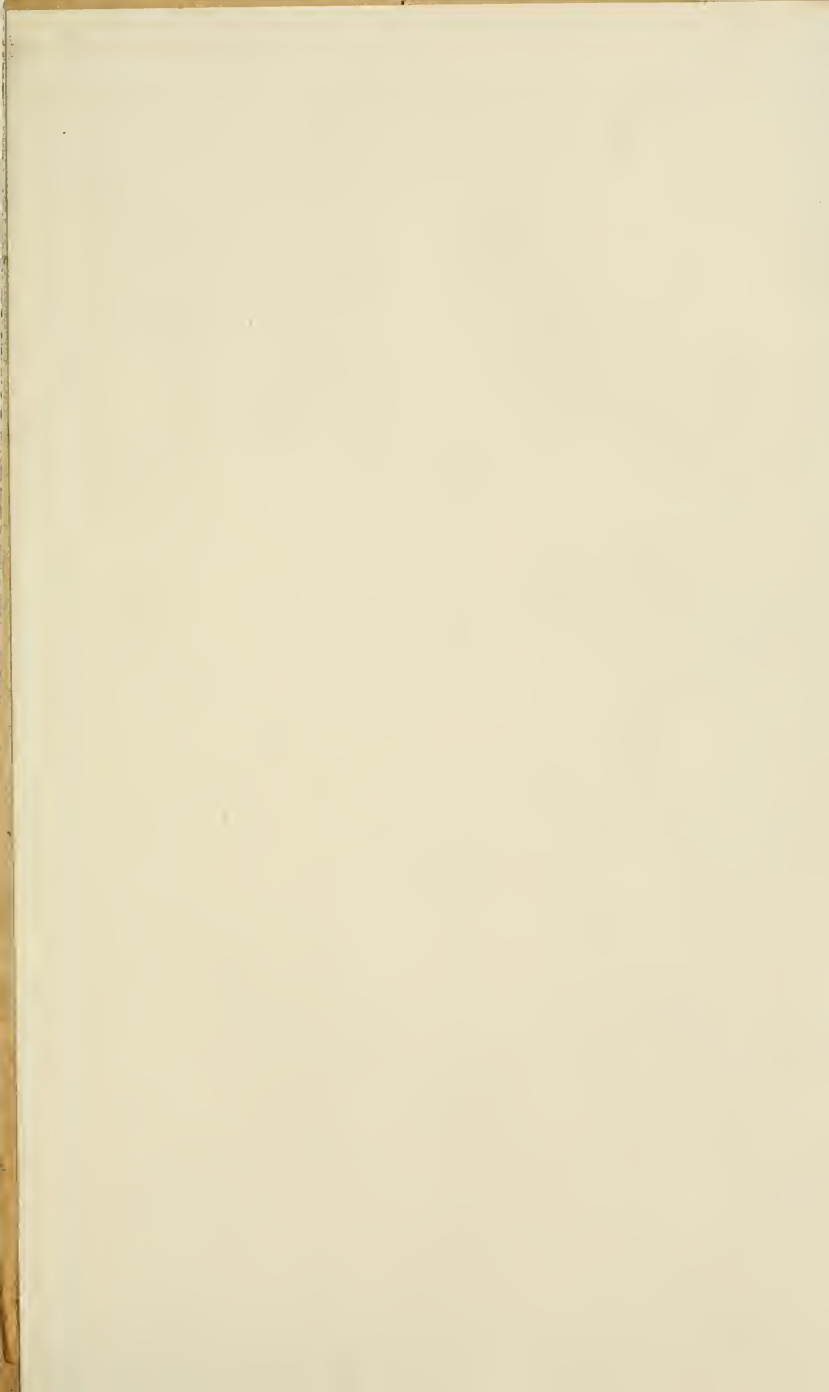
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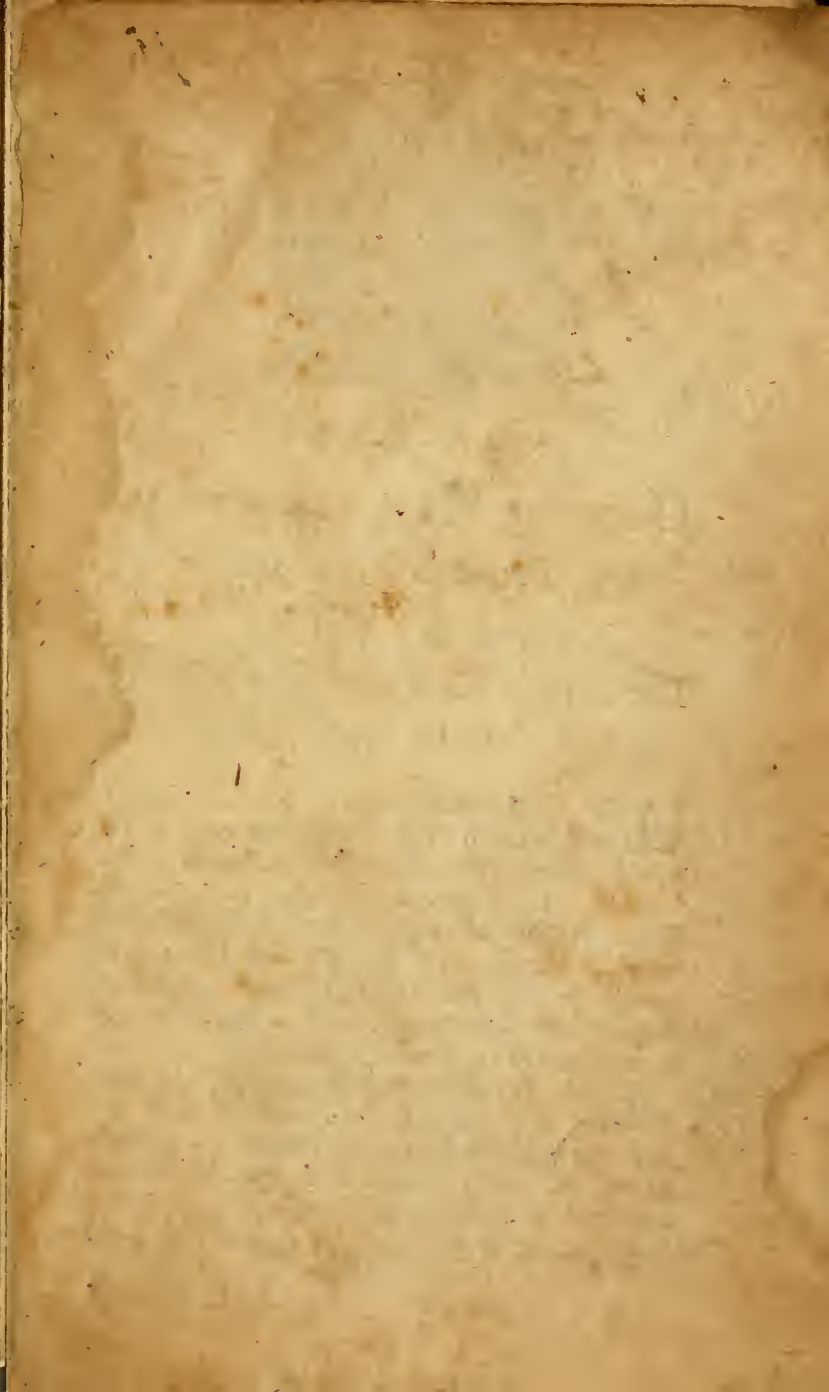














AT THE  
Court at KENSINGTON,  
December 3. 1696.

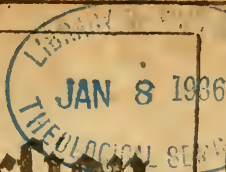
P R E S E N T  
The King's Most Excellent Majesty  
in Council.

**U**Pon the Humble Petition of Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate, this Day read at the Board, setting forth, that the Petitioners have, with their utmost Care and Industry, compleated A New Version of the Psalms of David, in English Metre, fitted for Publick Use; and humbly praying His Majesty's Royal Allowance, that the said Version may be used in such Congregations as shall think fit to receive it.

His Majesty taking the same into His Royal Consideration, is pleased to Order in Council, That the said New Version of the Psalms in English Metre be, and the same is hereby Allowed and Permitted to be used in all Churches, Chappels, and Congregations, as shall think fit to receive the same.

W. Bridgeman.

A



# New Version

OF THE

# P S A L M S

OF

# D A V I D,

Fitted to the TUNES  
Used in CHURCHES.

---

BY

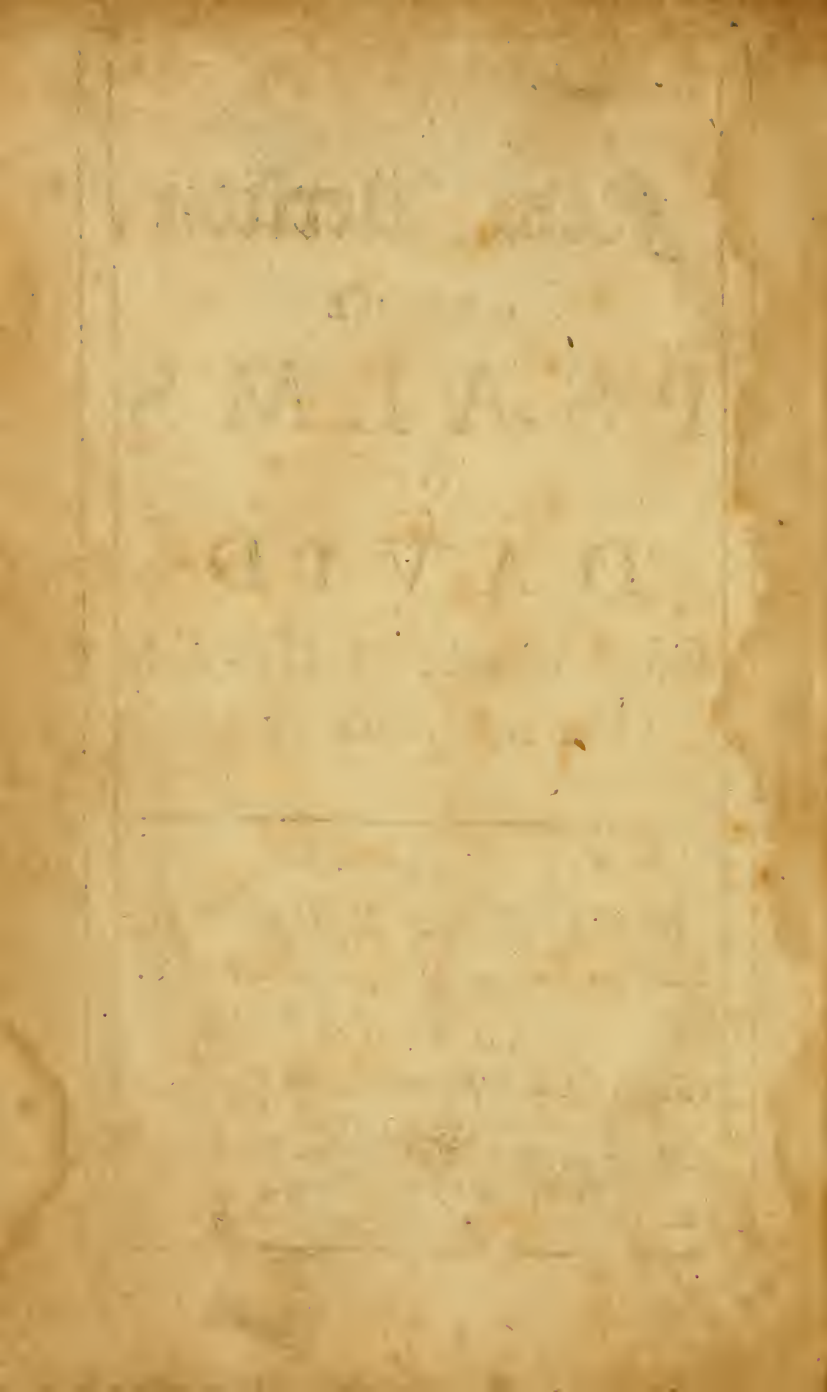
*N. TATE and N. BRADY.*

---

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TO HIS

Most Excellent Majesty

*WILLIAM III.*

OF

*Great-Britain, France, and Ireland*

*KING,*

Defender of the FAITH, &c.

THIS

New Version

OF THE

*PSALMS* of DAVID

Is most humbly DEDICATED,

BY

His MAJESTY'S

most Obedient

Subjects and Servants,

*N. Brady, N. Tate.*



I

A New VERSION  
OF THE  
P S A L M S, &c.

---

P S A L M I.

1. **H**OW blest is he who ne'r consents  
by ill Advice to walk ;  
Nor stands in Sinners ways, nor sits  
where Men profanely talk.
2. But makes the perfect Law of God  
his Business and Delight ;  
Devoutly reads therein by Day,  
and meditates by Night.
3. Like some fair Tree, which fed by Streams,  
with timely Fruit does bend,  
He still shall flourish, and Success  
all his Designs attend.
4. Ungodly Men, and their Attempts  
no lasting Root shall find ;  
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd  
like Chaff before the Wind.
5. Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb  
before their Judge's Face :  
No formal Hypocrite shall then  
amongst the Saints have place.
6. For God approves the Just Man's Ways,  
to Happiness they tend :  
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread  
shall both in Ruin end.

P S A L M II.

1. **W**ith restless and ungovern'd Rage,  
why do the Heathen storm ?

- Why in such rash Attempts engage,  
as they can ne'er perform?
2. The Great in Counsel and in Might,  
their various Forces bring;  
Against the Lord they all unite,  
and his anointed King.
3. Must we submit to their Commands,  
Presumptuously they say?  
No, let us break their slavish Bands,  
and cast their Chains away.
4. But God, who sits enthron'd on high,  
and sees how they combine,  
Does their conspiring Strength despise,  
and mocks their vain Design.
5. Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break  
on his Rebellious Foes;  
And thus will he in Thunder speak  
to all that dare oppose.
6. "Tho' madly you dispute my Will,  
"the King that I ordain,  
"Whose Throne is fix'd on *Sion's* Hill,  
"shall there securely reign.
7. Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare  
God's uncontroll'd Decree;  
"Thou art my Son, this day my Heir  
"have I begotten thee.
8. Ask, and receive thy full Demands,  
"thine shall the Heathen be;  
"The utmost Limits of the Lands  
"shall be possess'd by thee.
9. Thy threatening Scepter thou shalt shake,  
"and crush them ev'ry where;  
"As massy Bars of Iron break  
"the Potters brittle Ware.
10. Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear,  
ye Judges of the Earth;
11. Worship the Lord with holy Fear,  
rejoice with awful Mirth.

12. Appease the Son with due Respect,  
your timely Homage pay ;  
Lest he revenge the bold Neglect,  
incens'd by your Delay.
13. If but in part his Anger rise,  
who can endure the Flame?  
Then bless'd are they whose Hope relies  
on his most holy Name.

## P S A L M III.

1. **H**OW many, Lord, of late are grown  
the Troublers of my Peace!  
And as their Numbers hourly rise,  
so does their Rage increase.
2. Insulting they my Soul upbraid,  
and him whom I adore ;  
The God in whom he trusts, say they,  
shall rescue him no more.
3. But thou, O Lord, art my Defence ;  
on thee my Hopes rely ;  
Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet  
lift up my Head on high.
4. Since, whensoever in like Distress  
to God I made my Pray'r,  
He heard me from his holy Hill,  
why should I now despair ?
5. Guarded by him, I laid me down  
my sweet Repose to take ;  
For I through him securely sleep,  
through him in safety wake.
6. No Force nor Fury of my Foes  
my Courage shall confound,  
Were they as many Hosts as Men,  
that have beset me round.
7. Arise, and save me, O my God,  
who oft hast own'd my Cause,  
And scatter'd off these Foes to me,  
and to thy righteous Laws.



8. Salvation to the Lord belongs,  
 he only can defend ;  
 His Blessing he extends to all  
 that on his Pow'r depend.

## P S A L M IV.

1. **O** Lord that art my righteous Judge,  
 to my Complaint give ear ;  
 Thou still redeem'st me from Distress :  
 have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
2. How long will ye, O Sons of Men,  
 to blot my Fame devise ?  
 How long your vain Designs pursue,  
 and spread malicious Lies ?
3. Consider, that the righteous Man  
 is God's peculiar Choice ;  
 And when to him I make my Pray'r,  
 he always hears my Voice.
4. Then stand in awe of his Commands,  
 flee ev'ry thing that's ill ;  
 Commune in private with your Hearts,  
 and bend them to his Will.
5. The place of other Sacrifice  
 let Righteousness supply ;  
 And let your Hope, securely fixt,  
 on God alone rely.
6. While worldly Minds impatient grow,  
 more prosp'rous Times to see ;  
 Still let the Glories of thy Face  
 shine brightly Lord on me.
7. So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,  
 more lasting and more true,  
 Than theirs, who stores of Corn and Wine  
 successively renew.
8. Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,  
 and take my needful Rest ;  
 No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,  
 of thy Defence possess.

## P S A L M V.

1. **L**ord hear the Voice of my Complaint,  
accept my secret Pray'r;
2. To thee alone, my King, my God,  
will I for help repair.
3. Thou in the morn my Voice shalt hear ;  
and with the dawning Day  
To thee devoutly I'll look up,  
to thee devoutly pray.
4. For thou the Wrongs that I sustain  
canst never, Lord, approve,  
Who from thy sacred Dwelling-place  
all Evil dost remove.
5. Not long shall stubborn Fools remain  
unpunish'd in thy view :  
All such as act unrighteous things  
thy Vengeance shall pursue.
6. The stand'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,  
by thee shall be destroy'd,  
Who hat'st alike the Man in Blood  
and in Deceit employ'd.
7. But when thy boundless Grace shall me  
to thy lov'd Courts restore,  
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,  
and humbly there adore.
8. Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,  
for watchful is my Foe :  
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way  
wherein I ought to go.
9. Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,  
their Heart is set on Wrong ;  
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,  
they flatter with their Tongue.
10. By their own Counsels let them fall,  
oppress'd with loads of Sin ;  
For they against thy righteous Laws  
have harden'd Rebels been.

11. But let all those who trust in thee,  
with Shouts their Joy proclaim ;  
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,  
and all that love thy Name.
12. To righteous Men, the righteous Lord  
his Blessing will extend,  
And with his Favour all his Saints,  
as with a Shield, defend.

## P S A L M VI.

1. **T**hy dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,  
and spare a Wretch forlorn ;  
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath  
too heavy to be born.
2. Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,  
unable to endure  
The Anguish of my aking Bones,  
which thou alone canst cure.
3. My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,  
and fills my Soul with Grief ;  
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay  
to grant me thy Relief !
4. Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,  
and ease my troubled Soul ;  
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake,  
vouchsafe to make me whole.
5. For after Death no more can I  
thy glorious Acts proclaim ;  
No Pris'ner of the silent Grave  
can magnific thy Name.
6. Quite tir'd with Pain, with Groaning faint,  
no hope of Ease I see ;  
The Night, that quiets common Grievs,  
is spent in Tears by me.
7. My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,  
my Eyes with weakness close ;  
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think  
on my insulting Foes.



8. Depart ye Wicked ; in my wrongs  
ye shall no more rejoice ;  
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,  
and listens to my Voice.
- 9, 10. He hears and grants my humble Pray'r ;  
and they that wish my Fall,  
Shall blush and rage, to see that God  
protects me from them all.

## P S A L M VII.

1. **O** Lord, my God, since I have plac'd  
my Trust alone in thee,  
From all my Persecutors Rage  
do thou deliver me.
2. To save me from my threatening Foe,  
Lord interpose thy Pow'r ;  
Lest, like a salvage Lion, he  
my helpless Soul devour.
- 3, 4. If I am guilty, or did e'er  
against his Peace combine ;  
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,  
who fought unjustly mine ;
5. Let then to persecuting Foes  
my Soul become a Prey ;  
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,  
in Dust my Honour lay.
6. Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,  
in my Defence engage ;  
Exalt thy self above my Foes,  
and their insulting Rage :  
Awake, awake, in my behalf,  
the Judgment to dispense,  
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd  
for injur'd Innocence.
7. So to thy Throne adoring Crouds  
shall still for Justice fly ;  
**O!** therefore for their sakes resume  
thy Judgment-seat on high.

8. Impartial Judge of all the World,  
I trust my Cause to thee ;  
According to my just Deserts  
so let thy Sentence be.
9. Let wicked Arts and wicked Men  
together be o'erthrown ;  
But guard the Just, thou God, to whom  
the Hearts of both are known.
- 10, 11. God me protects ; nor only me,  
but all of upright Heart ;  
And daily lays up Wrath for those  
who from his Laws depart.
12. If they persist, he whets his Sword,  
his Bow stands ready bent ;
13. Ev'n now with swift Destruction wing'd,  
his pointed Shafts are sent.
14. The Plots are fruitless, which my Foe  
unjustly did conceive :
15. The Pit he digg'd for me has prov'd  
his own untimely Grave.
16. On his own Head his Spite returns,  
whilst I from Harm am free ;  
On him the Violence is fall'n  
which he design'd for me.
17. Therefore will I the righteous ways  
of Providence proclaim ;  
I'll sing the Praise of God most High,  
and celebrate his Name.

## P S A L M VIII.

1. **O** Thou, to whom all Creatures bow,  
within this earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World, how great art Thou !  
how glorious is thy Name !  
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,  
nor fully reckon'd there ;
2. And yet thou mak'st the Infant-Tongue  
thy boundless Praise declare :

Thro'

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,  
and crush their haughty Foes;  
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng  
that thee and thine oppose.

3. When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,  
employs my wond'ring Sight;  
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,  
with Stars of feebler Light.
4. What's Man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st  
to keep him in thy mind?  
Or what his Off-spring, that thou prov'st  
to them so wond'rons kind?
5. Him next in Pow'r thou didst create  
to thy Celestial Train;
6. Ordain'd with Dignity and State,  
o'er all thy Works to reign.
7. They jointly own his pow'ful sway;  
the Beasts that prey or graze;
8. The Bird that wings its airy way;  
the Fish that cuts the Seas.
9. O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow,  
within this earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!  
how glorious is thy Name!

## P S A L M IX.

1. **T**O celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,  
I will my Heart prepare;  
To all the list'ning World thy Works,  
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2. The Thought of them shall to my Soul  
exalted Pleasure bring,  
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High!  
triumphant Praise I sing.
3. Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn  
their backs in shameful flight:  
Struck with thy Presence down they fell,  
they perish'd at thy sight.

4. Against

4. Against insulting Foes advanc'd,  
thou didst my Cause maintain ;  
My Right asserting from thy Throne,  
where Truth and Justice reign.
5. The Insolence of Heathen Pride  
thou hast reduc'd to Shame ;  
Their wicked Offspring quite destroy'd,  
and blotted out their Name.
6. Mistaken Foes ! your haughty Threats  
are to a period come :  
Our City stands, which you design'd  
to make our common Tomb.
- 7, 8. The Lord for ever lives, who has  
his righteous Throne prepar'd,  
Impartial Justice to dispense,  
to punish or reward.
9. God is a constant sure Defence  
against oppressing Rage ;  
As Troubles rise, his needful Aids  
in our behalf engage.
10. All those who have his Goodness prov'd  
will in his Truth confide ;  
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man  
that on his Help rely'd.
11. Sing Praises therefore to the Lord ;  
from *Sion* his Abode  
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World  
confess no other God.

## P A R T II.

12. When he enquiry makes for Blood,  
he calls the Poor to mind ;  
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint  
relief from him shall find.
13. Take pity on my Troubles, Lord,  
which spiteful Foes create,  
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft  
from Death's devouring Gate.



14. In *Sion* then I'll sing thy Praise,  
to all that love thy Name ;  
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy  
thy saving Pow'r proclaim.
15. Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me  
the Heathen Pride is laid ;  
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare  
are heedlessly betray'd.
16. Thus by the just Returns thy Vengeance makes  
the mighty Lord is known ;  
While wicked Men by their own Plots  
are shamefully o'erthrown.
17. No single Sinner shall escape  
by Privacy obscur'd ;  
Nor Nation from his just Revenge  
by Numbers be secur'd.
18. His suff'ring Saints, when most distress'd,  
he ne'er forgets to aid ;  
Their Expectation shall be crown'd,  
tho' for a time delay'd.
19. Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r,  
and let not Man o'ercome ;  
Descend to Judgment, and pronounce  
the guilty Heathens doom.
20. Strike Terror through the Nations round,  
till, by consenting Fear,  
They to each other and themselves,  
but mortal Men appear.

## P S A L M X.

1. **T**Hy Presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord ?  
why hid'st thou now thy Face ?  
When dismal Times of deep Distress  
call for thy wonted Grace.
2. The Wicked, swell'd with lawless Pride,  
have made the Poor their prey ;  
O let them fall by those Designs  
which they for others lay.

3. For strait they triumph, if Success  
their thriving Crimes attend ;  
And sordid Wretches, whom God hates,  
perverfly they commend.
4. To own a Pow'r above themselves  
their haughry Pride disdains ;  
And therefore in their stubborn Mind  
no thought of God remains.
5. Oppressive Methods they pursue,  
and all their Foes they slight ;  
Because thy Judgments unobserv'd  
are far above their sight.
6. They fondly think their prosp'rous State  
shall unmolested be ;  
They think their vain Designs shall thrive,  
from all Misfortune free.
7. Vain and deceitful is their Speech,  
with Curses fill'd and Lies ;  
By which the Mischief of their Heart  
they study to disguise.
8. Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,  
and all their Art employ,  
The Innocent and Poor at once  
to rifle, and destroy.
9. Not Lions couching in their Dens,  
surprise their heedless Prey  
With greater Cunning, or express  
more salvage Rage than they.
10. Sometimes they act the harmless Man,  
and modest Looks they wear ;  
That so deceiv'd, the Poor may less  
their sudden Onset fear.

## P A R T II.

11. For God, they think, no notice takes  
of their unrighteous Deeds ;  
He never minds the suff'ring Poor,  
nor their Oppression heeds.



But

12. But thou, O Lord, at length arise;  
stretch forth thy mighty Arm;  
And, by the Greatness of thy Pow'r;  
defend the Poor from harm.
13. No longer let the Wicked vaunt,  
and proudly boasting say,  
"Tush, God regards not what we do,  
" he never will repay.
14. But sure thou seest, and all their Deeds  
impartially dost try;  
The Orphan, therefore, and the Poor  
on Thee for Aid rely.
15. Defenceless let the Wicked fall,  
of all their Strength bereft:  
Confound, O God, their dark Designs;  
till no Remains are left.
16. Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,  
which shall for ever stand;  
Thou who the Heathen didst expel  
from this thy chosen Land.
17. Thou dost the humble Suppliants hear  
that to thy Throne repair;  
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray  
and then accept'st their Pray'r.
18. Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'st  
the Fatherless and Poor;  
That so the Tyrants of the Earth  
may persecute no more.

## P S A L M XI.

1. Since I have plac'd my Trust in God,  
a Refuge always nigh,  
Why should I, like a tim'rous Bird,  
to distant Mountains fly?
2. Behold, the wicked bend their Bow;  
and ready fix their Dart;  
Lurking in ambush to destroy  
the Man of upright Heart.

3. When once the firm Assurance fails  
which publick Faith imparts,  
'Tis time for Innocence to fly  
from such deceitful Arts.
4. The Lord hath both a Temple here,  
and righteous Throne above:  
Whence he surveys the Sons of Men,  
and how their Counsels move.
5. If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,  
for Trial does correct;  
What must the Sons of Violence,  
whom he abhors, expect?
6. Snares, Fire, and Brimstone on their Heads  
shall in one Tempest show'r;  
This dreadful mixture his Revenge  
into their Cup shall pour.
7. The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds,  
with signal Favour grace;  
And to the upright Man disclose  
the brightness of his Face.

## P S A L M XII.

1. **S**ince godly Men decay, O Lord,  
do thou my Cause defend;  
For scarce these wretched Times afford  
one just and faithful Friend.
2. One Neighbour now can scarce believe  
what t'other does impart;  
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,  
and with a double Heart.
3. But Lips that with Deceit abound  
can never prosper long;  
God's righteous Vengeance will confound  
the proud blaspheming Tongue.
4. In vain those foolish Boasters say  
"our Tongues are sure our own;  
"With doubtful Words we will betray,  
"and be controul'd by none.



5. For God, who hears the suff'ring Poor,  
and their Oppression knows,  
Will soon arise and give them rest,  
in spight of all their Foes.
6. The Word of God shall still abide,  
and void of Falshood be:  
As is the Silver, seven times try'd,  
from drossy Mixture free.
7. The Promise of his aiding Grace  
shall reach the purpos'd End;  
His Servants from this faithless Race  
he ever shall defend.
8. Then shall the Wicked be perplex'd,  
nor know which way to fly;  
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd  
shall be advanc'd on high.

## P S A L M XIII.

1. **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?  
must I for ever mourn?  
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?  
Oh! never to return?
2. How long shall anxious Thoughts my Soul,  
and Grief my Heart oppress?  
How long my Enemies insult,  
and I have no Redress?
3. O hear! and to my longing Eyes  
restore thy wonted Light;  
And suddenly, or I shall sleep  
in everlasting Night.
4. Restore me, lest they proudly boast  
'twas their own Strength o'ercame;  
Permit not them that vex my Soul  
to triumph in my Shame.
5. Since I have always plac'd my Trust  
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,  
Thy saving Health will come, and then  
my Heart with Joy shall spring:

6. Then shall my Song, with Praise inspir'd,  
to thee my God ascend;  
Who to thy Servant in Distress  
such Bounty didst extend.

## P S A L M XIV.

1. **S**Ure, wicked Fools must needs suppose  
that God is nothing but a Name;  
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,  
no Breast is warm'd with holy Flame.
2. The Lord look'd down from Heaven's high  
and all the Sons of Men did view, (Tow'r,  
To see if any own'd his Pow'r;  
if any Truth or Justice knew.
3. But all, he saw, were gone aside,  
all were degen'rate grown and base;  
None took Religion for their Guide,  
not one of all the sinful Race.
4. But can these workers of Deceit  
be all so dull and senseless grown?  
That they, like Bread, my People eat,  
and God's Almighty Pow'r disown?
5. How will they tremble then for fear,  
when his just Wrath shall them o'ertake?  
For, to the Righteous, God is near,  
and never will their Cause forsake.
6. Ill Men in vain with Scorn expose  
those Methods which the good pursue;  
Since God a Refuge is for those  
whom his just Eyes with favour view.
7. Would he his saving Pow'r employ,  
to break his People's servile Band;  
Then Shouts of universal Joy  
should loudly eccho through the Land.

## P S A L M XV.

1. **L**Ord, who's the happy Man that may  
to thy blest Courts repair?

Not, Stranger-like, to visit them,  
but to inhabit there?

2. 'Tis he whose ev'ry Thought and Deed  
by rules of Virtue moves ;  
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak  
the thing his Heart disproves.

3. Who never did a Slander forge,  
his Neighbour's Fame to wound ;  
Nor hearken to a false Report,  
by Malice whisper'd round.

4. Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,  
can treat with just Neglect ;  
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,  
religiously respect.

Who to his plighted Vows and Trust  
has ever firmly stood :

And tho' he promise to his Loss,  
he makes his Promise good.

5. Whose Soul in Usury disdains  
his Treasure to employ ;  
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,  
the Guileless to destroy.

The Man, who by this steady Course  
has Happiness ensur'd,

When Earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,  
by Providence secur'd.

## P S A L M XVI.

1. **P**rotect me from my cruel Foes,  
and shield me, Lord, from Harm ;  
Because my Trust I still repose  
on thy Almighty Arm.

2. My Soul all Help but thine does slight,  
all Gods but thee disown ;  
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite  
the Goodness thou hast shown.

3. But those that strictly virtuous are,  
and love the thing that's right,

- To favour always and prefer  
shall be my chief Delight.
4. How shall their Sorrows be increas'd,  
who other Gods adore?  
Their bloody Offerings I detest,  
their very Names abhor.
5. My Lot is fall'n in that blest Land  
where God is truly known;  
He fills my Cup with lib'ral hand;  
'tis he supports my Throne.
6. In Nature's most delightful Scene  
my happy Portion lies;  
The place of my appointed Reign  
all other Lands outvies.
7. Therefore my Soul shall bless the Lord,  
whose Precepts give me Light,  
And private Counsel still afford,  
in Sorrow's dismal Night.
8. I strive each Action to approve  
to his all-seeing Eye:  
No danger shall my Hopes remove,  
because he still is nigh.
9. Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,  
my Glory does rejoice;  
My Flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,  
wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.
10. Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath,  
my Soul from Hell shall free;  
Nor let thy Holy One in death  
the least Corruption see.
11. Thou shalt the Paths of Life display,  
that to thy Presence lead;  
Where Pleasures dwell without allay,  
and Joys that never fade.

## P S A L M XVII.

1. **T**O my just Plea, and sad Complaint,  
attend, O righteous Lord,

And

- And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,  
a gracious Ear afford.
2. As in thy sight I am approv'd,  
so let my Sentence be ;  
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,  
my upright Dealing see.
3. For thou hast search'd my Heart by day,  
and visited by Night ;  
And on the strictest Trial found  
its secret Motions right.  
Nor shall thy Justice, Lord, alone  
my Heart's Designs acquit ;  
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue  
shall no Offence commit.
4. I know what wicked Men would do  
their Safety to maintain ;  
But me thy just and mild Commands  
from bloody Paths restrain.
5. That I may still, in spite of Wrongs,  
my Innocence secure.  
O ! guide me in thy righteous Ways,  
and make my Footsteps sure.
6. Since heretofore I ne'er in vain  
to thee my Pray'r address'd ;  
O ! now, my God, incline thine Ear  
to this my just Request.
7. The Wonders of thy Truth and Love  
in my Defence engage,  
Thou whose Right-hand preserves thy Saints  
from their Oppressors Rage.

## P A R T II.

- 8, 9. O ! keep me in thy tend'rest Care ;  
thy sheltring Wing stretch out,  
To guard me safe from salvage Foes,  
that compass me about.
10. O'ergrown with Luxury, enclos'd  
in their own Fat they lie ;



And with a proud blaspheming Mouth  
both God and Man defie.

11. Well may they boast; for they have now  
my Paths encompass'd round;  
With Eyes at watch, and Bodies bow'd,  
and couching on the Ground,
12. In posture of a Lion set,  
when greedy of his Prey;  
Or a young Lion, when he lurks  
within a covert way.
13. Arise; O Lord, defeat their Plots,  
their swelling Rage controul;  
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,  
deliver thou my Soul;
14. From worldly Men, thy sharpest Scourge,  
whose Portion's here below;  
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, desire  
no other Bliss to know;
15. Their Race is num'rous, that partake  
their Substance while they live:  
Their Heirs survive, to whom they may  
the vast Remainder give.
16. But I, in Uprightness, thy Face,  
shall view without controul;  
And waking, shall its Image find  
reflected in my Soul.

### P S A L M XVIII.

- 1, 2. **N**O change of Times shall ever shock  
my firm Affection, Lord, to thee;  
For thou hast always been my Rock,  
a Fortrefs, and Defence to me,  
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;  
my Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r;  
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,  
at home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.
3. To thee I will address my Pray'r,  
(to whom all Praise we justly owe;)



- So shall I, by thy watchful Care,  
 be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
- 4, 5. By Floods of wicked Men distress'd,  
 with Seas of Sorrow compass'd round,  
 With dire infernal Pangs oppress'd,  
 in Death's unweildy Fetters bound.
6. To Heaven I made my mournful Pray'r,  
 to God address'd my humble Moan;  
 Who graciously inclin'd his Ear,  
 and heard me from his lofty Throne.

## P A R T II.

7. When God arose my part to take,  
 the conscious Earth was struck with fear;  
 The Hills did at his Presence shake,  
 nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8. Thick Clouds of Smoak dispers'd abroad,  
 ensigns of Wrath before him came;  
 Devouring Fire around him glow'd,  
 that Coals were kindled at his Flame.
9. He left the beauteous Realms of Light,  
 whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful head;  
 Beneath his Feet substantial Night  
 was, like a sable Carpet spread.
10. The Chariot of the King of Kings,  
 which active Troops of Angels drew,  
 On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,  
 with most amazing swiftness flew.
- 11, 12. Black watry Mists and Clouds conspir'd  
 with thickest Shades his Face to veil;  
 But at his Brightness soon retir'd,  
 and fell in show'rs of Fire and Hail.
13. Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thundring Peal,  
 God's angry Voice did loudly roar;  
 While Earth's sad Face, with heaps of Hail  
 and flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.
14. His sharpen'd Arrows round he threw,  
 which made his scatter'd Foes retreat;

Like

- Like Darts, his nimble Light'nings flew,  
and quickly finish'd their Defeat.
15. The Deep its secret Stores disclos'd ;  
the World's Foundations naked lay ;  
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,  
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

## P A R T III.

16. The Lord did on my side engage,  
from Heav'n(his Throne)my Cause upheld ;  
And snatch'd me from the furious Rage  
of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell'd.
17. God his resistless Pow'r employ'd,  
my strongest Foes attempts to break ;  
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd  
the weak Defence that I could make.
18. Their subtil Rage had near prevail'd,  
when I distrest and friendless lay ;  
But still when other Succours fail'd,  
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19. From Dangers that enclos'd me round,  
he brought me forth, and set me free ;  
For some just Cause his Goodness found,  
that mov'd him to delight in me.
20. Because in me no Guilt remains,  
God does his gracious Help extend ;  
My Hands are free from bloody Stains,  
therefore the Lord is still my Friend.
- 21, 22. For I his Judgments kept in sight,  
in his just Paths I always trod ;  
I never did his Statutes slight,  
nor loosely wander'd from my God.
- 23, 24. But still my Soul, sincere and pure,  
did ev'n from darling Sins refrain ;  
His Favours therefore yet endure  
because my Heart and Hands are clean.

## P A R T IV.

- 25, 26. Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways  
to various Paths of Human-kind;  
They who for Mercy merit Praise,  
with thee shall wond'rous Mercy find.  
Thou to the Just shall Justice shew,  
the Pure thy Purity shall see;  
Such as perversely chuse to go,  
shall meet with due Returns from thee.
- 27, 28. That he the humble Soul will save,  
and crush the Haughty's boasted Might,  
In me the Lord an Instance gave,  
whose Darkness he has turn'd to Light.
29. On his firm Succour I rely'd,  
and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;  
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side,  
the best defended Walls to scale.
30. For God's Designs shall still succeed;  
his Word will bear the utmost Test:  
He's a strong Shield to all that need,  
and on his sure Protection rest.
31. Who then deserves to be ador'd,  
but God, on whom my Hopes depend?  
Or who, except the mighty Lord,  
can with resistless Pow'r defend.

## P A R T V.

- 32, 33. 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,  
and all my just Designs fulfils;  
Through him my Feet can swiftly run,  
and nimbly climb the steepest Hills.
34. Lessons of War from him I take,  
and manly Weapons learn to wield;  
Strong Bows of Steel with ease I break,  
forc'd by my stronger Arms to yield.
35. The Buckler of his Saving Health  
protects me from assaulting Foes;

His

- His Hand sustains me still, my Wealth  
and Greatness from his Bounty flows.
36. My Goings he enlarg'd abroad,  
till then to narrow Paths confin'd;  
And, when in slipp'ry ways I trod,  
the Method of my Steps design'd.
37. Through him I num'rons Hosts defeat,  
and flying Squadrons captive take.  
Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,  
till I a final Conquest make.
38. Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try  
their vanquish'd Heads again to rear;  
Spight of their boasted Strength they lie  
beneath my Feet and grovel there.
39. God, when fresh Armies take the Field,  
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;  
He makes my strong Opposers yield,  
subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
40. Through him, the Neck of prostrate Foes,  
my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph press;  
Aided by him, I root out those  
who hate and envy my Success.
41. With loud complaints all Friends they try'd,  
but none was able to defend;  
At length to God for Help they cry'd,  
but God would no assistance lend.
42. Like flying Dust which Winds pursue,  
their broken Troops I scatter'd round:  
Their slaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,  
like loathsome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

## P A R T VI.

43. Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,  
by God's Appointment me obey;  
The Heathen to my Scepter bow,  
and foreign Nations own my sway.
44. Remotest Realms their Homage send,  
when my successful Name they hear:



Strangers for my Commands attend,  
charm'd with Respect, or aw'd by Fear.

45. All to my Summons tamely yield,  
or soon in Battel are dismay'd ;  
For stronger Holds they quit the Field,  
and still in strongest Holds afraid.
46. Let the eternal Lord be prais'd !  
the Rock on whose Defence I rest ;  
O'er highest Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,  
who me with his Salvation blest'd !
47. 'Tis God that still supports my Right,  
his just Revenge my Foes pursues ;  
'Tis he, that with resistless Might  
fierce Nations to my Yoke subdues.
48. My universal Safeguard, He !  
from whom my lasting Honours flow ;  
He made me great, and set me free,  
from my remorseless bloody Foe.
49. Therefore to celebrate his Fame,  
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raise ;  
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,  
shall thus be taught to sing his Praise ;
50. " God to his King Deliv'rance sends ;  
" shews his Anointed signal Grace ;  
" His Mercy evermore extends  
" to *David* and his promis'd Race.

PSALM XIX.

1. **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,  
which that alone can fill ;  
The Firmament and Stars express  
their great Creator's Skill.
2. The Dawn of each returning Day,  
fresh Beams of Knowledge brings ;  
and from the dark Returns of Night  
livine Instruction springs.

Thy Language to no Realm  
is confin'd ;

'Tis

- 'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood  
alike by all Mankind.
4. Their Doctrine does its sacred sense  
through Earth's extent display ;  
Whose bright Contents the circling Sun  
does round the World convey.
5. No Bridegroom on his Nuptial-day,  
has such a chearful Face ;  
No Giant does like him rejoice,  
to run his glorious Race.
6. From East to West, from West to East,  
his restless Course he goes ;  
And through his Progress chearful Light  
and vital Warmth bestows.

## P A R T II.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Soul,  
reclaims from false Desires ;  
With sacred Wisdom his sure Word  
the Ignorant inspires.
8. The Statutes of the Lord are just,  
and bring sincere Delight ;  
His pure Commands, in search of Truth,  
assist the feeblest Sight.
9. His perfect Worship here is fix'd,  
on sure Foundations laid :  
His equal Laws are in the Scales  
of Truth and Justice weigh'd.
10. Of more esteem than golden Mines,  
or Gold refin'd with Skill ;  
More sweet than Honey, or the drops  
that from the Comb distil.
11. My trusty Counsellors they are,  
and friendly Warnings give :  
Divine Rewards attend on those  
who by thy Precepts live.
12. But what frail Man observe  
he does from Vertue



O cleanse me from my secret Faults,  
thou God that know'st them all.

13. Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,  
dominion have o'er me ;  
That, by thy Grace, preserv'd, I may  
the great Transgression flee.
14. So shall my Pray'r and Praises be  
with thy Acceptance blest ;  
And I secure, on thy Defence,  
my Strength and Saviour, rest.

## P S A L M XX.

1. **T**HE Lord to thy Request attend,  
and hear thee in Distress ;  
The Name of *Jacob's* God defend,  
and grant thy Arms success.
2. To aid thee from on high repair,  
and strength from *Sion* give ;
3. Remember all thy Off'rings there,  
thy Sacrifice receive.
4. To compass thy own Heart's Desire  
thy Counsels still direct ;  
Make kindly all Events conspire  
to bring them to effect.
5. To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid  
we chearfully repair,  
With Banners in thy Name display'd :  
“ the Lord accept thy Pray'r.
6. Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord  
our Sov'reign will defend,  
From Heav'n resistless Aid afford,  
and to his Pray'r attend.
7. Some trust in Steeds for War design'd,  
on Chariots some rely ;  
Against them all, we call to mind  
the Pow'r of God most High.
8. But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,  
behold them, through the Plain,

Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,  
whilst firm our Troops remain.

9. Still save us, Lord, and still proceed  
our rightful Cause to bless;  
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need  
the Pray'rs that we address.

## P S A L M XXI.

1. **T**HE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise  
shall in thy Strength rejoice;  
With thy Salvation crown'd shall raise  
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
2. For thou whate'er his Lips request  
not only dost impart,  
But hast with thy Acceptance blest  
the Wishes of his Heart.
3. Thy Goodness and thy tender Care  
have all his Hopes out-gone;  
A Crown of Gold thou mad'st him wear,  
and set'st it firmly on.
4. He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,  
didst to his Pray'r attend,  
And graciously to him afford  
a Life that ne'er shall end.
5. Thy sure Defence through Nations round  
has spread his glorious Name;  
And his successful Actions crown'd  
with Majesty and Fame.
6. Eternal Blessings thou bestow'st,  
and mak'st his Joys increase,  
Whilst thou to him unclouded show'st  
the brightness of thy Face.

## P A R T II.

7. Because the King on God alone  
for timely Aid relies;  
His Mercy still supports his Throne,  
and all his Wants supplies.

8. But, righteous, Lord, thy stubborn Foes  
shall feel thy dreadful Hand ;  
Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those  
that hate thy mild Command.
9. When thou against them dost engage,  
thy just but dreadful Doom  
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,  
their Hopes and them consume.
10. Nor shall thy furious Anger cease;  
or with their Ruine end ;  
But root out all their guilty Race,  
and to their Seed extend.
11. For all their Thoughts were set on Ill,  
their Hearts on Malice bent ;  
But thou with watchful Care didst still  
the ill Effects prevent.
12. While they their swift Retreat shall make  
to 'scape thy dreadful Might ;  
Thy swifter Arrows shall o'ertake,  
and gaul them in their flight.
13. Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous strength disclose;  
and thus exalt thy Fame ;  
Whilst we glad Songs of Praise compose  
to thy Almighty Name.

## P S A L M XXII.

1. **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me  
when I with Anguish faint ?  
O why so far from me remov'd,  
and from my loud Complaint ?
2. All day, but all the day unheard,  
to thee do I complain ;  
With Cries implore Relief all Night,  
but cry all Night in vain.
3. Yet thou art still the righteous Judge  
of Innocence oppress'd,  
And therefore *Israel's* Praises are  
of right to thee address'd.

- 4, 5. On thee our Ancestors rely'd,  
and thy Deliv'rance found ;  
With pious Confidence they pray'd,  
and with Success were crown'd.
6. But I am treated like a Worm,  
like none of human Birth :  
Not only by the Great revil'd,  
but made the Rabble's Mirth.
7. With Laughter all the gazing Crowd  
my Agonies survey,  
They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head,  
and thus, deriding, say,
8. " In God he trusted, boasting oft,  
" that he was Heaven's Delight ;  
" Let God come down to save him now,  
" and own his Favourite.

## P A R T II.

9. Thou mad'st my teeming Mother's Womb  
a living Offspring bear ;  
When but a Suckling at the Breast,  
I was thy early Care.
10. Thou, Guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs  
my helpless Infant days ;  
And since hast been my God and Guide,  
through Life's bewilder'd ways.
11. Withdraw not then so far from me,  
when Trouble is so nigh :  
O send me Help ! thy Help, on which  
I only can rely.
12. High pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,  
from *Basan's* Forest met,  
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,  
have me around beset.
13. They gape on me, and every Mouth  
a yawning Grave appears ;  
The desert Lions savage Roar,  
less dreadful is than theirs.

## P A R T III.

14. My Blood, like Water's spill'd, my Joints  
are rack'd, and out of frame ;  
My Heart dissolves within my Breast,  
like Wax before the Flame.
15. My Strength, like Potter's Earth, is parch'd,  
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws ;  
And to the silent Shades of Death  
my fainting Soul withdraws.
16. Like Blood-hounds to surround me, they  
in pack't Assemblies meet ;  
They pierc'd my inoffensive Hands,  
they pierc'd my harmless Feet.
17. My Body's rack'd till all my Bones  
distinctly may be told :  
Yet such a Spectacle of Woe  
as Pastime they behold.
18. As Spoil my Garments they divide,  
Lots for my Vesture cast ;
19. Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength,  
and to my Succour haste.
20. From their sharp Sword protect thou me,  
(of all but Life bereft ! )  
Nor let my Darling in the pow'r  
of cruel Dogs be left.
21. To save me from the Lion's Jaws,  
thy present Succour send ;  
As once, from goring Unicorns,  
thou didst my Life defend ;
22. Then to my Brethren I'll declare  
the Triumphs of thy Name,  
In presence of assembled Saints  
thy Glory thus proclaim,
23. " Ye Worshippers of *Jacob's* God,  
" all you of *Israel's* Line,  
" O praise the Lord, and to your Praise  
" sincere Obedience join.



24. "He ne'er disdain'd on low Distress  
 "to cast a gracious Eye;  
 "Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,  
 "but hears its humble Cry.

## P A R T IV.

25. Thus in thy sacred Courts will I  
 my chearful Thanks express,  
 In presence of thy Saints perform  
 the Vows of my Distress.
26. The meek Companions of my Grief  
 shall find my Table spread,  
 And all that seek the Lord shall be  
 with Joys immortal fed.
27. Then shall the glad converted World  
 to God their Homage pay;  
 And scatter'd Nations of the Earth  
 one Sov'reign Lord obey.
28. 'Tis his supreme Prerogative  
 o'er Subject-Kings to reign:  
 'Tis just that he should rule the World,  
 who does the World sustain.
29. The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,  
 his Bounty must confess;  
 The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd,  
 their gen'rous Patron bless.  
 With humble Worship to his Throne  
 they all for aid resort:  
 That Pow'r which first their Beings gave,  
 can only them support.
- 30, 31. Then shall a chosen spotless Race  
 devoted to his Name,  
 To their admiring Heirs his Truth  
 and glorious Acts proclaim.

## P S A L M XXIII.

1. THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
 vouchsafes to be my Guide;



The Shepherd by whose constant Care  
my Wants are all supply'd.

2. In tender Grass he makes me feed,  
and gently there repose ;  
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where  
refreshing Water flows.
3. He does my wandring Soul reclaim,  
and, to his endless Praise,  
Instruct with humble Zeal to walk  
in his most righteous Ways.
4. I pass the gloomy Vale of Death  
from Fear and Danger free ;  
For there his aiding Rod and Staff  
defend and comfort me.
5. In presence of my spiteful Foes  
he does my Table spread,  
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,  
with Oil anoints my Head.
6. Since God does thus his wond'rous Love  
through all my Life extend,  
That Life to him I will devote,  
and in his Temple spend.

## P S A L M XXIV.

1. **T**His spacious Earth is all the Lord's,  
the Lord's her fulness is ;  
The World, and they that dwell therein  
by sov'reign Right are his.
2. He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,  
and his Almighty Hand  
Upon inconstant Floods has made  
the stable Fabrick stand.
3. But for himself this Lord of All  
one chosen Seat design'd ;  
O who shall to that Sacred Hill  
desir'd Admittance find ?
4. The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,  
whose Thoughts from Pride are free ;

- Who honest Poverty prefers  
to gainful Perjury.
5. This, this is he, on whom the Lord  
shall show'r his Blessings down,  
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
with Righteousness to crown,
6. Such is the Race of Saints, by whom  
the sacred Courts are trod ;  
And such the Profelytes that seek  
the Face of *Jacob's* God.
7. Erect your Heads, eternal Gates;  
unfold, to entertain  
The King of Glory see he comes  
with his celestial Train.
8. Who is this King of Glory ? who?  
the Lord for Strength renown'd,  
In Battel mighty, o'er his Foes  
eternal Victor crown'd.
9. Erect your Heads, ye Gates unfold  
in state, to entertain  
The King of Glory : see he comes  
with all his shining Train.
10. Who is this King of Glory ? who?  
the Lord of Hosts renown'd :  
Of Glory he alone is King,  
who is with Glory crown'd.

## P S A L M XXV.

- 1, 2. **T**O God, in whom I trust,  
I lift my Heart and Voice ;  
O let me not be put to shame,  
nor let my Foes rejoice.
3. Those who on Thee rely,  
let no disgrace attend.  
Be that the shameful Lot of such  
as wilfully offend.
- 4, 5. To me thy Truth impart,  
and lead me in thy way,

- For thou art he that brings me Help,  
on thee I wait all day.
6. Thy Mercies and thy Love,  
O Lord, recall to mind;  
And graciously continue still,  
as thou wert ever, kind.
7. Let all my youthful Crimes  
be blotted out by thee;  
And for thy wond'rous Goodness sake  
in Mercy think on me.
8. His Mercy and his Truth  
the righteous Lord displays,  
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,  
and teaching them his ways.
9. He those in Justice guides  
who his Direction seek;  
And in his sacred Paths shall lead  
the humble and the meek.
10. Through all the ways of God  
both Truth and Mercy shine,  
To such as with religiously Hearts  
to his blest Will incline.

## P A R T II.

11. Since Mercy is the Grace  
that most exalts thy Fame,  
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,  
and so advance thy Name.
12. Whoe'er with humble Fear  
to God his Duty pays,  
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide  
in all his righteous Ways.
13. His quiet Soul with Peace  
shall be for ever blest  
And by his num'rous Race the Land  
succesively possess.
14. For God to all his Saints  
his secret Will imparts,

And

And does his gracious Cov'nant write  
in their obedient Hearts.

15. To him I lift my Eyes,  
and wait his timely Aid,  
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous Snare  
which for my Feet was laid.
16. O turn, and all my Griefs  
in Mercy, Lord, redress;  
For I am compass'd round with Woes,  
and plung'd in deep Distress.
17. The Sorrows of my Heart  
to mighty Sums increase;  
O from this dark and dismal state  
my troubled Soul release!
18. Do thou with tender Eyes  
my sad Afflictions see;  
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt  
intirely set me free.
19. Consider, Lord, my Foes,  
how vast their numbers grow!  
What lawless Force and Rage they use,  
what boundless Hate they show!
20. Protect, and set my Soul  
from their fierce Malice free;  
Nor let me be asham'd, who place  
my stedfast Trust in thee.
21. Let all my righteous Acts  
to full Perfection rise,  
Because my firm and constant Hope  
on thee alone relies.
22. To *Israel's* chosen Race  
continue ever kind;  
And in the midst of all their Wants  
let them thy Succour find.

P S A L M XXVI.

1. **J**udge me, O Lord, for I the Paths  
of Righteousness have trod;

- I cannot fail, who all my Trust  
repose on thee, my God.
- 2, 3. Search thou my Heart, whose Innocence  
will shine the more 'tis try'd;  
For I have kept thy Grace in view,  
and made thy Truth my Guide.
4. I never for Companions took  
the Idle or Prophane,  
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,  
could e'er my Friendship gain.
5. I hate the busie Plotting Crew,  
who make distracted Times;  
And shun their wicked Company,  
as I avoid their Crimes.
6. I'll wash my hands in Innocence;  
and bring a Heart so pure;  
That when thy Altar I approach,  
my welcome shall secure.
- 7, 8. My thanks I'll publish there, and tell  
how thy Renown excels:  
That Seat affords me most delight,  
in which thy Honour dwells.
9. Pass not on me the Sinners doom,  
who Murder makes their Trade;
10. Who others Rights by secret Bribes,  
or open Force invade.
11. But I will walk in paths of Truth,  
and Innocence pursue;  
Protect me therefore, and to me  
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.
12. In spight of all assaulting Foes  
I still maintain my ground:  
And shall survive amongst thy Saints,  
thy Praises to resound.

## P S A L M XXVII.

1. **W**hom should I fear, since God to me  
is saving Health and Light;

Since



- Since strongly he my Life supports,  
what can my Soul affright ?
2. With fierce intent my Flesh to tear,  
when Foes beset me round,  
They stumbled, and their lofty Crests  
were made to strike the Ground.
3. Through him my Heart, undaunted, dares  
with mighty Hosts to cope ;  
Through him, in doubtful Straits of War,  
for good Success I hope.
4. Henceforth within his House to dwell  
I earnestly desire,  
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,  
and of his Will enquire.
5. For there may I with Comfort rest,  
in times of deep Distress,  
And safe as on a Rock abide,  
in that secure Recess ;
6. Whilst God o'er all my haughty Foes  
my lofty Head shall raise,  
And I my joyful Tribute bring,  
with grateful Songs of Praise.

## P A R T II.

7. Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,  
whene'er to thee I cry ;  
In Mercy my Complaints receive,  
nor my Request deny.
8. When us to seek thy glorious Face  
thou kindly dost advise,  
“ Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,  
my grateful Heart replies.
9. Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,  
nor me in Wrath reject ;  
My God and Saviour, leave not him  
thou didst so oft protect.
10. Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too  
their helpless Charge forsake,



Yet thou, whose Love excels them all,  
wilt Care and Pity take.

11. Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,  
my Ways directly guide,  
Lest envious Men, who watch my steps,  
should see me tread aside ;
12. Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes,  
defeat their ill desire,  
Whose lying Lips and bloody Hands  
against my Peace conspire.
13. I trusted that my future Life  
should with thy Love be crown'd,  
Or else my fainting Soul had sunk  
with Sorrow compass'd round.
14. God's Time with patient Faith expect,  
who will inspire thy Breast  
With inward Strength ; do thou thy part,  
and leave to him the rest.

## P S A L M XXVIII.

1. **O** Lord, my Rock, to Thee I cry,  
in Sighs consume my Breath,  
O answer, or I shall become  
like those that sleep in Death.
2. Regard my Supplication, Lord,  
the Cries that I repeat,  
With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands  
before thy Mercy-seat.
3. Let me escape the Sinners doom,  
who make a trade of ill,  
And ever speak the Person fair,  
whose Blood they mean to spill.
4. According to their Crimes extent  
let Justice have its course ;  
Relentless be to them, as they  
have sinn'd without remorse.
5. Since they the Works of God despise,  
nor will his Grace adore,

- His Wrath shall utterly destroy,  
and build them up no more.
6. But I, with due Acknowledgment,  
his Praises will resound,  
From whom the Cries of my Distress  
a gracious Answer found.
7. My Heart its confidence repos'd  
in God, my Strength and Shield;  
In him I trusted, and return'd  
triumphant from the Field.  
As he has made my Joys compleat,  
'tis just that I should raise  
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,  
and thus resound his Praise.
8. "His aiding Pow'r supports the Troops  
"that my just Cause maintain;  
"Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,  
"'tis he secures my Reign.
9. Preserve thy chosen, and proceed  
thine Heritage to bless;  
With Plenty prosper them, in Peace;  
in Battel, with Success.

## P S A L M XXIX.

1. **Y**E Princes that in Might excel,  
your grateful Sacrifice prepare;  
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,  
his wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
2. To his great Name fresh Altars raise,  
devoutly due Respect afford;  
Him in his holy Temple praise,  
where he's with solemn State ador'd.
3. 'Tis he that with amazing Noise  
the wat'ry Clouds in sunder breaks;  
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,  
when he from Heav'n in Thunder speaks.
- 4, 5. How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!  
with what majestick Terror crown'd!

Which

- Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,  
and strew their scatter'd Branches round!
6. They, and the Hills on which they grow,  
are sometimes hurried far away ;  
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,  
or Unicorns in youthful Play.
- 7, 8. When God in Thunder loudly speaks,  
and scatter'd Flames of Light'ning sends,  
The Forest nods, the Desert quakes,  
and stubborn *Kadesh* lowly bends.
9. He makes the Hinds to cast their young,  
and lays the Beasts dark Coverts bare ;  
While those that to his Courts belong  
securely sing his Praises there.
- 10, 11. God rules the angry Floods on high ;  
his boundless Sway shall never cease ;  
His Saints with Strength he will supply,  
and bless his Own with constant Peace.

## P S A L M XXX.

1. **I**'LL celebrate thy Praises, Lord,  
who didst thy Pow'r employ  
To raise my drooping Head, and check  
my Foes insulting Joy.
- 2, 3. In my Distress I cry'd to thee  
who kindly didst relieve,  
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws  
my hopeless Life retrieve.
4. Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his  
with Songs of Praise repair,  
With me commemorate his Truth  
and providential Care.
5. His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,  
his Favour no Decay :  
Your Night of Grief is recompenc'd  
with Joy's returning Day.
6. But I in prosp'rous days presum'd ;  
no sudden change I fear'd,

Whilst

- Whilst in my Sun-shine of Success  
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.
7. But soon I found thy Favour, Lord,  
my Empire's only Trust;  
For when thou hid'st thy Face I saw  
my Honour laid in Dust.
8. Then, as I vainly had presum'd,  
my Error I confess'd,  
And thus, with supplicating Voice,  
thy Mercy's Throne address'd.
9. "What Profit is there in my Blood,  
congeal'd by Death's cold Night?  
"Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,  
"thy wond'rous Truth recite?"
10. "Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear;  
"thy wonted Aid extend;  
"Do thou send Help, on whom alone  
"I can for Help depend.
11. 'Tis done! Thou halt my mournful Scene  
to Songs and Dances turn'd;  
Invested me in Robes of State,  
who late in Sack-cloath mourn'd.
12. Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing  
thy Praise in grateful Verse;  
And, as thy Favours endless are,  
thy endless Praise rehearse.

## P S A L M XXXI.

1. **D**Efend me, Lord, from Shame,  
for still I trust in thee;  
As Just and Righteous is thy Name,  
from Danger set me free.
2. Bow down thy gracious Ear,  
and speedy Succour send;  
Do thou my stedfast Rock appear,  
to shelter and defend.
3. Since Thou, when Foes oppress,  
my Rock and Fortress art,

To guide me forth from this Distress  
thy wonted Help impart.

4. Release me from the Snare  
which they have closely laid,  
Since I, O God my Strength, repair  
to thee alone for Aid.
5. To thee, the God of Truth,  
my Life, and all that's mine,  
(For thou preserv'dst me from my Youth)  
I willingly resign.
6. All vain Designs I hate,  
of those that trust in Lies ;  
And still my Soul, in ev'ry state,  
to God for Succour flies.

## P A R T II.

7. Those Mercies thou hast shown  
I'll chearfully express ;  
For thou hast seen my Straits, and known  
my Soul in deep Distress.
8. When *Keilah's* treach'rous Race  
did all my strength enclose,  
Thou gav'st my Feet a larger space  
to shun my watchful Foes.
9. Thy Mercy, Lord, display,  
and hear my just Complaint ;  
For both my Soul and Flesh decay,  
with Grief and Hunger faint.
10. Sad thoughts my Life oppress,  
my Years are spent in Groans ;  
My Sins have made my Strength decrease,  
and ev'n consum'd my Bones.
11. My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd,  
my Neighbours did upbraid ;  
My Friends at sight of me were shock'd,  
and fled as Men dismay'd.
12. Forsook by all am I,  
as dead, and out of mind ;



And like a shatter'd Vessel lie,  
whose Parts can ne'er be join'd.

13. Yet stand'ring Words they speak,  
and seem my Pow'r to dread,  
Whilst they together Counsel take  
my guiltless Blood to shed.

14. But still my stedfast Trust,  
I on thy Help repose ;  
That thou my God, are good and just,  
my Soul with Comfort knows.

P A R T III.

15. Whate'er Events betide,  
thy Wisdom times them all ;  
Then, Lord, thy Servant safely hide  
from those that seek his fall.

16. The brightness of thy face,  
to me, O Lord, disclose ;  
And, as thy Mercies still increase,  
preserve me from my Foes.

17. Me from Dishonour save,  
who still have call'd on Thee ;  
Let That, and Silence in the Grave,  
the Sinner's Portion be.

18. Do thou their Tongues restrain,  
whose Breath in Lies is spent ;  
Who false Reports, with proud Disdain,  
against the Righteous vent.

19. How great thy Mercies are  
to such as fear thy Name !  
Which thou, for those that trust thy Care,  
doest to the World proclaim.

20. Thou keep'st them in thy sight  
from proud Oppressors free :  
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,  
they are preserv'd by Thee,

21. With Glory and Renown  
God's Name be ever bless'd

Whose



Whose Love in *Keilah's* well-fenc'd Town  
was wond'rously express'd !

22. I said, in hasty Flight,  
“ I'm banish'd from thine Eyes ;  
Yet still thou kept'st me in thy sight,  
and heard'st my earnest Cries.

23. O all ye Saints, the Lord  
with eager Love pursue,  
Who to the Just will Help afford,  
and give the proud their due.

24. Ye that on God rely  
courageously proceed :  
For he will still your hearts supply  
with Strength in time of need.

## P S A L M XXXII.

1. **H**E's blest, whose Sins have Pardon gain'd  
no more in Judgment to appear ;

2. Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,  
and whose Repentance is sincere.

3. While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,  
my Bones consum'd without Relief ;  
All Day did I with Anguish roar,  
but no Complaints asswag'd my Grief.

4. Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,  
by Day and Night alike distress,  
Till quite of vital Moisture drain'd,  
like Land with Summer's drought oppress.

5. No sooner I my Wound disclos'd,  
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,  
But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,  
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

6. True Penitents shall thus succeed,  
who seek thee whilst thou mayst be found,  
They, from the common Deluge freed,  
shall see remorseless Sinners drown'd.

7. Thy Favour, Lord, in all distress,  
my Tow'r of Refuge I must own ;

- Thou shalt my haughty Foes suppress,  
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.
8. In my Instruction then confide,  
you that would Truth's safe Path descry,  
Your Progress I'll securely guide,  
and keep you in my watchful Eye.
9. Submit your selves to Wisdom's Rule;  
like Men that Reason have attain'd ;  
Not like th' ungovern'd Horse and Mule,  
whose Fury must be curb'd and rein'd.
10. Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd  
the harden'd Sinner shall confound,  
But them who in his Truth confide,  
blessings of Mercy shall surround.
11. His Saints that have perform'd his Laws  
their Life in Triumphs shall employ :  
Let them (as they alone have cause)  
in grateful Raptures shout for Joy.

## P S A L M XXXIII.

1. **L**ET all the Just to God with Joys,  
their chearful Voices raise,  
For well the Righteous it becomes,  
to sing glad Songs of Praise.
- 2, 3. Let Harps, and Psalteries, and Lute  
in joyful consort meet ;  
And new made Songs of loud Applause  
the Harmony compleat.
- 4, 5. For faithful is the Word of God,  
his Works with Truth abound ;  
He Justice loves, and all the Earth  
is with his Goodness crown'd.
6. By his almighty Word at first  
the heavenly Arch was rear'd ;  
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light  
at his Command appear'd.
7. The swelling Floods together roll'd;  
he makes in heaps to lye,

- And lays, as in a Store-house, safe,  
the wat'ry Treasures by.
- 8, 9. Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,  
before him trembling stand :  
For when he spake the Word, 'twas made,  
'twas fix'd at his Command.
10. He when the Heathen closely plot,  
their Counsels undermines ;  
His Wisdom ineffectual makes  
the People's rash Designs.
11. Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees  
shall stand for ever sure ;  
The settled purpose of his Heart  
to Ages shall endure.

## P A R T II.

12. How happy then are they, to whom  
the Lord for God is known !  
Whom he from all the World besides  
has chosen for his own !
- 13, 14, 15. He all the Nations of the Earth  
from Heav'n his Throne survey'd ;  
He saw their works, and view'd their thoughts,  
by him their Hearts were made.
- 16, 17. No King is safe by mighty Hosts,  
their Strength the Strong deceives ;  
No manag'd Horse, by Force or Speed,  
his Warlike Rider saves :
- 18, 19. 'Tis God, who those that trust in him  
beholds with gracious Eyes :  
He frees their Soul from Death, their Want  
in time of Dearth supplies.
- 20, 21. Our Soul on God with Patience waits,  
our Help and Shield is He !  
Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoyce,  
because we trust in thee.
22. The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,  
do Thou to us extend ;

Since we, for all we want or wish,  
on Thee alone depend.

## PSALM XXXIV.

1. **T**Hro' all the changing Scenes of Life,  
in Trouble and in Joy,  
The Praises of my God shall still  
my Heart and Tongue employ.
2. Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,  
till all that are distrest,  
From my Example Comfort take,  
and charm their Grievs to rest.
3. O magnifie the Lord with me,  
with me exalt his Name :
4. When in Distress to him I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.
5. Their drooping Hearts were soon refresh'd,  
who look'd to him for Aid ;  
Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face,  
a chearful Air displaid.
6. " Behold, (say they) behold the Man  
whom Providence reliev'd :  
" The Man so dang'rously beset,  
" so wond'rously retriev'd !
7. The Hosts of God encamp around  
the Dwellings of the Just ;  
Deliv'rance he affords to all  
who on his Succour trust.
8. O make but Tryal of his Love,  
experience will decide  
How bless'd they are, and only they,  
who in his Truth confide.
9. Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then  
having nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his Service your Delight,  
your Wants shall be his Care.
10. While hungry Lions lack their Prey,  
the Lord will Food provide



For such as put their Trust in him,  
and see their Needs supply'd.

PART II.

11. Approach, ye piously dispos'd,  
and my Instruction hear,  
I'll teach you the true Discipline  
of his religious Fear.
12. Let him who length of Life desires,  
and prosp'rous Days would see,
13. From sland'ring Language keep his Tongue,  
his Lips from Falshood free.
14. The crooked Paths of Vice decline,  
and Virtue's Ways pursue ;  
Establish Peace where 'tis begun,  
and where 'tis lost, renew.
15. The Lord, from Heav'n beholds the Just  
with favourable Eyes ;  
And when distress'd, his gracious Ear  
is open to their Cries :
16. But turns his wrathful Look on those  
whom Mercy can't reclaim,  
To cut them off, and from the Earth  
blot out their hated Name.
17. Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives  
when his Relief they crave :
18. He's nigh to heal the broken Heart  
and contrite Spirit save.
19. The Wicked oft, but still in vain,  
against the Just conspire :
20. For under their Affliction's weight  
he keeps their Bones entire.
21. The Wicked from their wicked Arts  
their Ruine shall derive ;  
Whilst righteous Men, whom they detest,  
shall them and theirs survive.
22. For God preserves the Souls of those  
who on his Truth depend,



To them and their Posterity  
his Blessings shall descend.

## P S A L M XXXV.

1. **A** Gainst all those that strive with me,  
O Lord, assert my Right;  
With such as War unjustly wage  
do thou my Battels fight.
2. Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield  
upon thy warlike Arm;  
Stand up, my God, in my Defence,  
and keep me safe from Harm.
3. Bring forth thy Spear, and stop their course  
that haste my Blood to spill;  
Say to my Soul, "I am thy Health,  
"and will preserve thee still.
4. Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er  
who my Destruction sought;  
And such as did my Harm devise  
be to Confusion brought.
5. Then shall they fly, dispers'd like Chaff  
before the driving Wind;  
God's vengeful Minister of Wrath  
shall follow close behind.
6. And when thro' dark and slipp'ry ways  
they strive his Rage to shun,  
His vengeful Ministers of Wrath  
shall goad them as they run.
7. Since unprovok'd by any Wrong  
they hid their treach'rous Snare;  
And for my harmless Soul a Pit  
did causlessly prepare;
8. Surpriz'd by Mischiefs unforeseen,  
by their own Arts betray'd;  
Their Feet shall fall into the Net  
which they for me had laid.
9. Whilst my glad Soul shall God's great Name  
for this Deliv'rance bless;

And

And by his saying Health secur'd,  
a grateful Joy exprefs.

10. My very Bones shall say, O Lord,  
who can compare with Thee?  
Who sett'st the poor and helpless Man  
from strong Oppressors free?

P A R T II.

11. False Witnessess, with forg'd Complaints,  
against my Truth combin'd;  
And to my charge such things they laid  
as I had ne'er design'd.
12. The Good which I to them had done  
with Evil they repaid;  
And did by Malice undeserv'd,  
my harmless Life invade.
13. But as for me, when they were sick,  
I still in Sackcloth mourn'd;  
I pray'd and fasted, and my Pray'r  
to my own Breast return'd.
14. Had they my Friends or Brethren been,  
I could have done no more;  
Nor with more decent signs of Grief,  
a Mother's Loss deplore.
15. How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,  
in times of my distress?  
When they, in Crowds together met,  
did savage Joy exprefs.  
The Rabble too in mighty Throngs,  
by their Example came;  
And ceas'd not with reviling Words,  
to wound my spotless Fame.
16. Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,  
and earn their Bread with Lies,  
Did gnash their Teeth, and stand'ring Jest  
maliciously devise.
17. But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?  
on my Behalf appear;

And

And save my guiltless Soul, which they  
like rav'ning Beasts would tear.

P A R T III.

18. So I before the list'ning World,  
shall grateful Thanks express ;  
And where the great Assembly meets,  
thy Name with Praises blefs.
19. Lord, suffer not my causeless Foes,  
who me unjustly hate,  
With open Joy, or secret Signs,  
to mock my sad Estate.
20. For they, with Hearts averse from Peace,  
industriously devise,  
Against the Men of quiet Minds  
to forge malicious Lies.
21. Nor with these private Arts content,  
aloud they vent their Spite;  
And say, "At last we found him out,  
" he did it in our sight.
22. But thou, who dost both them and me  
with righteous Eyes survey,  
Assert my Innocence, O Lord,  
and keep not far away.
23. Stir up thy self, in my behalf  
to Judgment, Lord, awake;  
Thy righteous Servant's Cause, O God,  
to thy Decision take.
24. Lord, as my Heart has upright been,  
let me thy Justice find ;  
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain  
the Triumph they design'd.
25. O let them not amongst themselves  
in boasting Language say,  
" At length our Wishes are compleat,  
" at last he is made our Prey.
26. Let such as in my Harm rejoyc'd,  
for shame their Faces hide ;

And

- And foul Dishonour wait on those  
that proudly me defy'd :
27. Whilst they with chearful Voices shout,  
who my just Cause befriend ;  
And blest the Lord, who loves to make  
Success his Saints attend.
28. So shall my Tongue thy Judgments sing,  
inspir'd with grateful Joy ;  
And chearful Hymns in praise of thee,  
shall all my Days employ.

## P S A L M XXXVI.

1. **M**Y crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art  
his wicked purpose would disguise ;  
But Reason whispers to my Heart,  
he ne'er sets God before his Eyes.
2. He sooths himself, retir'd from sight,  
secure he thinks his treach'rous Game ;  
Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,  
Their false Contriver brand with Shame.
3. In Deeds he is my Foe confest,  
whilst with his Tongue he speaks me fair:  
True Wisdom's banish'd from his Breast,  
and Vice has sole Dominion there.
4. His wakeful Malice spends the Night  
in forging his accurst Designs ;  
His obstinate unregen'rate Spite  
no execrable means declines.
5. But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope,  
above the heav'nly Orb ascends ;  
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd scope  
beyond the spreading Skie extends.
6. Thy Justice, like the Hills remains ;  
unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are ;  
Thy Providence the World sustains,  
the whole Creation is thy Care.
7. Since of thy Goodness All partake,  
with what Assurance should the Just,  
Thy

- Thy sheltring Wings their Refuge make,  
and Saints to thy Protection trust ?
8. Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,  
to banquet on thy Love's Repast.  
And drink, as from a Fountain's head,  
of Joys that shall for ever last.
9. With Thee the Springs of Life remain,  
thy Presence is eternal Day ;
10. O ! let thy Saints thy Favour gain ;  
to upright Hearts thy Truth display.
11. Whilst Pride's insulting Foot would spurn,  
and wicked Hand my Life surprize :
12. Their mischiefs on themselves return ;  
down, down they'r fall'n no more to rise.

## P S A L M XXXVII.

1. **T**Ho' wicked Men grow Rich or Great,  
Yet let not their successful State,  
thy Anger or thy Envy raise ;
2. For they, cut down like tender Grass,  
Or like young Flow'rs, away shall pass,  
whose blooming Beauty soon decays.
3. Depend on God, and him obey,  
So thou within the Land shalt stay,  
secure from Danger, and from Want :
4. Make his Commands thy chief Delight,  
And He, thy Duty to requite,  
shall all thy earnest Wishes grant.
5. In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,  
And he will needful Help afford  
to perfect ev'ry just Design ;
6. And make, like Light, serene and clear,  
Thy clouded Innocence appear,  
and as a mid-day Sun to shine.
7. With quiet mind on God depend,  
And patiently for him attend ;  
nor let thy Anger fondly rise:  
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,  
And



And with Success the Plots are crown'd,  
which they maliciously devise.

8. From Anger cease, and Wrath forsake,  
Let no ungovern'd Passion make  
thy wav'ring Heart espouse their Crime ;
9. For God shall sinful Men destroy;  
Whilst only they the Land enjoy  
who trust on him, and wait his time.
10. How soon shall wicked Men decay !  
Their Place shall vanish quite away,  
nor by the strictest search be found :
11. Whilst humble Souls possess the Earth,  
Rejoycing still with godly Mirth,  
with Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

P A R T II.

12. While sinful Crowds with false Design,  
Against the righteous few combine,  
and gnash their teeth, and threatening stand ;
13. God shall their empty Plots deride,  
And laugh at their defeated Pride :  
he sees their Ruin near at hand.
14. They draw the Sword and bend the Bow,  
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,  
and Men of Upright Lives to slay :
15. But their strong Bows shall soon be broke,  
Their sharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke  
thro' their own Hearts shall force its way.
16. A little, with God's Favour blest,  
And by one Righteous Man possess'd,  
the Wealth of many Bad excels :
17. For God supports the just Man's Cause,  
But as for those that break his Laws,  
their unsuccessful Pow'r he quells.
18. His constant Care the Upright guides,  
And over all their Life presides ;  
their Portion shall for ever last : (Earth,
19. They, when Distress o'whelms the

Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth  
The happy Fruits of Plenty taste.

20. Not so the wicked Men, and those  
Who proudly dare God's Will oppose ;  
destruction is their hapless share :  
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they  
Shall in an instant melt away,  
and vanish into Smoak and Air.

*P A R T III.*

21. Whilst Sinners, brought to sad Decay,  
Still borrow on, and never pay,  
The Just have Will and Pow'r to give :  
22. For such as God vouchsafes to bless,  
Shall peaceably the Earth possess ;  
And those he curses shall not live.  
23. The good Man's way is God's Delight,  
He orders all the Steps aright  
of him that moves by his Command ;  
24. Though he sometimes may be distress'd,  
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,  
for God upholds him with his Hand.  
25. From my first Youth till Age prevail'd,  
I never saw the Righteous fail'd,  
or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race ;  
26. Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,  
And he did chearfully impart ;  
God made his Offspring's Wealth increase.  
27. With Caution shun each wicked Deed,  
In Virtue's ways with Zeal proceed,  
and so prolong your happy Days :  
28. For God who Judgment loves, does still  
Preserve his Saints secure from Ill,  
while soon the wicked Race decays.  
29, 30, 31. The Upright shall possess the Land,  
His Portion shall for Ages stand ;  
his Mouth with Wisdom is suppli'd,  
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,  
His

His Heart the Law of God approves,  
therefore his Footsteps never slide.

## P A R T IV.

32. In wait the watchful Sinner lies  
In vain the Righteous to surprize ;  
in vain his Ruin does decree ;
33. God will not him defenceless leave,  
To his Revenge expos'd, but save,  
and when he's sentenc'd, set him free.
34. Wait still on God, keep his Command,  
And thou Exalted in the Land,  
thy blest Possession ne'er shall quit.  
The Wicked soon destroy'd shall be,  
And, at his dismal Tragedy  
thou shalt a safe Spectator sit.
35. The Wicked I in Pow'r have seen,  
And like a Bay-tree fresh and green  
that spreads its pleasant Branches round :
36. But he was gone as swift as Thought,  
And though in ev'ry place I sought,  
no sign or track of him I found.
37. Observe the Perfect Man with Care,  
And mark all such as Upright are ;  
their roughest days in Peace shall end :
38. While on the latter end of those  
Who dare God's sacred Will oppose,  
a common Ruin shall attend.
39. God to the Just will Aid afford,  
Their only Safeguard is the Lord,  
their Strength in times of Need is He.
40. Because on him they still depend,  
The Lord will timely Succour send,  
and from the Wicked set them free.

## P S A L M XXXVIII.

**T**HY chast'ning Wrath, O Lord, restrain,  
though I deserve it all ;

No.

- Nor let at once on me the Storm  
of thy Displeasure fall.
2. In ev'ry wretched Part of me  
thy Arrows deep remain ;  
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting weight  
I can no more sustain.
3. My Flesh is one continued Wound,  
thy Wrath so fiercely glows ;  
Betwixt my Punishment and Guilt  
my Bones have no repose.
4. My Sins that to a Deluge swell,  
my sinking Head o'erflow,  
And for my feeble Strength to bear  
too vast a Burthen grow.
5. Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,  
my Folly's just Return.
6. With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,  
and all day long I mourn.
7. A loath'd Disease afflicts my Loins,  
infecting ev'ry part ;
8. With Sicknes worn, I groan and roar  
thro' Anguish of my Heart.

## P A R T II.

9. But, Lord, before thy searching Eyes  
all my Desires appear :  
And sure my Groans have been too loud,  
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10. My Heart's oppress'd, my Strength decay'd,  
my Eyes depriv'd of Light :
11. Friends, Lovers, Kinsmen gaze aloof  
on such a dismal Sight.
12. Mean while the Foes that seek my Life,  
their Snares to take me set ;  
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day  
to forge some new Deceit.
13. But I, as if both Deaf and Dumb,  
nor heard, nor once reply'd :

14. Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose  
with conscious Guilt is ty'd. (tongue
15. For Lord to thee I do appeal  
my Innocence to clear ;  
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God ;  
my injur'd Cause wilt hear.
16. " Hear me, said I, lest my proud Foes  
" a spiteful Joy display ;  
" Insulting if they see my Foot  
" but once to go astray.
17. And, with continual Grief oppress'd ;  
to sink I now begin :
18. To thee, O Lord, I will confess,  
to thee bewail my Sin.
19. But whilst I languish, my proud Foes  
their Strength and Vigour boast ;  
And they that hate me without Cause  
are grown a dreadful Host.
20. Ev'n they, whom I oblig'd, return  
my Kindness with Despight ;  
And are my Enemies, because  
I chuse the Path that's right.
21. Forsake me not, O Lord my God,  
nor far from me depart ;
22. Make haste to my Relief, O Thou,  
who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

**R**esolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,  
I kept my Tongue in aw ;  
I curb'd my hasty words when I  
the Wicked prosp'rous saw.

2. Like one that's Dumb I silent stood,  
and did my Tongue refrain  
From good Discourse; but that restraint  
increas'd my inward Pain.

3. My Heart did glow with working  
and no Repose cou'd take, (Thoughts,



Till strong Reflection fann'd the Fire,  
and thus at length I spake.

4. Lord, let me know my term of Days;  
how soon my Life will end ;

The num'rous Train of Ills disclose,  
which this frail State attend.

5. My Life, thou know'st is but a Span,  
a Cypher sums my Years ;  
And ev'ry Man in best Estate  
but Vanity appears.

6. Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,  
with fruitless Cares oppress'd ;  
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell  
by whom 'twill be possess'd.

7. Why then should I on worthless Toys  
with anxious Care attend ?  
On thee alone, my stedfast Hope  
shall ever, Lord, depend.

8, 9. Forgive my Sins, nor let me scorn'd  
by foolish Sinners be ;

For I was Dumb, and murmur'd not,  
because 'twas done by Thee.

10. The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath.  
in Mercy soon remove ;  
Lest my frail Flesh, too weak to bear  
the heavy Load, should prove.

11. For when thou chast'nest Man for Sin,  
thou mak'st his Beauty fade,  
(So vain a thing is he ! ) like Cloth  
by fretting Moths decay'd.

12. Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,  
and listen to my Pray'r ;  
Who sojourn like a Stranger here,  
as all my Fathers were.

13. O spare me yet a little time,  
my wasted Strength restore ;  
Before I vanish quite from hence,  
and shall be seen no more.

PSALM XL.

- I** Waited meekly for the Lord,  
till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;  
Who did his gracious Ear afford,  
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry;  
2. He took me from the dismal Pit  
when founder'd deep in miry Clay ;  
On solid Ground he plac'd my Feet,  
and suffer'd not my Steps to stray.  
3. The Wonders he for me has wrought,  
shall fill my mouth with Songs of Praise ;  
And others, to his Worship brought,  
to hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.  
4. For Blessings shall that Man reward,  
who on th' Almighty Lord relies ;  
Who treats the Proud with Disregard,  
and hates the Hypocite's Disguise.  
5. Who can the wond'rous Works recount,  
which thou, O God, for us hast wrought ?  
The Treasures of thy Love surmount  
the Pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.  
6. I've learn'd, that Thou hast not desir'd,  
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone ;  
Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd,  
for Man's Transgression to atone.  
7. I therefore come — come to fulfil  
the Oracles thy Books impart :  
8. 'Tis my delight to do thy Will ;  
thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9. In full Assemblies I have told  
thy Truth and Righteousness at large ;  
Nor did, thou know'st, my Lips with-hold  
from utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge.  
10. Nor kept within my Breast confin'd,  
thy faithfulness and saving Grace,

But Preach thy Love, for All design'd;  
that all might that, and Truth embrace,

11. Then let those Mercies I declar'd  
to others, Lord, extend to me;

Thy loving Kindness my Reward,  
thy Truth my safe Protection be.

12. For I with troubles am distrest,  
too numberless for me to bear;

Nor less with loads of Guilt oppress'd,  
that plunge and sink me to Despair.

As soon, alas! may I recount  
the Hairs on this afflicted Head;

My vanquish'd Courage they surmount,  
and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

P A R T III.

13. But, Lord, to my Relief draw near,  
for never was more pressing Need!

In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,  
and add to that Deliv'rance, Speed.

14. Confusion on their Heads return,  
who to destroy my Soul combine;

Let them defeated blush and mourn,  
ensnar'd in their own vile design.

15. Their Doom let Desolation be,  
with Shame their Malice be repaid,  
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,  
and sport of my Affliction made.

16. While those who humbly seek thy Face  
to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;  
And all who prize thy Saving Grace  
with me resound, *The Lord be prais'd.*

17. Thus, wretched tho' I am and poor,  
of me th' Almighty Lord takes care.

Thou, God, who only canst restore,  
to my relief with Speed repair.

P S A L M XLI.

**H** Appy the Man, whose tender Care  
relieves the poor distrest;

When

- When Troubles compass him around,  
the Lord shall give him Rest.
2. The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,  
in Safety shall prolong ;  
And disappoint the Will of those  
that seek to do him wrong.
3. If he in languishing estate  
opprest with Sicknes lye ;  
The Lord will easy make his Bed,  
and inward Strength supply.
4. Secure of This, to thee, my God,  
I thus my Pray'r address'd ;  
“ Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,  
“ tho' I have much transgress'd.
5. My cruel Foes, with stand'rous words,  
attempt to wound my Fame.  
“ When shall he die, (say they) and Men  
“ forget his very Name?
6. Suppose they formal Visits make,  
'tis all but empty show ;  
They gather Mischief in their Hearts,  
and vent it where they go.
- 7, 8. With private Whispers, such as these,  
to hurt me they devise ;  
“ A sore Disease afflicts him now,  
“ he's fall'n, no more to rise.
9. My own familiar Bosom-Friend  
on whom I most rely'd,  
Has me, whose daily Guest he was,  
with open Scorn defy'd.
10. But thou, my sad and wretched State,  
in Mercy, Lord, regard ;  
And raise me up, that all their Crimes  
may meet their just Reward.
11. By this, I know, thy gracious Ear  
is open when I call ;  
Because thou suff'rest not my Foes  
to triumph in my Fall.



12. Thy tender care secures my Life  
from Danger and Disgrace ;  
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still  
before thy glorious Face.
13. Let therefore *Isr'el's* Lord and God  
from age to age be blest'd ;  
And all the People's glad Applause  
with loud *Amens* express'd.

## P S A L M XLII.

**A**S pants the Hart for cooling Streams,  
when heated in the chace,  
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,  
and thy refreshing Grace.

2. For thee, my God, the living God,  
my thirsty Soul doth pine ;  
O when shall I behold thy Face,  
thou Majesty Divine !

3. Tears are my constant Food, while thus  
insulting Foes upbraid,

“ Deluded Wretch, where's now thy God ?  
“ and where his promis'd Aid ?

4. I sigh, when-e'er my musing Thoughts  
those happy Days present,  
When I with Troops of pious Friends  
thy Temple did frequent.

When I advanc'd with Songs of Praise,  
my solemn Vows to pay,

And led the joyful sacred Throng  
that kept the Festal Day.

5. Why restless, why cast down, my Soul ?  
trust God, who will employ  
His Aid for thee ; and change these Sighs  
to thankful Hymns of Joy.

6. My Soul's cast down, O God, but thinks  
on thee, and *Sion* still ;  
From *Jordan's* Bank, from *Hermon's* Heights,  
and *Misfar's* humbler Hill.



7. One Trouble calls another on,  
and gath'ring o'er my Head,  
Fall spouting down, till round my Soul  
a roaring Sea is spread.
8. But when thy Presence, Lord of Life,  
has once dispell'd this Storm,  
To thee I'll midnight-Anthems sing,  
and all my Vows perform.
9. God of my Strength, how long shall I  
like one forgotten mourn?  
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd  
to my Oppressor's Scorn.
10. My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,  
whilst thus my Foes upbraid;  
“Vain Boaster, where is now thy God?  
“and where his promis'd Aid?”
11. Why restless, why cast down my Soul?  
hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The Praise of him who is thy God,  
thy Health's Eternal Spring.

## P S A L M XLIII.

- J**UST Judge of Heav'n, against my Foes  
do thou assert my injur'd Right:  
O set me free, my God, from those  
that in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2. Since thou art still my only Stay,  
Why leav'st thou me in deep Distress?  
Why go I mourning all the Day,  
whilst me insulting Foes oppress?
3. Let me with Light and Truth be blest,  
be these my Guides, to lead the way,  
Till on thy holy Hill I rest,  
and in thy sacred Temple pray.
4. Then will I there fresh Altars raise  
to God, who is my only Joy;  
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praise  
shall all my grateful Hours employ.
- E 4
5. Why.

5. Why then cast down, my Soul, and why  
 so much oppress'd with anxious Care?  
 On God, thy God, for Aid rely,  
 who will thy ruin'd State repair.

## P S A L M XLIV.

- O** Lord, our Fathers oft have told  
 in our attentive Ears,  
 Thy Wonders in their days perform'd,  
 and elder Times than theirs :
2. How Thou, to plant them here, didst drive  
 the Heathen from this Land ;  
 Dispeopled by repeated Strokes  
 of thy avenging Hand.
3. For, not their Courage nor their Sword  
 to them possession gave ;  
 Nor strength, that from unequal Force  
 their fainting Troops could save ;  
 But thy Right-hand, and pow'rful Arm,  
 whose Succour they implor'd,  
 Thy Presence with the chosen Race,  
 who thy great Name ador'd.
4. As Thee their God our Fathers own'd,  
 thou art our Sov'reign King ;  
 O therefore, as thou didst to them,  
 to us Deliv'rance bring.
5. Thro' thy victorious Name our Arms  
 the proudest Foe shall quell,  
 And crush 'em with repeated Strokes  
 as oft as they rebel.
6. I'll neither trust my Bow nor Sword,  
 when I in Fight engage ;
7. But Thee, who hast our Foes subdu'd,  
 and sham'd their spiteful Rage.
8. To Thee the Triumph we ascribe,  
 from whom the Conquest came ;  
 In God we will rejoyce all Day,  
 and ever bless his Name:

## PART II.

9. But thou hast cast us off, and now  
most shamefully we yield ;  
For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead  
our Armies to the Field.
10. Since when, to every upstart Foe  
we turn our Backs in Fight ;  
And with our Spoil their Malice feast,  
who bear us ancient Spite.
11. To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep  
into their butch'ring Hands ;  
Or (what's more wretched yet) survive  
disperst thro' Heathen Lands.
12. Thy People thou hast sold for Slaves,  
and set their Price so low,  
That not thy Treasure by the Sale,  
but their Disgrace may grow.
- 13, 14. Reproach'd by all the Nations round,  
the Heathen's By-word grown,  
Whose Scorn of us is both in Speech,  
and mocking Gestures shown.
15. Confusion strikes me blind, my Face  
in conscious shame I hide ;
16. While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd  
by their licentious Pride.

## PART III.

17. On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n,  
all this we have endur'd ;  
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name ;  
or Faith to thee abjur'd.
18. But in thy righteous Paths have kept  
our Hearts and Steps with Care ;
19. Tho' thou hast broken all our Strength,  
and we almost despair.
20. Could we, forgetting thy great Name,  
on other Gods rely,

21. And

21. And not the Searcher of all Hearts  
the treach'rous Crime descry ?
22. Thou seest what Suff'rings for thy sake  
we ev'ry day sustain ;  
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like Sheep  
appointed to be slain.
23. Awake, arise ; let seeming Sleep  
no longer thee detain ;  
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,  
for ever sue in vain.
24. O wherefore hidest thou thy Face  
from our afflicted state ?
25. Whose Soul's and Bodies sink to Earth  
with Grievs oppressive Weight.
26. Arise, O Lord, and timely Haste  
to our Deliv'rance make ;  
Redeem us, Lord, — if not for our's,  
yet for thy Mercy's sake.

## PSALM XLV.

- W**Hile I the King's loud Praise rehearse,  
    indited by my Heart;  
My Tongue is like the Pen of him  
    that writes with ready Art.
2. How matchless is thy Form, O King !  
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows ;  
Because fresh Blessings God on thee  
    eternally bestows.
3. Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince,  
and clad in rich Array,  
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,  
Majestick Pomp display.
4. Ride on in state, and still protect  
the Meek, the Just, and True ;  
Whilst thy Right-hand with swift Revenge  
does all thy Foes pursue.
5. How sharp thy Weapons are to them  
that dare thy Pow'r despise,

Down,

Down, down they fall, while through their  
the feather'd Arrow flies. (Heart

6. But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd  
for ever to endure ;

Thy Scepter's Sway shall always last,  
by righteous Laws secure.

7. Because thy Heart, by Justice led,  
did upright Ways approve,

And hated still the crooked Paths  
where wand'ring Sinners rove.

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee  
the Oyl of Gladness shed ;

And has above thy Fellows round  
advanc'd thy lofty Head.

8. With Cassia, Aloes and Myrrh  
thy Royal Robes abound ;

Which from the stately Wardrobe brought  
spread grateful Odours round.

9. Among the honourable Train  
did Princely Virgins wait,

The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,  
in Golden Robes of State.

## P A R T II.

10. But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear  
and to my Words attend ;

Forget thy Native Country now,  
and ev'ry former Friend.

11. So shall thy Beauty charm the King,  
nor shall his Love decay ;

For he is now become thy Lord,  
to him due Rev'rence pay.

12. The *Tyrian* Matrons rich and proud  
shall humble Presents make ;

And all the wealthy Nations sue,  
thy Favour to partake.

13. The King's fair Daughter's fairer Soul  
all inward Graces fill,

Her



Her Raiment is of purest Gold,  
adorn'd with costly Skill.

14. She, in her nuptial Garment dress'd,  
with needles richly wrought,  
Attended by her Virgin Train,  
shall to the King be brought.

15. With all the State of solemn Joy  
the Triumph moves along,  
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court  
receives the pompous Throng.

16. Thou, in thy Royal Father's room,  
must princely Sons expect;  
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'st send  
to govern and protect:

17. Whilst this my Song to future times  
transmits thy Glorious Name;  
And makes the World, with one consent,  
thy lasting Praise proclaim,

## P S A L M XLVI.

**G**OD is our Refuge in Distress;  
A present Help when Dangers press;  
In him undaunted we'll confide:

2, 3. Tho' Earth were from her Centre tost,  
And Mountains in the Ocean lost,  
torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

4. A gentler Stream with Gladness still  
The City of our Lord shall fill,  
the Royal Seat of God most High:

5. God dwells in *Sion*, whose fair Towers  
Shall mock th' Assaults of Earthly Pow'rs,  
while his Almighty Aid is nigh.

6. In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd;  
And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,  
he thunder'd and dispers'd their Powers;

7. The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
Our Tower of Refuge in Alarms,  
our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.

8. Come,

8. Come, see the Wonders he hath wrought,  
On Earth what Desolation brought,  
9. How he has calm'd the jarring World :  
He broke the warlike Spear and Bow ;  
With them their thund'ring Chariots too  
into devouring Flames were hurl'd.  
10. Submit to God's Almighty Sway,  
For him the Heathen shall obey,  
and Earth her Sov'reign Lord confess.  
11. The God of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
Our Tower of Refuge in Alarms,  
As to our Fathers in Distress.

## P S A L M    XLVII.

- 1,2. **O** All ye People clap your hands,  
And with triumphant Voices sing ;  
No force the mighty Power withstands,  
Of God, the universal King.  
3, 4. He shall opposing Nations quell,  
and with success our Battels fight ;  
Shall fix the Place where we must dwell,  
the Pride of *Jacob*, his Delight.  
5, 6. God is gone up, our Lord and King,  
with Shouts of Joy and Trumpets Sound ;  
To him repeated Praises sing ;  
and let the chearful Song go round.  
7, 8. Your utmost Skill in Praise be shown,  
for him who all the World commands ;  
Who sits upon his righteous Throne,  
and spreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.  
9. Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence  
to serve the God of *Abr'am* came,  
Found Him their constant sure Defence.  
How great and glorious is his Name !

## P S A L M    XLVIII.

**T**HE Lord, the only God, is great,  
and greatly to be prais'd ;

In

In *Sion*, on whose happy Mount  
his sacred Throne is rais'd.

2. Her Towers the Joy of all the Earth,  
with beauteous Prospect rise :

On her North-side, the Almighty Kings  
imperial City lies.

3. God in her Palaces is known,  
his Presence is her Guard.

4. Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,  
and of Success despair'd.

5. They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,  
with Grief and Terror struck,

6. Like Women whom the sudden Pangs  
of Travail had o'retook.

7. No wretched Crew of Mariners  
appear like them forlorn,

When Fleets, from *Tarshish* wealthy Coasts,  
by Eastern Winds are torn.

8. In *Sion* we have seen perform'd  
a Work that was foretold ;

In pledge that God, for times to come,  
his City will uphold.

9. Not in our Fortresses and Walls  
did we, O God, confide,

But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,  
in which thou dost reside.

10. According to thy Sov'reign Name,  
thy Praise through Earth extends,

Thy powerful Arm, as Justice guides,  
chastises or defends.

11. Let *Sion's* Mount with Joy resound  
her Daughters all be taught

In Songs his Judgments to extol,  
who this Deliv'rance wrought.

12. Compass her Walls in solemn Pomp,  
your Eyes quite round her cast,

Count all her Towers, and see if there  
you find a Stone displac'd.

13. Her Forts and Palaces survey,  
observe their Order well ;  
That, with Assurance, to your Heirs,  
this Wonder you may tell.
14. This God is ours, and will be ours,  
whilst we in him confide ;  
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,  
till Death will be our Guide.

## P S A L M XLIX.

- 1,2. **L**ET all the list'ning World attend,  
and my Instruction hear ;  
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor  
with joint Consent give Ear:
3. My Mouth, with sacred Wisdom fill'd,  
shall good Advice impart,  
The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,  
digested in my Heart.
4. To Parables of weighty Sense  
I will my Ear incline ;  
Whilst to my tuneful Harp I sing  
dark Words of deep Design.
5. Why should my Courage fail in times  
of Danger and of Doubt ?  
When Sinners, that would me supplant,  
have compass'd me about ?
6. Those Men that all their Hope and Trust  
in Heaps of Treasure place,  
And boast and triumph when they see  
their ill-got Wealth increase ;
7. Are yet unable from the Grave  
their dearest Friend to free ;  
Nor can by Force or Bribes reverse  
th' Almighty Lord's Decree.
- 8, 9. Their vain Endeavours they must quit,  
the Price is held too high ;  
No Sums can purchase such a Grant,  
that Man should never die.

10. Not Wisdom can the Wise exempt,  
nor Fools their Folly save;  
But both must perish, and in Death  
their Wealth to others leave.
11. For tho' they think their stately Seats  
shall ne'er to Ruin fall;  
But their remembrance last, in Lands  
which by their Names they call;
12. Yet shall their Fame be soon forgot,  
how great so'er their State;  
With Beasts their Memory and they  
shall share one common Fate.

PART II.

13. How great their Folly is who thus  
absurd Conclusions make!  
And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,  
repeat the gross Mistake.
14. They all, like Sheep to slaughter led,  
the Prey of Death are made;  
Their Beauty, while the Just rejoice,  
within the Grave shall fade.
15. But God will yet redeem my Soul,  
and from the greedy Grave  
His greater Pow'r shall set me free,  
and to himself receive.
16. Then fear not thou, when worldly Men  
in envi'd Wealth abound,  
Nor tho' their prosp'rous House increase,  
with State and Honour Crown'd.
17. For when they 're summon'd hence by  
they leave all this behind; (Death  
No shadow of their former Pomp  
within the Grave they find:
18. And yet they thought their State was blest,  
caught in the Flatt'ers Snare,  
Who with their Vanity comply'd,  
and prais'd their worldly care.



PSALM 1.

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19. In their Forefathers Steps they tread,  
and when, like them, they die,  
Their wretched Ancestors and they  
in endleſs Darkneſs lie.

20. For Man, how great ſoe're his State,  
unleſs he's truly wiſe,  
As, like a ſenſual Beaſt he lives,  
ſo, like a Beaſt he dies.

PSALM L.

1,2. **T**HE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God  
Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,  
From dawning Light till Day declines :  
The liſt'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,  
And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,  
Where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.

3,4. Our God ſhall come, and keep no more  
Miſconſtru'd ſilence as before,  
But waſting Flames before him ſend :  
Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,  
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage  
His juſt Tribunal to attend.

5,6. Aſſemble all my Saints to me  
(Thus runs the great Divine Decree)  
That in my laſting Cov'nant live,  
And Off'rings bring with conſtant Care,  
(The Heavens his Juſtice ſhall declare,  
For God himſelf ſhall Sentence give.

7. Attend, my People ; *Iſr'el*, hear ;  
Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear ;  
Thy God, thy only God am I ;

8. 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,  
Which, daily in my Temple ſlain,  
My ſacred Altar did ſupply.

9. Will this alone Atonement make ?  
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,  
Nor He-goat from thy Fold accept :

10. The Foreſt Beaſts that range alone,

The Cattel too are all my own,  
That on a thousand Hills are kept.

11. I know the Fowls, that build their Nests  
In craggy Rocks ; and salvage Beasts,  
That loosely haunt the open Fields.
12. If seiz'd with Hunger I could be,  
I need not seek Relief from Thee,  
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.
13. Think'st thou that I have any need  
On slaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,  
To eat their Flesh, and drink their Blood ?
14. The Sacrifices I require,  
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inspire,  
And Vows with strictest Care made good.
15. In time of Trouble call on me,  
And I will set thee safe and free ;  
And thou returns of Praise shalt make :
16. But to the Wicked thus saith God,  
How dar'st thou teach my Laws abroad,  
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take ?
17. For stubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,  
Hast proof against Instruction been,  
And of my Word didst lightly speak :
18. When thou a subtle Thief didst see,  
Thou gladly didst with him agree,  
And with Adult'ers didst partake.
19. Vile Slander is thy chief Delight,  
Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd and Spight,  
Deceitful Tales does hourly spread :
20. Thou dost with hateful Scandals wound  
Thy Brother, and with Lies confound  
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.
21. These things didst thou, whom still I strove  
To gain with Silence and with Love ;  
Till thou didst wickedly surmise,  
That I was such a one as thou ;  
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,  
And set thy Sins before thine Eyes.

22. Mark this, ye wicked Fools, lest I,  
 Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,  
 Whilst none shall dare your Cause to own.
23. Who praises me due Honour gives,  
 And to the Man that justly lives,  
 My strong Salvation shall be shown.

## P S A L M LI.

- H**Ave Mercy, Lord, on me,  
 as thou wert ever kind ;  
 Let me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,  
 thy wonted Mercy find.
- 2, 3. Wash off my foul Offence,  
 and cleanse me from my Sin ;  
 For I confess my Crime, and see  
 how great my Guilt has been.
4. Against Thee, Lord, alone,  
 and only in thy sight  
 Have I transgress'd, and tho' Condemn'd,  
 must own thy Judgment right.
5. In Guilt each part was form'd  
 of all this sinful Frame ;  
 In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born  
 the Heir of Sin and Shame.
6. Yet thou, whose searching Eye  
 does inward Truth require,  
 In secret didst with Wisdom's Laws  
 my tender Soul inspire,
7. With Hyssop purge me, Lord,  
 and so I clean shall be :  
 I shall with snow in whiteness vie,  
 when purifi'd by thee.
8. Make me to hear with Joy,  
 thy kind forgiving Voice,  
 That so the Bones which thou hast broke,  
 may with fresh strength rejoice.
- 9, 10. Blot out my crying Sin,  
 nor me in Anger view ;

Create in me a Heart that's clean,  
and upright mind renew.

## P A R T II.

11. Withdraw not thou thy Help,  
nor cast me from thy sight ;  
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take  
its everlasting Flight ;

12. The Joy thy Favour gives  
let me again obtain ;  
And thy free Spirit's firm support  
my fainting Soul sustain.

13. So I thy righteous Ways  
to Sinners will impart,  
Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men  
to thy just Laws convert.

14. My Guilt of Blood remove,  
my Saviour and my God ;  
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell  
thy righteous Acts abroad.

15. Do thou unlock my Lips,  
with Sorrow clos'd and shame :  
So shall my Mouth thy wondrous Praise  
to all the World proclaim.

16. Could Sacrifice atone,  
whole Flocks and Herds should die ;  
But on such Off'rings thou disdain'st  
to cast a gracious Eye :

17. A broken Spirit is  
by God most highly priz'd ;  
By him a broken contrite Heart  
shall never be despis'd,

18. Let *Sion* Favour find,  
of thy Good Will assur'd ;  
And thy own City flourish long,  
by lofty Walls secur'd.

19. The Just shall then attend  
and pleasing Tribute pay ;

And

And Sacrifice of choicest kind,  
upon thy Altar lay.

## P S A L M LII.

**I**N vain, O Man of lawless Might,  
thou boast'st thy self in Ill;  
Since God the God in whom I trust  
vouchsafes his Favour still.

2. Thy wicked Tongue does stand'ring Tales,  
maliciously devise;

And sharper than a Razor set,  
it wounds with treach'rous Lies.

3,4. Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good,  
on Lies than Truth employ'd,

Thy Tongue delights in Words by which  
the Guiltless are destroy'd.

5. God shall for ever blast thy Hopes,  
and snatch thee soon away;

Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,  
nor in the World to stay.

6. The Just with pious Fear shall see  
the downfall of thy Pride;

And at thy sudden Ruin laugh,  
and thus thy fall deride:

7. "See there the haughty Man that was,  
"who proudly God defy'd,

"Who trusted in his Wealth, and still  
"on wicked Arts rely'd.

8. But I am like those Olive-Plants,  
that shade God's Temple round;

And hope with his indulgent Grace  
to be for ever crown'd.

9. So shall my Soul with Praise, O God,  
extol thy wondrous Love;

And on thy Name with Patience wait;  
for this thy Saints approve.



## P S A L M LIII.

- T**HE wicked Fools must sure suppose  
 that God is but a Name ;  
 This gross Mistake their Practice shows,  
 since Virtue all disclaim. (Tow'r
2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high  
 the Sons of Men to view ;  
 To see if any own'd his Pow'r,  
 or Truth or Justice knew.
3. But all, he saw, were backwards gone,  
 degen'rate grown and base ;  
 None for Religion car'd, not One  
 of all the sinful Race.
4. But are those Workers of Deceit  
 so dull and senseless grown,  
 That they like Bread my People eat,  
 and God's just Pow'r disown ?
5. Their causless Fears shall strangely grow ;  
 and they, despis'd of God,  
 Shall soon be foil'd ; his hand shall throw  
 their shatter'd Bones abroad.
6. Would he his saving Pow'r employ,  
 to break our servile Band,  
 Loud shouts of universal Joy  
 should eccho through the Land.

## P S A L M LIV.

- 1, 2. **L**ord, save me, for thy Glorious Name,  
 and in thy Strength appear  
 To judge my Cause : accept my Pray'r,  
 and to my Words give Ear.
3. Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,  
 to ruin me design'd ;  
 And cruel Men, that fear no God,  
 against my Soul combin'd.
- 4, 5. But God takes part with all my Friends ;  
 and he's the surest Guard ;

The

The God of Truth shall give my Foes,  
their Falshoods due reward.

6. While I my grateful Off'ring bring,  
and Sacrifice with Joy ;

And in his Praise my time to come  
delightfully employ.

7. From dreadful Danger and Distress  
the Lord has set me free ;

Through him shall I of all my Foes  
the just Destruction see.

### P S A L M LV.

**G**ive ear, thou Judge of all the Earth,  
and listen when I pray ;  
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn  
thy glorious Face away.

2. Attend to this my sad complaint,  
and hear my grievous Moans ;

Whilst I my mournful Case declare  
with artless Sighs and Groans.

3. Hark ! how the Foe insults aloud,  
how fierce Oppressors rage ! (hate  
Whose sland'ring Tongues with wrathful  
against my Fame engage.

4, 5. My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul  
with deadly Frights distress ;  
With Fear and Trembling compass'd round,  
with Horror quite oppress'd.

6. How often wish'd I then, that I  
the Dove's swift Wings could get ;  
That I might take my speedy Flight,  
and seek a safe Retreat !

7, 8. Then would I wander far from hence,  
and in wild Desarts stray,  
Till all this furious Storm were spent,  
this tempest past away.

## P A R T II.

9. Destroy, O Lord, their ill Designs;  
 their Counsels soon divide ;  
 For, through the City, my griev'd Eyes  
 have Strife and Rapine spy'd.
10. By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall  
 they walk their constant Round ;  
 And in the midst of all her Strength,  
 are Grief and Mischief found.
11. Who're through ev'ry Part shall roam,  
 with fresh Disorders meet ;  
 Deceit and Guile their constant posts  
 maintain in ev'ry Street.
12. For'twas not any open Foe  
 that false Reflections made ;  
 For then I could with ease have born  
 the bitter things he said :
- 'Twas none who hatred had profess'd  
 that did against me rise ;  
 For then I had withdrawn my self  
 from his malicious Eyes. (Friend,
- 13, 14. But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my  
 whom tend'rest Love did join ;  
 Whose sweet Advice I valu'd most,  
 whose Pray'rs were mixt with mine.
15. Sure, Vengeance equal to their Crimes,  
 such Traytors must surprize ;  
 And sudden Death requite those Ills  
 they wickedly devise !
- 16, 17. But I will call on God, who still  
 shall in my Aid appear ;  
 At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,  
 and he my voice shall hear.

## P A R T III.

18. God has releas'd my Soul from those  
 that did with me contend ;

And

And made a num'rous Host of Friends  
my righteous Cause defend.

19. For he who was my Help of old,  
shall now his suppliant hear ;

And punish them whose prosp'rous State  
makes them no God to fear.

20. Whom can I trust, if faithless Men  
perfidiously devise

To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,  
and break the strongest Ties !

21. Tho soft and melting are their Words,  
their Hearts with War abound ;

Their Speeches are more smooth than Oyl,  
and yet like Swords they wound.

22. Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,  
and He shall thee sustain,

He aids the Just, whom to supplant  
the Wicked strive in vain.

23. My Foes, that trade in Lies and Blood,  
shall all untimely die ;

Whilst I for Health and Length of Days  
on Thee, my God, rely.

## P S A L M LVI.

**D**O Thou, O God, in Mercy help,  
for Man my Life pursues ;  
To crush me with repeated Wrongs,  
he daily Strife renews.

2. Continually my spiteful Foes  
to ruin me combine ;

Thou seest who sit'st enthron'd on high,  
what mighty Numbers join.

3. But, tho' sometimes surpriz'd by Fear,  
(on Danger's first Alarm)

Yet still for Succour I depend  
on thy Almighty Arm.

4. God's faithful Promise I shall praise,  
on which I now rely :

In God I trust, and trusting him,  
the Arm of Flesh defy.

5. They wrest my Words, and make 'em speak  
a Sense they never meant :

Their Thoughts are all, with restless Spite,  
on my Destruction bent.

6. In close Assemblies they combine,  
and wicked Projects lay,

They watch my Steps, and lie in wait,  
to make my Soul their Prey.

7. Shall such Injustice still escape ?

O Righteous God arise ;

Let thy just Wrath, (too long provok'd)  
this impious Race chastise.

8. Thou numbrest all my Steps since first  
I was compell'd to flee :

My very Tears are treasur'd up,  
and regist' red by Thee.

9. When therefore I invoke thy Aid,  
my Foes shall be o'erthrown ;

For I am well assur'd that God  
my righteous cause will own.

10, 11. I'll trust God's Word, and so despise  
the Force that Man can raise :

12. To thee, O God, my Vows are due,  
to Thee I'll render Praise :

13. Thou hast retriev'd my Soul from Death ;  
and Thou wilt still secure

The Life thou hast so oft preserv'd,  
and make my Footsteps sure ;

That thus protected by thy Pow'r,  
I may this Light enjoy,

And in the Service of my God  
my length'n'd Days employ.

P S A L M LVII.

**T**H Y Mercy, Lord to me extend,  
on thy Protection I depend ;

And



- And to thy wing for shelter haste,  
Till this outrageous Storm is past.
2. To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,  
Thou Sov'reign Judge and God most high ;  
Who Wonders hast for me begun,  
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.
3. From Heav'n protect me by thine Arm,  
And shame all those who seek my Harm ;  
To my Relief thy Mercy send,  
And Truth on which my Hopes depend.
4. For I with salvage Men converse,  
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce,  
With men whose teeth are spears, their words  
Invenom'd Darts and two-edg'd Swords.
5. Be thou, O God, exalted high ;  
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,  
So let it be on Earth displaid,  
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.
6. To take me they their Net prepar'd,  
And had almost my Soul ensnar'd,  
But fell themselves, by just Decree,  
Into the Pit they made for me.
7. O God my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent  
Its thankful Tribute to present,  
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.
8. Awake my Glory ; Harp and Lute,  
No longer let your Strings be mute ;  
And I, my tuneful Part to take,  
Will with the early Dawn awake.
9. Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the list'ning Nations round :
10. Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends.  
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11. Be Thou, O God, exalted High ;  
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,  
So let it be on Earth displaid,  
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

## P S A L M LVIII.

**S**peak, O ye Judges of the Earth,  
 if just your Sentence be,  
 Or, must not Innocence appeal  
 to Heav'n from your Decree !

2. Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are  
 alike by Malice sway'd :

Your griping Hands by weighty Bribes  
 to Violence betray'd.

3. To Virtue Strangers from the Womb ;  
 their Infant-steps went wrong :

They prattled Slander, and in Lies  
 employ'd their lisp'ing Tongue.

4. No Serpent of parch'd *Africk's* breed  
 does ranker Poyson bear ;

The drowsy Adder will as soon  
 unlock his fullen Ear.

5. Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf  
 as Adders they remain ;

From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice  
 can no Attention gain.

6. Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,  
 and timely break their Pow'r :

Disarm these growing Lions Jaws,  
 e'er practis'd to devour.

7. Let now their insolence, at height,  
 like ebbing Tides be spent ;

Their shiver'd Darts deceive their Aim  
 when they their Bow have bent.

8. Like Snails let them dissolve to Slime ;  
 like hasty Births become,

Unworthy to behold the Sun,  
 and Dead within the Womb.

9. E'er Thorns can make the Fleishpots boil,  
 tempestuous Wrath shall come

From God, and snatch 'em hence, alive,  
 to their eternal Doom.

10. The

10. The Righteous shall rejoyce to see  
 their Crimes such Vengeance meet,  
 And Saints in Persecutors Blood,  
 shall dip their harmless Feet.
11. Transgressors then with Grief shall see  
 just men Rewards obtain ;  
 And own a God whose Justice will  
 the guilty Earth arraign.

## P S A L M LIX.

**D**eliver me, O Lord my God,  
 from all my spiteful Foes ;  
 In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r  
 to theirs who me oppose.

2. Preserve me from a wicked Race  
 who make a Trade of Ill ;  
 Protect me from remorseless Men  
 who seek my Blood to spill.

3. They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs  
 against my Life combine :  
 Implacable ; yet, Lord, thou know'st,  
 for no Offence of mine.

4. In haste they run about, and watch  
 my guiltless Life to take :  
 Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,  
 and to my Help awake !

5. Thou, Lord of Hosts and *Isr<sup>l</sup>'s* God,  
 their Heathen Rage suppress :  
 Relentless Vengeance take on those  
 who stubbornly transgress.

6. At Ev'ning to beset my House  
 like growling Dogs they meet ;  
 While others through the City range,  
 and ransack ev'ry Street.

7. Their Throats envenom'd Slander breathe,  
 their Tongues are sharpen'd Swords ;  
 Who hears (say they) or hearing, dares  
 reprove our lawless Words ?

8. But

8. But from thy Throne thou shalt, O Lord,  
their baffled Plots deride ;  
And soon to Scorn and Shame expose  
their boasted Heathen Pride.
9. On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength  
for Succour I depend.  
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,  
who only canst defend.
10. Thy Mercy, Lord, which has so oft  
from Danger set me free,  
Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue  
my haughty Foes to me.
11. Destroy 'em not, O Lord, at once,  
restrain thy vengeful Blow,  
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon  
forget their Overthrow.  
Disperse 'em through the Nations round  
by thy avenging Pow'r.  
Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,  
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.
12. Now in the Height of all their Hopes,  
their Arrogance chastise ;  
Whose Tongues have sinn'd without restraint,  
and Curses join'd with Lies.
13. Nor shalt thou whilst their Race endures,  
thine Anger, Lord, suppress,  
That distant Lands, by their just Doom,  
may *Israel's* God confess.
14. At Ev'ning let them still persist  
like growling Dogs to meet,  
Still wander all the City round,  
and traverse ev'ry Street.
15. Then, as for Malice now they do,  
for Hunger, let 'em stray.  
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,  
defeated of their Prey.
16. Whilst early I thy Mercy sing,  
thy wond'rous Pow'r confess ;

For thou hast been my sure Defence,  
my Refuge in Distress.

17. To Thee with never-ceasing Praise,  
O God, my Strength, I'll sing ;  
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence  
my Health and Safety Spring.

## P S A L M LX.

O God who hast our Troops disperst,  
Forfaking Those who left Thee first ;  
As we thy just Displeasure mourn,  
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.

2. Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand,  
Is rent by thy avenging Hand ;  
O heal the Breaches thou hast made,  
We shake, we fall, without thy Aid !

3. Our Folly's sad Effects we feel,  
For drunk with Discord's Cup we reel,

4. But now for them who thee rever'd,  
Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.

5. Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect :  
Lord hear the Pray'rs that we direct.

6. The Holy God has spoke : and I  
O'er-joy'd, on his firm Word rely.

To Thee in Portions I'll divide  
Fair *Sichem's* Soil, *Samaria's* Pride.  
To *Sichem*, *Succoth* next I'll join,  
And measure out her Vale by Line :

7. *Manasseh*, *Gilead*, both subscribe  
To my Commands, with *Ephraim's* Tribe ;  
*Ephraim* by Arms supports my Cause,  
And *Judah* by religious Laws.

8. *Moab* my Slave and Drudge shall be,  
Nor *Edom* from my Yoke get free ;  
Proud *Palestine's* imperious State  
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.

9. But who shall quell these mighty Pow'rs,  
And clear my Way to *Edom's* Tow'rs ?

Or



Or through her guarded Frontiers tread  
The Path that doth to Conquest lead ?

10. Ev'n thou, O God, who hast dispers'd  
Our Troops, (for we forsook Thee first)  
Those whom thou didst in Wrath forsake,  
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11. Do thou our fainting Cause sustain,  
For human Succours are but vain.
12. Fresh Strength and Courage God bestows;  
'Tis he treads down our proudest Foes.

## P S A L M LXI.

**L**ord, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,  
which I oppress'd with Grief,

2. From Earth's remotest Parts address  
to Thee for kind Relief.  
O lodge me safe beyond the Reach  
of persecuting Pow'r,
3. Thou who so oft from spiteful Foes,  
hast been my shelt'ring Tow'r.
4. So shall I in thy sacred Courts  
secure from Danger lie :  
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,  
all future Storms defy.
5. In sign my Vows are heard, once more  
I o'er thy Chosen reign :
6. O bless with long and prosp'rous Life  
the King thou didst ordain.
7. Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign  
accepted in thy sight,  
And let thy Truth and Mercy both  
in his Defence unite.
8. So shall I ever sing thy Praise,  
thy Name for ever bless ;  
Devote my prosp'rous Days to pay  
the Vows of my Distress.

## P S A L M LXII.

- 1, 2 **M**Y Soul for Help on God relies,  
 From him alone my safety flows:  
 My Rock, my Health, that Strength supplies  
 To bear the shock of all my Foes.
- 3 How long will ye contrive my Fall:  
 Which will but hasten on your own?  
 You'll rotter like a bending Wall,  
 Or Fence of uncemented Stone.
- 4 To make my envy'd Honours less,  
 They strive with Lies, their chief Delight;  
 For they, tho with their Mouths they bless,  
 In private curse with inward Spite.
- 5, 6 But thou, my Soul, on God rely;  
 On him alone thy Trust repose;  
 My Rock and Health will strength supply,  
 To bear the Shock of all my Foes.
- 7 God does his saving Health dispense,  
 And flowing Blessings daily send;  
 He is my Fortress and Defence,  
 On him my Soul shall still depend.
- 8 In him, ye People, always trust,  
 Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;  
 For God the Merciful and Just,  
 His timely Aid to us imparts.
- 9 The Vulgar fickle are and frail,  
 The Great dissemble and betray;  
 And laid in Truth's impartial Scale,  
 The lightest Things will both outweigh.
- 10 Then trust not in oppressive Ways,  
 By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;  
 Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increase,  
 Be set too much upon your Gain.
- 11 For God has oft his Will express'd;  
 And I this Truth have fully known;  
 To be of boundless Pow'r possess'd  
 Belongs of right to God alone

12 Tho Mercy is his darling Grace,  
 In which he chiefly takes delight;  
 Yet will he all the human Race  
 According to their Works requite.

## P S A L M LXIII.

**O** God my gracious God, to Thee  
 My Morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be;  
 For thee my thirsty Soul does pant;  
 My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,  
 Within this dry and barren Place,  
 Where I refreshing Waters want.

2 O to my longing Eyes once more  
 That View of glorious Pow'r restore,  
 Which thy majestick House displays:

3 Because to me thy wondrous love  
 Than Life it self does dearer prove,  
 My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.

4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,  
 In blessing God I will employ,  
 With lifted Hands adore his Name!

5 My Soul's Content shall be as great,  
 As theirs who choicest Dainties eat,  
 While I with Joy his Praise proclaim.

6 When down I lie sweet Sleep to find,  
 Thou, Lord, art present to my Mind,  
 And when I wake in dead of Night:

7 Because thou still doth Succour bring,  
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing,  
 I rest with Safety and Delight.

8 My Soul, when Foes would me devour,  
 Cleaves fast to Thee, whose matchless Pow'r  
 In her Support is daily shown:

9 But those the Righteous Lord shall slay  
 That my Destruction wish; and they,  
 That seek my Life, shall lose their own.

10 They by untimely Ends shall die,  
 Their Flesh a Prey to Foxes lie:

But God shall fill the King with Joy ;  
 11 Who Thee Confess shall still rejoyce,  
 Whilst the false Tongue and lying Voice,  
 Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

## P S A L M LXIV.

**L**ord, hear the Voice of my Complaint,  
 to my Request give Ear.

Preserve my Life from cruel Foes,  
 and free my Soul from Fear.

2 O hide me with thy tend'rest Care  
 in some secure Retreat,

From Sinners that against me rise,  
 and all their Plots defeat.

3 See how intent to work my Harm,  
 they whet their Tongues, like Swords.

And Bend their Bows to shoot their Darts,  
 sharp Lies and bitter Words !

4 Lurking in private at the Just.  
 they take their secret Aim ;

And suddenly at him they shoot,  
 quite void of Fear and Shame.

5 To carry on their ill Designs,  
 they mutually agree ;

They speak of laying private Snares,  
 and think that none shall see.

6 With utmost Diligence and Care  
 their wicked Plots they lay ;

The deep Designs of all their Hearts  
 are only to betray.

7 But God, to Anger justly mov'd,  
 his dreadful Bow shall bend,

And, on his flying Arrows point,  
 shall swift Destruction send. (vent,

8 Those Slanders, which their Mouths did  
 upon themselves shall fall ;

Their Crimes disclos'd, shall make them be  
 despis'd, and shun'd by all.

9 The World shall then God's Power confess,  
and Nations trembling stand,  
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work  
of his avenging Hand.

10 Whilst righteous Men, whom God secures,  
in him shall gladly trust;  
And all the list'ning Earth shall hear  
loud Triumphs of the Just.

## P S A L M LXV.

**F**OR Thee, O God, our constant Praise  
In *Sion* waits, thy chosen Sear;  
Our promis'd Altars we will raise,  
And there our zealous Vows compleat.

2 O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r  
Didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,  
To thee shall all Mankind repair,  
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

3 Our Sins ( tho numberless ) in vain  
To stop thy flowing Mercy try;  
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,  
And wapest out the Crimson Die.

4 Blest is the Man, who near Thee plac'd,  
Within thy sacred Dwelling lives!  
Whilst we at humbler Distance taste  
The vast delights thy Temple gives.

5 By wond'rous Acts, O God, most just,  
Have we thy gracious Answer found;  
In Thee remotest Nations trust,  
And those whom stormy Waves surround.

6, 7 God, by his Strength sets fast the Hills,  
And does his matchless Pow'r engage,  
With which the Sea's loud Waves he stills,  
And angry Crowds tumultuous Rage.

## P A R T II.

8 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous Lands dismay  
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:

With



With Joy they see the Night and Day.

Each other's Track by turns pursue.

9 From out thy unexhausted Store

Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground ;

Makes Lands, that barren were before,

With Corn and useful Fruits abound.

10 On rising Ridges down it pours,

And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills ;

Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs,

In which a blest Increase distills.

11 Thy Goodness does the circling Year

With fresh Returns of Plenty crown ;

And where thy glorious Paths appear,

Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.

12 They drop on barren Forests, chang'd

By them to Pastures fresh and green ;

The Hills about in order rang'd

In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.

13 Large flocks with fleecy Wool adorn

The chearful Downs ; the Vallies bring

A plentuous Crop of full-ear'd Corn.

And seem for Joy to shout and sing.

# P S A L M LXVI.

1,2 **L**ET all the Lands with shouts of Joy  
to God their Voices raise;

Sing Psalms in Honour of his Name,

and spread his glorious Praise.

3 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,

in all thy works art Thou !

To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes

shall all be forc'd to bow.

4 Thro all the Earth the Nations round

shall Thee their God confess ;

And with glad Hymns their awful Dread

of thy great Name express.

5 O come, behold the works of God,

and then with me you'll own,

That he to all the Sons of Men  
has wond'rous Judgments shown.

6 He made the Sea become dry Land,  
thro' which our Fathers walk'd;  
Whilst to each other of his Might  
with Joy his People talk'd.

7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules;  
his Eyes the World survey;  
Let no presumptuous Man rebel  
against his Sov'reign sway.

## P A R T II.

8, 9 O all ye Nations bless our God,  
and loudly speak his Praise;  
Who keeps our Soul alive, and still  
confirms our stedfast Ways.

10 For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as Fire  
does try the precious Ore;

11 Thou brought'st us into Straits, where we  
oppressing Burthens bore.

12 Insulting Foes did us, their Slaves,  
thro Fire and Water chase;  
But yet at last thou brought'st us forth  
into a wealthy place.

13 Burnt-off'rings to thy House I'll bring,  
and there my Vows will pay,

14 Which I with solemn Zeal did make  
in Trouble's dismal Day.

15 Then shall the richest Incense smoke,  
the fattest Rams shall fall;  
The choicest Goats from out the Fold,  
and Bullocks from the Stall.

16 O come all ye that fear the Lord,  
attend with heedful Care;  
Whilst I what God for me has done,  
with grateful Joy declare.

17, 18 As I before his Aid implor'd,  
so now praise his Name;

Who if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,  
would all my Pray'rs disclaim.

19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,  
his gracious Ear did bend;  
And to the Voice of my Request  
with constant Love attend.

20 Then blest'd for ever be my God,  
who never, when I pray,  
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,  
nor turns his Face away.

## P S A L M LXVII.

**T**O blest thy chosen Race,  
in Mercy, Lord, incline;  
And cause the brightness of thy Face  
on all thy Saints to shine.

2 That so thy wond'rous Ways  
may thro the World be known;  
Whilst distant Lands their Tribute pay,  
and thy Salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring Nations join  
to celebrate thy Fame;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine  
to praise thy glorious Name.

4 O let them shout and sing,  
with Joy and pious Mirth,  
For Thou, the Righteous Judge and King,  
shalt govern all the Earth.

5 Let diff'ring Nations join  
to celebrate thy fame;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine  
to praise thy glorious Name.

6 Then shall the teeming Ground  
a large increase disclose;  
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd.  
which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our Land  
shall constant Blessings show'r,

And all the World in awe shall stand  
Of his resistless Pow'r.

P S A L M LXVIII.

**L**ET God, the God of Battel rise,  
And scatter his presumptuous Foes;  
Let shameful Rout their Host surprize,  
Who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.  
2 As Smoak in Tempest's Rage is lost,  
Or Wax into the Furnace cast,  
So let their sacrilegious Host  
Before his wrathful Presence waste.  
2 But let the Servants of his Will  
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;  
Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,  
And chearful Songs their Tongues employ.  
4 To him your Voice in Anthems raise,  
*Jehovah's* awful Name he bears;  
In him rejoice, extol his Praise,  
Who rides upon high rowling Spheres.  
5 Him, from his Empire of the Skies,  
To this low World Compassion draws,  
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,  
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.  
6 'Tis God, who, from a foreign Soil,  
Restores poor Exiles to their Home;  
Makes Captives free, and fruitless Toil  
Their Proud Oppressors righteous Doom.  
7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead,  
In Person, Lord, our Armies forth,  
Strange Terrors thro' the Desert spread,  
& Convulsions shook th' astonish Earth.  
The breaking Clouds did Rain distil,  
And Heav'n's high Arches shook with Fear.  
How then should *Sinai's* humble Hill  
Of *Israel's* God the Presence bear?  
9 Thy Hand at famisht Earth's Complaint,  
Reliev'd her from Celestial Stores;

And



And when thy Heritage was faint (show'rs.  
 Affwag'd the Drought with plenteous  
 10 Where Savages had rang'd before,  
 At Ease thou mad'st our Tribes reside;  
 And in the Defart for the Poor,  
 Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Thou gav'st the Word, we falli'd forth,  
 And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame,  
 While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth  
 In state our Conquest did proclaim.  
 12 Vast Armies, by such Gen'rals led,  
 As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,  
 Forsook their Camp with sudden Dread,  
 And to our Women left the Spoil.  
 13 Tho *Egypt's* Drudges you have been,  
 Your Army's Wings shall shine as bright  
 As Dove's in golden Sunshine seen,  
 Or silver'd o'er with paler Light.  
 14 'Twas so when God's Almighty Hand  
 O'er scatter'd Kings the Conquest won;  
 Our Troops, drawn up on *Jordan's* Strand,  
 High *Salmon's* glitt'ring Snow out-shone.  
 15 From thence to *Jordan's* farther Coast,  
 And *Bashan's* Hill we did advance:  
 No more her Height shall *Bashan* boast,  
 But that she's God's Inheritance.  
 16 But wherefore (tho the Honour's great)  
 Should this, O Mountains, swell your Pride?  
 For *Sion* is his chosen Seat,  
 Where he for ever will reside.  
 17 His Chariots numberless, his Pow'rs  
 Are heavenly Hosts, that wait his Will;  
 His Presence now fills *Sion's* Tow'rs.  
 As once it honour'd *Sinai's* Hill.  
 18 Ascending high, in Triumph Thou  
 Captivity hath Captive led,

And



And on thy People did'st bestow,  
The Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.

Ev'n Rebels shall partake thy Grace,  
And humble Profelytes repair  
To worship at thy Dwelling-place,  
And all the World pay Homage there.

19 For Benefits, each Day bestow'd,  
Be daily his great Name ador'd;  
20 Who is our Saviour and our God,  
Of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.

21 But Justice for his harden'd Foes  
Proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,  
To wound the Hoary Head of those  
Who in presumptuous Crimes proceed  
22 The Lord has thus, in Thunder, spoke;  
"As I subdu'd proud *Bashan's* King,  
"Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,  
"And from the Deep my Servants bring.

23 "Their Feet shall with a crimson Flood  
"Of slaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er,  
"Nor Earth receive such impious Blood,  
"But leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore.

### PART III.

24 When marching to thy blest abode,  
The wond'ring Multitude survey'd  
The Pompous State of Thee, our God,  
In Robes of Majesty array'd,  
25 Sweet-singing *Lewites* led the Van,  
Loud Instruments brought up the Rear;  
Between both Troops a Virgin-train  
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.

26 This was the Burden of their Song,  
"In full Assemblies bless the Lord,  
"All, who to *Israel's* Tribes belong,  
"The God of *Israel's* Praise record.

27 Nor little *Benjamin* alone  
From neighb'ring Bonds did there attend  
Nor

Nor only *Judah's* nearer Throne,  
Her Counsellors in state did send;

But *Zebulon's* remoter Seat,  
And *Neptali's* more distant Coast  
(The grand Procession to compleat)  
Sent up their Tribes, a princely Host.  
28 Thus God to Strength and Union brought  
Our Tribes, at strife till that blest hour:  
This work which thou, O God, hast wrought,  
Confirm with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.

29 To visit *Salem*, Lord, descend;  
And *Sion* thy terrestrial Throne;  
Where Kings with Presents shall attend,  
And Thee with offer'd Crowns attone.  
30 Break down the spearmens ranks who threat  
Like pamper'd Herds of Savage Might,  
Their Silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,  
Who in destructive War delight.

31 *Egypt* shall then to God stretch forth  
Her Hands, and *Africk* Homage bring:  
32 The scatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth  
Their common Sovereign's Praises sing.  
33 Who mounted on the loftiest Sphere  
Of ancient Heav'n sublimely rides;  
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,  
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.

34 Ascribe ye Power to God most High,  
Of humble *Isr'el* he takes Care;  
Whose Strength from out the dusky Sky  
Darts shining Terrors thro' the Air.  
35 How dreadful are the sacred Courts  
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne,  
His Strength his feeble Saints supports:  
To God give Praise, and him alone

## P S A L M LXIX.

S Ave me, O God, from Waves that rowl,  
And press to overwhelm my Soul.

- 2 With painful steps in mire I tread,  
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
- 3 With restless Cries my Spirits faint,  
My Voice is hoarse with long Complaint  
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,  
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.
- 4 My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,  
Compar'd with Foes that me pursue  
With groundlesshate, grown now of might  
To execute their lawless Spite.  
They force me guiltless to resign,  
As Rapine what by right was mine.
- 5 Thou, Lord, my Innocence dost see;  
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.
- 6 Lord God of Hosts take timely care,  
Lest for my sake thy Saints despair;
- 7 Since I have suffer'd for thy Name  
Reproach, and hid my Face in shame.
- 8 A Stranger to my Country grown,  
Nor to my nearest Kindred known;  
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn  
By Brethren of my Mother born.
- 9 For Zeal to thy lov'd House and Name  
Consumes me like devouring Flame,  
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,  
More than at Slanders cast on me.
- 10 My very Tears and Abstinence  
They construe in a spiteful Sense;
- 11 When cloath'd with sackcloth for their sake,  
They me their common Proverb make.
- 12 Their Judges at my Wrongs do Jest,  
Those Wrongs they ought to have redrest!  
How should I then expect to be  
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free?
- 13 But, Lord, to thee, I will repair  
For Help with humble timely Pray'r;  
Relieve me from thy Mercies store,  
Display thy Truth's preserving Pow'r.

- 14 From threatning Dangers me relieve,  
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;  
From spiteful Foes in safety keep,  
And snatch me from the raging Deep.
- 15 Controul the Deluge e'er it spread,  
And roul its Waves above my Head;  
Nor deep Destruction's open Pit,  
To close her Jaws on me permit.
- 16 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,  
For thy transcending Goodness sake;  
Relieve thy Suppliant once more  
From thy abounding Mercy's store.
- 17 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face;  
Make haste, for desp'rate is my Case:
- 18 Thy timely Succour interpose,  
And shield me from remorseless Foes.
- 19 Thou know'st what Infamy and Scorn  
I from my Enemies have born,  
Nor can their close disssembled Spite,  
Or darkest Plots escape thy Sight.
- 20 Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,  
I look'd for some to take my part,  
To Pity or relieve my Pain;  
But look'd (alas!) for both in vain!
- 21 With Hunger pin'd for Food I call,  
Instead of Food they give me Gall;  
And when with Thirst my Spirits sink,  
They give me Vinegar to drink.
- 22 Their Table therefore to their Health  
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth!
- 23 Perpetual Darknes seize their Eyes,  
And sudden Blasts their Hopes surprize.
- 24 On them thou shalt thy Fury pour,  
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour;
- 25 And make their House a dismal Cell,  
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell
- 26 For new Afflictions they procur'd  
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd



And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn  
To bleed afresh with sharper Scorn.

27 Sin shall to Sin their Steps betray.

Till they to Truth have lost the Way.

28 From Life thou shalt exclude their Soul,  
Nor with the Just their Names enroll.

29 But me howe'er distrest and poor,  
Thy strong Salvation shall restore :

30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,  
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.

31 Our God shall this more highly prize  
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice :

32 Which humble Saints with Joy shall see;  
And hope for like redress with me.

33 For God regards the Poor's Complaint,  
Sets Pris'ners free from close Restraint :

34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raise,  
And all the World resound his Praise.

35 For God will *Sion's* Walls erect,  
And *Judah's* Cities still protect ;  
Till all her scatter'd Sons repair  
To undisturb'd possession there.

36 This Blessing they shall, at their Death,  
To their Religious Heirs bequeath ;

And they to endless Ages more,  
Of such as his blest Name adore.

P S A L M LXX.

O Lord, to my Relief draw near,  
For never was more pressing Need  
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,  
And add to that Deliv'rance Speed.

2 Confusion on their Heads return,  
Who to destroy my Soul combine ;  
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,  
Insnar'd in their own vile Design.

3 Their Doom let Desolation be,  
With shame their Malice be repaid,

Who



Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,  
And Sport of my Affliction made.

4 While those, who humbly seek thy Face,  
To joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;  
And all who prize thy saving-Grace  
With me shall sing, *The Lord be prais'd.*

5 Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,  
The mighty Lord of me takes care;  
Thou God, who only can'st restore,  
To my relief with speed repair.

## P S A L M LXXI.

**I**N Thee I put my stedfast Trust,  
defend me, Lord, from Shame;  
Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul,  
for righteous is thy Name.

3 Be thou my strong abiding place,  
to which I may resort;

'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe.  
thou art my Rock and Fort.

4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men  
protect and set me free,  
For from my earliest Youth till now  
my hope has been in Thee.

6 Thy constant Care did safely guard  
my tender Infant-Days;  
Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb  
to sing thy constant Praise.

7, 8 While some on me with wonders gaze,  
thy Hand supports me still;  
Thy Honour therefore and thy Praise  
my Mouth shall always fill.

9 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,  
when I with Age decay;  
For sake me not, when, worn with years,  
my Vigour fades away.

10 My Foes, against my Fame and me,  
with crafty Malice speak,

Against

Against my Soul they lay their Snares,  
and mutual Counsel take.

11 His God, say they, forsakes him now,  
on whom he did rely ;

Pursue and take him, whilst no Hope  
of timely Aid is nigh.

12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far,  
for speedy Help I call ;

13 To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes  
that seek to work my Fall.

14 But as for me, my steadfast Hope  
shall on thy Pow'r depend,  
And I in grateful Songs of Praise  
my time to come will spend.

## P A R T II.

15 Thy righteous Acts and saving Health  
my Mouth shall still declare :

Unable yet to count them all,  
tho summ'd with utmost Care,

16 While God vouchsafes me his Support,  
I'll in his Strength go on ;

All other Righteousness disclaim,  
and mention his alone.

17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my Youth  
to praise thy glorious Name ;

And ever since thy wond'rous Works  
have been my constant Theme.

18 Then now forsake me not, when I  
am grey, and feeble grown ;

Till I to these and future times,  
thy Strength and Pow'r have shown.

19 How high thy Justice soars, O God!  
how great and wond'rous are

The mighty Works which thou hast done!  
who may with Thee compare ?

20 Me, whom thy Hand has sorely press'd,  
thy Grace shall yet relieve ;

And

And from the lowest depth of Woe  
with tender Care retrieve.

21 Thro' Thee my time to come shall be  
With Pow'r and Greatness crown'd,  
And me, who dismal Years have past,  
thy Comforts shall surround.

22 That I with Psaltery and Harp  
thy Truth, O Lord, will praise;  
To Thee, the God of *Jacob's* Race,  
my voice in Anthems raise.

23 Then Joy shall fill my Mouth, and Song  
employ my chearful Voice;  
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,  
shall in thy Strength rejoice.

24 My Tongue thy just and righteous Acts  
shall all the day proclaim;  
Because thou did'st confound my Foes,  
and brought'st them all to shame.

## P S A L M LXXII.

**L**ord let thy just Decrees the King  
in all his Ways direct;  
And let his Son throughout his Reign,  
thy righteous Laws respect.

2 So shall he still thy People judge  
with pure and upright Mind,  
Whilst all the helpless Poor shall him  
their just Protector find.

3 Then Hills and Mountains shall bring forth  
the happy Fruits of Peace;  
Which all the Land shall own to be  
the Work of Righteousness:

4 Whilst he the poor and needy Race  
shall rule with gentle Sway;  
And from their humble Necks shall take  
oppressive Yokes away.

5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear  
shall then be rooted fast,

As long as Sun and Moon endure,  
or Time it self shall last.

6 He shall descend like Rain, that cheers  
the Meadows second Birth,  
Or like warm Show'rs whose gentle Drops  
refresh the thirsty Earth.

7 In his blest days the just and good  
shall be with Favour crown'd;  
The happy Land shall ev'ry where  
with endless Peace abound.

8 His uncontroul'd Dominion shall  
from Sea to Sea extend;  
Begin at proud *Euphrates* Streams,  
at Nature's Limits end.

9 To him the savage Nations round  
shall bow their servile Heads;  
His vanquisht Foes shall lick the dust  
where he his Conquest spreads.

10 The Kings of *Tarshish* and the Isles  
shall costly Presents bring;  
From spicy *Sheba* Gifts shall come,  
and wealthy *Saba's* King.

11 To him shall ev'ry King on Earth  
his humble Homage pay;  
And diff'ring Nations gladly join  
to own his righteous Sway.

12 For he shall set the Needy free,  
when they for Succour cry,  
Shall save the Helpless and the Poor,  
and all their Wants supply.

## P A R T II.

13 His Providence, for needy Souls,  
shall due Supplies prepare;  
And over their defenceless Lives  
shall watch with tender Care.

14 He shall preserve, and keep their Souls  
from Fraud and Rapine free,

And

And in his fight their guiltless Blood  
of mighty Price shall be.

15 Therefore shall God his Life and Reign  
to many years extend,  
Whilst Eastern Princes Tribute pay,  
and golden Presents send.  
For him shall constant Pray'rs be made;  
thro' all his prosp'rous Days.  
His just Dominion shall afford  
a lasting Theme of Praise.

16 Of useful Grain, thro' all the Land,  
great Plenty shall appear;  
A Handful sown on Mountain Tops  
a mighty Crop shall bear:  
Its Fruit, like Cedars shook by Winds,  
a rattling Noise shall yield;  
The City too shall thrive, and vie  
for Plenty with the Field.

17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name  
thro' endless Years shall run;  
His spotless Fame shall shine as bright  
and lasting as the Sun.  
In him the Nations of the World  
shall be compleatly blest,  
And his unbounded Happiness  
by ev'ry Tongue confess.

18 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,  
The God whom *Isr'el* fears;  
Who only wond'rous in his Works  
beyond Compare appears.

19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;  
and ever bless his Name:  
Whilst to his Praise the list'ning World  
their glad Assent proclaim.

## P S A L M LXXIII.

AT length, by certain Proofs 'tis plain  
That God will to his Saints be kind;  
H 2 That



That all, whose Hearts are pure and clean;  
Shall his protecting Favour find.

2, 3 Till this sustaining Truth I knew,  
My stagging Feet had almost fail'd;  
I griev'd the Sinners Wealth to view,  
And envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace descend,  
And whilst they live are hail and strong;  
No Plague or Troubles them offend,  
Which oft to other Men belong.

6, 7 With Pride, as with a Chain, they'r held,  
And Rapine seems their Robe of State;  
Their Eyes stand out with Fatness swell'd,  
They grow, beyond their Wishes, great.

8, 9 With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,  
Oppressive Methods they defend;  
Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,  
Their Blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.

10 And yet admiring Crowds are found  
Who servile Visits duly make,  
Because with Plenty they abound.  
Of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.

11 Their fond Opinions these pursue,  
Till they with them prophanely cry,  
"How should the Lord our Actions view,  
"Can he perceive who dwells so high?"

12 Behold the Wicked! these are they  
Who openly their Sins profess;  
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each day,  
And all their Actions meet Success.

13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my Heart (said I)  
And wash'd my Hands from Guilt in vain,  
If all the day oppress'd I lie,  
And ev'ry morning suffer Pain.

15 Thus did I once to speak intend;  
But if such things I rashly say,  
Thy Children, Lord, I must offend,  
And basely should their Cause betray.

## P A R T II.

- 16, 17 To fathom this my Thoughts I bent,  
 But found the case too hard for me ;  
 Till to the House of God I went,  
 Then I their End did plainly see,  
 28 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all  
 On slipp'ry Places loosely stand ;  
 Thence into Ruin headlong fall,  
 Cast down by thy avenging Hand.
- 19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their Fate!  
 Despis'd by Thee when they're destroy'd ;  
 As waking Men with Scorn do treat  
 The Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.
- 21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppress'd,  
 My Reins were rack'd with restless Pains,  
 So stupid was I, like a Beast,  
 Who no reflecting Thought retains.
- 23, 24 Yet still thy Presence me supply'd,  
 And thy Right-hand Assistance gave :  
 Thou first shalt with thy Counsel guide,  
 And then to glory me receive.
- 25 Whom then in Heav'n, but thee alone,  
 Have I, whose Favour I require?  
 Throughout the spacious Earth there's none  
 That I besides thee can desire.
- 26 My trembling Flesh and aking Heart  
 May often fail to succour me ;  
 But God shall inward strength impart,  
 And my eternal Portion be.
- 27 For they that far from Thee remove,  
 Shall into sudden Ruin fall ;  
 If after other Gods they rove,  
 Thy Vengeance shall destroy them all.
- 28 But as for me, 'tis good and just  
 That I should still to God repair ;  
 In him I always put my Trust,  
 And will his wond'rous Works declare.

## P S A L M LXXIV.

WHY hast thou cast us off, O God,  
wilt thou no more return?

O why against thy chosen Flock,  
does thy fierce Anger burn?

2 Think on thy ancient Purchase, Lord,  
the Land that is thy own.

By thee redeem'd, and *Sion's* Mount  
where once the Glory shone.

3 O! come and view our ruin'd State!  
how long our Troubles last!

See! how the Foe with wicked Rage  
has laid thy Temple waste!

4 Thy Foes blaspheme thy Name, where late  
thy zealous Servants pray'd;

The Heathen there with haughty Pomp  
Their Banners have display'd.

5, 6 Those curious Carvings which did once  
advance the Artist's Fame,

With Ax and Hammer they destroy,  
like Works of vulgar Frame.

7 Thy holy Temple they have burnt;  
and what escap'd the Flame,

Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,  
tho sacred to thy Name.

8 Thy Worship wholly to destroy,  
maliciously they aim'd;

And all the sacred Places burn'd  
where we thy Praise proclaim'd:

9 Yet of thy Presence thou vouchsaf'd  
no tender Signs to send;

We have no Prophet now that knows  
when this sad State shall end.

## PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit  
th' insulting Foe to boast?

Shall

Shall all the Honour of thy Name  
for ever more be lost?

(hand

11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong Right  
and on thy patient breast,  
When Vengeance calls to stretch it forth,  
so calmly let'st it rest?

12 Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,  
in our Defence hast fought;  
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,  
hast great Salvation wrought.

13 'Twas thou, O God, that didst the Sea  
by thy own Strength divide;  
Thou brak'st the watry Monster's Head,  
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.

14 The greatest, fiercest of them all,  
that seem'd the Deep to sway;  
Was by thy Pow'r destroy'd, and made  
to savage Beasts a Prey.

15 Thou clav'st the solid Rock, and mad'st  
the Waters largely flow;  
Again, thou mad'st thro' parted Streams,  
thy wond'ring people go.

16 Thine is the chearful Day, and thine  
the black Return of Night;  
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious Sun,  
and eve'ry feeble Light;

17 By Thee the Borders of the Earth  
in perfect Order stand;  
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,  
attend on thy Command.

### P A R T III.

18 Remember, Lord, how scornful Foes  
have daily urg'd our Shame;  
And how the foolish People have  
blasphem'd thy holy Name.

19 O free thy mourning Turtle-dove,  
by sinful Crowds beset:



Nor the Assembly of thy Poor  
for evermore forget.

20 Thy ancient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,  
and make thy Promise good;  
For now each Corner of the Land  
is fill'd with Men of Blood.

21 O let not the Opprest return  
With Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame;  
But let the Helpless and the Poor  
for ever praise thy Name.

22 Arise, O God, in our behalf,  
thy Cause and ours maintain;  
Remember how insulting Fools  
each day thy Name prophane!

23 Make thou the Boastings of thy Foes  
for evermore to cease;  
Whose Insolence, if unchastiz'd,  
will more and more increase.

# P S A L M LXXV.

**T**O thee, O God, we render Praise,  
to thee with Thanks repair;  
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,  
thy wond'rous Works declare.

2 In *Isr'el* when my Throne is fix'd,  
with me shall Justice reign:

3 The Land with Discord shakes, but I  
the sinking Frame sustain.

4 Deluded Wretches I advis'd  
their Errors to redress,

And warn'd bold Sinners that they should  
their swelling Pride suppress.

5 Bear not your selves so high, as if  
no Pow'r could yours restrain;

Submit your stubborn Necks, and learn  
to spake with less Disdain.

6 For that Promotion, which to gain,  
your vain Ambition strives,

From



From neither East nor West, nor yet  
From Southern Climes arrives.

7 For God the great Disposer is,  
and Spv'reign Judge alone,  
Who casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts  
the Humble to a Throne.

8 His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,  
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd;  
The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath  
deals out to Nations round.

Of this his Saints sometimes may taste,  
but wicked Men shall squeeze  
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd  
to drink the very Lees.

9 His Prophet I, to all the World  
this Message will relate;  
The justice then of *Jacob's* God  
my Song shall celebrate.

10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,  
their Cruelty disarm;  
Exalt the Just, and seat him high,  
above the Reach of Harm.

## P S A L M LXXVI.

**I**N *Judah* the Almighty's known,  
(Almighty there by Wonders shown)  
His Name in *Jacob* does excel:

2 His Sanctuary in *Salem* stands,  
The Majesty that Heav'n commands  
In *Sion* condescends to dwell.

3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,  
The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,  
There slain the mighty Army lay;

4 Whence *Sion's* Fame thro' Earth is spread,  
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,  
Than Hills, where Robbers lodge their Prey.

5 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,  
Themselves met there a shameful Foil.

Securely

Securely down to sleep they lay.

But wak'd no more ; their stoutest Band  
Ne'er lifted one resisting Hand  
'Gainst his that did their Legions slay.

- 6 When *Jacob's* God began to frown,  
Both Horse and Charioteers, o'erthrown,  
Together slept in endless Night :
- 7 When thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere,  
Dost once with wrathful Looks appear,  
What mortal Pow'r can stand thy sight ?
- 8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its  
Doom,  
Grew hush'd with Fear, when thou didst come
- 9 The Meek with Justice to restore ;
- 10 The Wrath of Man shall yield thee Praise,  
It's last Attempts but serve to raise  
The Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.
- 11 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations bring  
Vow'd Presents to th' eternal King ;  
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,
- 12 Who Proudest Potentates can quell,  
To Earthly Kings more terrible,  
Than, to their trembling Subjects, They.

Psalm LXXVII.

**T**O God I cry'd, who to my Help  
did graciously repair ;

- 2 In Trouble's dismal Day I sought  
my God with humble Pray'r  
All Night my fest'ring Wound did run,  
no Med'cine gave Relief ;  
My Soul no Comfort would admit,  
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.
- 3 I thought on God, and Favours past,  
but that increas'd my Pain ;  
I found my Spirit more oppress'd,  
the more I did complain.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry watch of tedious Night  
thou keep'st my Eyes awake ;

My Grief is swell'd to that Excess

I sigh but cannot speak.

5 I call to mind the Days of old,  
with signal Mercy crown'd,  
Those famous Years of ancient Times,  
for Miracles renown'd.

6 By Night I recollect my Songs  
on former Triumphs made;  
Then search, consult, and ask my Heart  
where's now that wond'rous Aid?

7 Has God for ever cast us off,  
withdrawn his Favour quite?

8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth  
retir'd to endless Night?

9 Can his long-practis'd Love forget  
it's wonted Aids to bring?  
Has he in Wrath shut up, and seal'd  
his Mercy's healing Spring?

10 I said my Weakness hints these Fears,  
but I'll my Fears disband;  
Will yet remember the most High,  
and Years of his Right-hand.

11 I'll call to mind his Works of old,  
the Wonders of his Might;

12 On them my Heart shall meditate,  
my Tongue shall them recite.

13 Safe lodg'd from humane Search on high,  
O God, thy Counsels are!  
Who is so great a God as ours?  
who can with him compare?

14 Long since a God of Wonders Thee  
thy rescu'd People found;

15 Long since hast thou thy chosen Seed  
with strong Deliv'rance crown'd.

16 When Thee, O God, the Waters saw,  
the frighted Billows sunk;  
The troubled Depths themselves, for Fear,  
beneath their Channels sunk.

- 17 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending  
did with their Noise conspire; (Skies  
- Thy Arrows all abroad were sent,  
wing'd with avenging Fire,  
18 Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn  
whilst all the lower World  
With Lightning blaz'd; Earth shook, and  
from her Foundations hurl'd. (seem'd  
19 Thro' rolling Streams thou find'st thy way,  
thy Paths in waters lie;  
Thy wond'rous Passage, where no Sight  
thy Footsteps can descry.  
20 Thou led'st thy People, like a Flock,  
safe thro the Desert Land,  
By *Moses*, their meek skilful Guide,  
And *Aaron's* sacred Hand.

P S A L M LXXVIII.

1. **H**ear, O my People, to my Law  
devout Attention lend;  
Let the Instruction of my Mouth  
deep in your Hearts descend.  
2 My Tongue, by Inspiration taught,  
shall Parables unfold,  
Dark Oracles, but understood,  
and own'd for Truths of Old.  
3 Which we from sacred Registers  
of ancient Times have known,  
And our Fore-fathers pious Care  
to us has handed down.  
4 We will not hide them from our Sons;  
our Offspring shall be taught  
The Praises of the Lord, whose Strength  
has Works of Wonder wrought.  
5 For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,  
this League with *Is'rl* made;  
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,  
from Race to Race convey'd.



- 6 That Generations yet to come  
should to their unborn Heirs  
Religiously transmit the same,  
and they again to theirs.
- 7 To teach 'em that in God alone  
their Hope securely stands;  
That they should ne'er forget his Works.  
but keep his just Commands.
- 8 Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove  
a stiff Rebellious Race;  
False-hearted, fickle to their God,  
unstedfast in his Grace.
- 9 Such were revolting *Ephraim's* Sons;  
who tho to Warfare bred;  
And skilful Archers, arm'd with Bows,  
from Field ignobly fled.
- 10 11 They falsify'd their League with God,  
his Orders disobey'd;  
Forgot his Works and Miracles  
before their Eyes display'd.
- 12 Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,  
did they in Mind retain;  
Prodigious things in *Egypt* done,  
and *Zoan's* fertile Plain.
- 13 He cut the Seas to let 'em pass,  
restrain'd the pressing Flood;  
While pil'd in Heaps, on either side,  
the solid Waters stood.
- 14 A wond'rous Pillar led them on,  
compos'd of Shade and Light;  
A sheltring Cloud it prov'd by Day,  
a leading Fire by Night.
- 15 When Drought oppress'd 'em, where no Stream  
the Wilderness supply'd,  
He cleft the Rock, whose flinty Breast  
dissolv'd into a Tide.
- 16 Streams from the solid Rock he brought,  
which down in Rivers fell,

That



That, trav'ling with their Camp, each day  
renew'd the Miracle.

17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,  
provoking the most High;  
In that same Defart where he did  
their fainting Souls supply.

18 They first incens'd him in their Hearts,  
that did his Pow'r distrust;  
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want;  
but to indulge their Lust.

19 Then utter'd their blaspheming Doubts;  
"Can God, say they, prepare  
"A Table in the Wilderness,  
"set out with various Fare?

20 "He smote the flinty Rock, ('tis true)  
"and gushing Streams ensu'd;  
But can he corn and Flesh Provide  
for such a Multitude?

21 The Lord with Indignation heard:  
From Heav'n avenging Flame  
On *Jacob* fell, consuming Wrath  
on thankless *Isr'el* came.

22 Because their unbelieving Hearts  
in God would not confide,  
Nor trust his Care, who had from Heav'n;  
their wants so oft supply'd.

23 Tho he had made his Clouds discharge  
provisions down in Show'rs;  
And, when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs  
from his Celestial Stores.

24 Tho tasteful Manna was rain'd down  
their Hunger to relieve;  
Tho from the Stores of Heav'n they did  
sustaining Corn receive.

25 Thus Man with Angels sacred Food,  
ingrateful Man was fed;  
Not sparingly, for still they found  
a plenteous Table spread.

- 26 From Heav'n he made an East Wind blow  
then did the South command,  
27 To rain down Flesh like dust, and Fowls  
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.  
28 Within their Trenches he let fall  
the luscious easie Prey,  
And all around their spreading Camp  
the ready Booty lay.
- 29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em leave  
their Appetites to feast ;  
30 31 Yet still their wanton lust crav'd on,  
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.  
But whilst, in their luxurious Mouth,  
they did their Dainties chew,  
The Wrath of God smote down their Chiefs,  
and *Isr'el's* Chosen slew.

## P A R T II.

- 32 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford  
his Miracles Belief ;  
33 Therefore thro fruitless Travels he  
consum'd their Lives in Grief.  
34 When some slain, the rest return'd  
to God with early Cry ;  
35 Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,  
their Saviour, God most High.
- 36 But this was feign'd Submission all,  
their Heart their Tongue bely'd ;  
37 Their Heart was still perverse, nor wou'd  
firm in his League abide.  
38 Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave,  
nor did with Death chastise ;  
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aside,  
or would not let it rise.
- 39 For he remember'd they were Flesh  
that could not long remain ;  
A murm'ring Wind that's quickly past,  
and ne'er returns again.

- 40 How oft did they provoke him there,  
How oft his Patience grieve,  
In that same Defart where he did  
their fainting Souls relieve?
- 41 They tempted him by turning back,  
and wickedly repin'd;  
When *Israel's* God refus'd to be  
by their Desires confin'd.
- 42 Nor call to mind the Hand and Day  
that their Redemption brought;
- 43 His Signs in *Egypt* wond'rous Works  
in *Zoan's* Valley wrought.
- 44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood;  
that Man and Beast forbore,  
And rather chose to die of Thirst  
than drink the putrid Gore.
- 45 He sent devouring Swarms of Flies,  
hoarse Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
- 46 Locusts and Caterpillars reap'd  
the Harvest of their Toil.
- 47 Their Vines-with batt'ring Hail were broke;  
with Frost the Fig-Tree dies;
- 48 Light'ning and Hail made Flocks and Herds  
one gen'ral Sacrifice.
- 49 He turn'd his Anger loose, and set  
no time for it to cease;  
And, with their Plagues, bad Angels sent  
their Torments to increase.
- 50 He clear'd a Passage for his Wrath  
to ravage uncontroul'd;  
The Murrain on their Firstlings seiz'd  
in ev'ry Field and Fold,
- 51 The deadly Pest from Beast to Man,  
from Field to City came;  
It slew their Heirs, their eldest Hopes,  
thro all the Tents of *Ham*.
- 52 But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,  
he brought from their Distress;

And them conducted like a Flock,  
thro-out the Wilderneck.

53 He led 'em on, and in their way,  
no cause of Fear they found;  
But march'd securely thro those Deeps  
In which their Foes were drown'd.

54 Nor ceas'd his Care, till them he brought  
safe to his promis'd Land,  
And to his holy Mount, the Prize  
of his victorious Hand.

55 To them the out-cast Heathen's Land  
he did by Lot divide;  
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents,  
made *Isr'el's* Tribes reside.

### P A R T III.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd  
the Wrath of God most High;  
Nor would to practise his Commands  
their stubborn Hearts apply.

57 But in their faithless Father's Steps  
perversly chose to go.  
They turn'd aside, like Arrows shot  
from some deceitful Bow.

58 For him to Fury they provok'd  
with Altars set on high;  
And with their graven Images  
inflam'd his Jealousie.

59 When God heard this, on *Isr'el's* Tribes  
his wrath an Harred fell;

60 He quitted *Shilo*, and the Tents  
where once he chose to dwell.

61 To vile Captivity his Ark  
his Glory to Disdain,

62 His People to the Sword he gave,  
nor would his Wrath restrain.

63 Destructive War their ablest Youth  
untimely did confound;



No Virgin was to th' Altar led.  
with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.

- 64 In Fight the Sacrificer fell,  
the Priest a Victim bled;  
And Widows who their Death should mourn  
themselves of Grief were dead.
- 65 Then, as a Giant, rowz'd from Sleep,  
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,  
Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak'd  
and his proud Foe alarm'd.
- 66 He smote their Host, that from the Field  
a scatter'd Remnant came,  
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs  
of everlasting Shame.
- 67 With Conquests crown'd he *Joseph's* Tents  
and *Ephraim's* Tribe forsook;
- 68 But *Judah* chose, and *Sion's* Mount  
for his lov'd Dwelling took.
- 69 His Temple he erected there  
with Spires exalted high;  
While deep and fixt, as that of Earth,  
the strong Foundations lie.
- 70 His faithful Servant *David* too  
he for his Choice did own,  
And from the Sheep-folds him advanc'd  
to sit on *Judah's* Throne.
- 71 From tending on the teeming Ewes,  
he brought him forth, to feed  
His own Inheritance, the Tribes  
of *Israel's* chosen Seed.
- 72 Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd  
a faithful Shepherd still;  
He fed them with an upright Heart,  
and guided them with Skill.

Psalm LXXIX.

1 **B**Ehold, O God, how heathen Hosts  
have thy Possession seiz'd:

Thy



- Thy sacred House they have defil'd,  
thy holy City raz'd.
- 2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints  
abroad unburied lay;  
Their Flesh expos'd to Savage Beasts,  
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.
- 3 Quite thro *Jerus'lem* was their Blood  
like common Water shed;  
And none were left alive to pay  
last Duties to the Dead.
- 4 The neighb'ring Lands our small Remains  
with loud Reproaches wound;  
And we a Laughing-stock are made  
to all the Nations round.
- 5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,  
must we for ever mourn?  
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage  
like Fire, for ever burn?
- 6 On foreign Lands that know not thee,  
thy heavy Vengeance show'r;  
Those sinful Kingdoms let it crush  
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.
- 7 For their devouring Jaws have prey'd  
on *Jacob's* chosen Race;  
And to a barren Desert turn'd  
their fruitful Dwelling-place.
- 8 O think not on our former Sins,  
but speedily prevent  
The utter Ruine of thy Saints,  
almost with Sorrow spent.
- 9 Thou, God of our Salvation, help;  
and free our Souls from blame;  
So shall our Pardon and Defence  
exalt thy glorious Name.
- 10 Let Infidels, that scoffing say,  
where is the God they boast?  
In Vengeance, for thy slaughter'd Saints,  
perceive thee to their Cost.

- 11 Lord hear the sighing Pris'ner's Moan;  
thy saving Pow'r extend;  
Preserve the Wretches doom'd to die,  
from that untimely End.
- 12 On them, who us oppress, let all  
our Suff'rings be repaid;  
Make their Confusion sev'n times more  
than what on us they laid.
- 13 So we, thy People, and thy Flock,  
shall ever praise thy Name;  
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks  
from Age to Age proclaim.

## Psalm LXXX.

- 1 **O** *Isr'el's* Shepherd, *Joseph's* Guide,  
Our Pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear;  
Thou that dost on the Cherubs ride,  
Again in solemn State appear.  
Behold, how *Benjamin* expects,  
With *Ephraim* and *Manasseh* join'd.  
In our Deliv'rance the Effects  
Of thy resistless Strength to find.
- 3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
The Lustre of thy Face display;  
And all the ills we suffer now,  
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.
- 4 O Thou, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,  
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?  
How long thy suff'ring People pray,  
And to their Pray'rs have no Return?
- 5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench  
Our scanty Food in Floods of Woe;  
When dry, our raging Thirst we quench  
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.
- 6 For us the Heathen Nations round  
As for a common Prey, contest;  
Our Foes with spiteful Joy abound  
And at our lost Condition jest.

- 7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
The Lustre of thy Face display;  
And all the Ills we suffer now,  
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.

## P A R T II.

- 8 Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt's* Land;  
And casting out the Heathen Race,  
Didst plant it with thy own Right hand,  
And firmly fix it in their Place.
- 9 Before it thou prepar'd'st the Way,  
And mad'st it take a lasting Root,  
Which, blest with thy indulgent Ray  
O'er all the Land did widely shoot.
- 10, 11 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,  
It's goodly Bows did Cedars seem;  
It's Branches to the Sea were spread  
And reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.
- 12 Why then hast thou it's Hedge o'erthrown  
which thou had'st made so firm and strong?  
Whilst all it's Grapes, defenceless grown,  
Are pluck'd by those that pass along.
- 13 See how the bristling Forest Boar  
With dreadful Fury lays it waste.  
Hark how the savage Monsters roar  
And to their helpless Prey make haste.

## P A R T III.

- 14 To thee, O God of Hosts, we pray;  
Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, renew:  
From Heav'n, thy Throne, this Vine survey  
And her sad State with Pity View.
- 15 Behold the Vineyard, made by thee,  
Which thy Right-hand did guard so long;  
And keeps that Branch from Danger free,  
Which for thy self thou mad'st so strong.
- 16 To wasting Flames 'tis made a Prey,  
And all it's spreading Boughs cut down;

- At thy Rebuke they soon decay,  
And perish at thy dreadful frown.
- 17 Crown thou the King with good Success,  
By thy Right hand secur'd from Wrong;  
The Son of Man in Mercy bless,  
Whom for thy self thou mad'st so strong.
- 18 So shall we still continue free  
From whatso'er deserves thy blame;  
And, if once more reviv'd by thee,  
Will always praise thy holy Name.
- 19 Do thou Convert us, Lord, do thou  
The Lustre of thy Face display,  
And all the Ills we suffer now,  
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.

Psalm LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God, our never-failing Strength,  
with loud Applauses sing;  
And jointly make a chearful Noise  
to *Jacob's* Awful King.
- 2 Compose a Hymn of Praise and touch  
your Instruments of Joy;  
Let Psalteries and Pleasant Harps.  
your grateful Skill employ.
- 3 Let Trumpets at the great New Moon  
their joyful Voices raise,  
To celebrate th' appointed time,  
the solemn Day of Praise.
- 4 For this a Statute was of old,  
which *Jacob's* God decreed  
To be with pious care observ'd  
by *Israel's* chosen Seed.
- 5 This he for a Memorial fix'd  
when, freed from *Egypt's* Land,  
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard  
but could not understand.
- 6 "Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,  
(thus seems our God to say)

"Your

“ Your fervile Hands by me were free’d  
from lab’ring in the Clay.

- 7 Your Ancestors, with Wrongs oppress’d,  
to me for Aid did call;  
With Pity I their Suff’rings saw,  
and set them free from all.  
They fought for me, and from the Cloud,  
In Thunder I reply’d;  
At *Meribah*’s contentious Stream  
their Faith and Duty try’d.

# P A R T II.

- 8 While I my solemn Will declare,  
my chosen People hear;  
If thou, O *Isr’el*, to my Words  
wilt lend thy list’ning Ear;  
9 Then shall no God besides my self  
within thy Coasts be found;  
Nor shalt thou worship any God  
of all the Nations round.  
10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee  
brought forth from *Egypt*’s Land;  
’Tis I that all thy just Desires  
supply with lib’ral Hand.  
11 But they, my chosen Race, refus’d  
to hearken to my Voice;  
Nor would Rebellious *Isr’el*’s Sons  
make me their happy Choice.  
12 So I provok’d, resign’d them up,  
to ev’ry Lust a Prey;  
And in their own perverse Designs,  
permitted them to stray.  
13 O that my People wisely would  
my just Commandments heed!  
And *Isr’el* in my righteous ways  
with pious Care proceed!  
14 Then should my heavy Judgments fall  
on all that them oppose;



- And my avenging Hand be turn'd  
 Against their num'rous Foes.  
 5 Their Enemies and mine, should all  
 before my Foot-stool bend ;  
 But as for them, their happy State  
 should never know an End.
- 16 All parts with plenty should abound ;  
 with finest Wheat their Field :  
 The barren Rocks, to please their taste,  
 should Richest Honey yield.

Psalms LXXXII.

- 1 **G**OD In the great Assembly stands  
 where his impartial Eye  
 In state surveys the earthly Gods,  
 and does their Judgments try.
- 2, 3 How dare you then unjustly judge,  
 or be to Sinners kind ?  
 Defend the Orphans and the Poor,  
 let such your Justice find.
- 4 Protect the humble helpless Man,  
 reduc'd to deep Distress,  
 And let not him become a Prey  
 to such as would oppress.
- 5 They neither know, nor will they learn,  
 but blindly rove and stray ;  
 Justice and Truth, the World's great Props ;  
 Thro all the Land decay.
- 6 Well then may God in anger say,  
 " I've call'd you by my Name.  
 " I've said ye are Gods, and all ally'd  
 " to the most High in fame.
- 7 " But ne'ertheless your unjust Deeds  
 " to strict account I'll call ;  
 You all shall die like common Men,  
 like other Tyrants fall.
- 8 Arise and thy just Judgments, Lord,  
 thro-out the Earth display ;

And all the Nations of the World  
shall own thy righteous Sway.

Pfalm LXXXIII.

- 1 **H**old not thy peace, O Lord our God,  
no longer silent be;  
Nor with consenting quiet Looks  
our Ruine calmly see!
- 2 For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes  
o'er all the Land are spread;  
And those who hate thy Saints, and Thee,  
lift up their threat'ning Head.
- 3 Against thy zealous People, Lord,  
they craftily combine;  
And to destroy thy chosen Saints  
have laid their close Design.
- 4 "Come, let us cut them off, say they,  
"their Nation quite deface;  
"That no Remembrance may remain  
of *Isr'el's* hated Race.
- 5 Thus they against thy People's Peace  
consult with one Consent;  
And diff ring Nations, jointly leagu'd,  
their common Malice vent.
- 6 The *Ish'm'elites* that dwell in Tents,  
with Warlike *Edom* join'd,  
And *Moab's* Sons our Ruine vow,  
with *Hagar's* Race combin'd:
- 7 Proud *Ammon's* Offspring, *Gebal* too,  
with *Amatek* conspire;  
The Lords of *Palæstine*, and all  
the wealthy Sons of *Tyre*:
- 8 All these the strong *Affyrian* King  
their firm Ally have got;  
Who with a pow'rful Army aids  
th' incestuous Race of *Lot*.

## P A R T II.

- 9 But let such Vengeance come to them  
as once to *Midian* came ;  
To *Jabin* and proud *Sifera*,  
at *Kishon's* fatal Stream.
- 10 When thy Right-hand their num'rous Hosts  
near *Ender* did confound,  
And left their Carcasses for Dung  
to feed the hungry Ground.
- 11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate  
of *Zeb* and *Oreb* share ;  
As *Zebab* and *Zalmunnab*, so  
let all their Princes fare.
- 12 Who, with the same Design inspir'd,  
thus vainly boasting spake,  
" In firm possession for our selves  
" let us God's Houses take.
- 13 To Ruine let them haste, like Wheels  
which downwards swiftly move ;  
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all  
their scatter'd Forces prove.
- 14, 15 As Flames consume dry Wood or Heath,  
that on parch'd Mountains grows,  
So let thy fierce pursuing Wrath  
with Terror strike thy Foes.
- 16, 17 Lord, shroud their Faces with Disgrace,  
that they may own thy Name ;  
Or them confound, whose harden'd Hearts  
thy gentle means disclaim.
- 18 So shall the wand'ring World confess  
that thou, who claim'st alone.  
*Jekovab's* Name, o'er all the Earth  
hast rais'd thy lofty Throne.

## Psalm LXXXIV.

- 1 O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
how lovely is thy Place.

Where

- Where thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st  
the Brightness of thy Face!
- 2 My longing Soul faints with Desire,  
to view thy blest Abode;  
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out  
for thee the living God.
- 3 The Birds, more happy far than I,  
around thy Temple throng;  
Securely there they build, and there  
securely hatch their Young.
- 4 O Lord of Hosts my King and God,  
how highly blest are they  
Who in thy Temple always dwell,  
and there thy Praise display!
- 5 Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee  
their sure Protection made;  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
that to thy Dwelling lead!
- 6 Who pass thro parch't and thirsty Vales  
yet no Refreshment want;  
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which thou  
at their Request dost grant.
- 7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength  
and still approach more near;  
Till all on *Sion's* holy Mount,  
before their God appear.
- 8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts,  
my just Request regard;  
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r  
be still with Favour heard!
- 9 Behold, O God, for thou alone  
can'st timely Aid dispense;  
On thy anointed Servant look,  
be thou his strong Defence:
- 10 For in thy Courts one single Day  
'tis better to attend,  
Than, Lord, in any place besides  
a thousand Days to spend.

- Much rather in God's House will I  
the Meanest Office take,  
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin  
my pompous Dwelling make.
- 11 For God who is our Sun and Shield,  
will Grace and Glory give;  
And no good thing will he with-hold  
from them that justly live.
- 12 Thou God, whom heavn'ly Hosts obey,  
how highly blest is he,  
Whose Hope and Trust, securely plac'd,  
is still repos'd on Thee!

## Psalm LXXXV.

- 1 **L**ord, thou hast granted to thy Land,  
the Favours we implor'd;  
And faithful *Jacob's* captive Race  
hast graciously restor'd.
- 2, 3 Thy People's Sins thou hast absolv'd  
and all their Guilt defac'd;  
Thou hast not let thy Wrath flame on,  
nor thy fierce Anger last.
- 4 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts  
to thy Obedience turn;  
That quench't with our repenting Tears,  
thy Wrath no more may burn.
- 5, 6 For why shouldst thou be angry still,  
and Wrath so long retain;  
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints  
thy wonted Comfort gain.
- 7 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display,  
which we have long implor'd;  
And for thy wond'rous Mercie's sake  
thy wonted Aid afford.
- 8 God's Answer patiently I'll wait,  
for he with glad Success,  
(If they no more to folly turn)  
his mourning Saints will bless.



- 9 To all that fear his holy Name  
his sure Salvation's near;  
And in its former happy state  
our Nation shall appear.
- 10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd;  
and Righteousness with Peace,  
Like kind Companions absent long,  
with friendly Arms embrace.
- 11, 12 Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst  
shall Streams of Justice; pour (Heav'n  
And God, from whom all Goodness flows,  
shall endless Plenty show'r.
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall march,  
and his Just Paths prepare;  
Whilst we his holy steps pursue,  
with constant Zeal and Care.

## Psalm LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O my Complaint, O Lord my God,  
thy gracious Ear incline;  
Hear me, distressed, and destitute  
of all Relief but thine;
- 2 Do thou, O God, preserve my Soul,  
that does thy Name adore:  
Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust  
relies on Thee, restore.
- 3 To me, who daily Thee invoke,  
thy Mercy, Lord extend,
- 4 Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose Hopes  
on Thee alone depend.
- 5 Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,  
but prompt to pardon too;  
Of plenteous Mercy to all those  
who for thy Mercy sue.
- 6 To my repeated humble Pray'r,  
O Lord, attentive be!
- 7 When Troubled I on Thee will call,  
for thou wilt answer me.

- 8 Among the God there's none like Thee;  
O Lord, alone divine!  
To Thee as much inferiour they,  
as are their Works to thine.
- 9 Therefore their great Creator Thee  
the Nations shall adore;  
Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise  
to thy blest Name restore.
- 10 All shall confess Thee great, and great  
the Wonders thou hast done:  
Confess thee God, the God supreme;  
confess thee God alone.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I  
from Truth shall ne'er depart;  
In rev'rence to thy sacred Name  
devoutly fix my heart.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God;  
praise thee with Heart sincere;  
And to thy everlasting Name  
Eternal Trophies rear.
- 13 Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me  
transcends my Pow'r to tell,  
For thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul  
from lowest Depths of Hell.
- 14 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife  
have my Destruction sought  
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft  
has my Deliv'rance wrought.
- 15 But thou thy constant Goodness didst  
to my Assistance bring;  
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth  
thou everlasting Spring!
- 16 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength  
to me thy Servant show;  
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me  
thine Handmaid's Son bestow.

- 17 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes  
may see with shame and Rage,  
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief  
and Comfort dost engage.

Psalm LXXXVII.

- 1 **G**OD's Temple crowns the Holy Mount;  
the Lords their condescends to dwell.  
2 His *Sion's* Gates, in his account,  
our *Israel's* fairest Tents excel.  
3 Fame glorious things of Thee shall sing,  
O City of th' Almighty King!  
4 I'll mention *Rabab* with due Praise,  
in *Babylon's* Applauses join,  
The Frame of *Ethiopia* raise,  
with that of *Tyre* and *Palæstine*;  
And grant that some, amongst them born,  
their Age and Country did adorn.  
5 But still of *Sion* I'll averr  
that many such from her proceed;  
Th' Almighty shall establish her,  
6 his gen'ral List shall shew, when read,  
That such a Person there was born,  
their Age and Country did adorn.  
7 He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd  
of such as merit high Renown;  
For Hand and Voice Musicians skill'd,  
and (her transcending Fame to crown)  
Of such she shall Successions bring  
like Waters from a living Spring.

Psalm LXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**O thee, my God and Saviour, I  
By Day and Night address my Cry;  
2 Vouchsafe my mournful Voice to hear,  
to my Distress incline thine Ear.  
3 For Seas of Trouble me invade,  
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold shade;  
4 Like

- 4 Like one whose Strength and hopes are fled,  
They number me among the Dead.
- 5 Like those who, shrouded in the Grave,  
From thee no more Remembrance have;  
Cast off from thy sustaining Care;
- 6 Down to the Confines of Despair.
- 7 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,  
Afflicting me with restless Pain;  
Me all thy Mountain Waves have prest,  
Too weak, alas, to bear the least.
- 8 Remov'd from Friends, I sigh alone,  
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none  
A Visit will vouchsafe to me,  
Confin'd, past Hopes of Liberty.
- 9 My Eyes from weeping never cease,  
They waste, but still my Grievs increase;  
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I pray'd,  
With out-stretch Hands invoc'd thy Aid:
- 10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive  
The Dead, whom thou forsook'st Alive?  
From Death restore thy Praise to sing,  
Whom thou from Prison would'st not bring?
- 11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confess?  
A mold'ring Tomb thy Faithfulness?
- 12 Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,  
Where Darkness and Oblivion reign?
- 13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,  
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
- 14 Why hast thou, Lord, my Soul forsook,  
Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious Look?
- 15 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,  
Which from my Youth with me have grown  
Thy Terrors past distract my Mind,  
And Fears of blacker Days behind.
- 16 Thy Wrath hath burst upon my Head,  
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
- 17 Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,  
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.



- 18 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all  
Remov'd from Sight, and out of call;  
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,  
Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

## Psalm LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,  
My Song on them shall ever dwell;  
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue  
Thy never failing Truth shall tell.
- 2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,  
Thy Mercy shall for ever last;  
Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns sustain,  
Like them shall stand for ever fast.
- 3 Thus spak'st thou, by the Prophet's Voice,  
"With *David* I a League have made;  
"To him, my Servant and my Choice,  
"By Solemn Oath this Grant convey'd;  
"While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure  
"Thy Seed shall in my Sight remain;  
"To them thy Throne I will ensure,  
"They shall to endless Ages reign.
- 5 For such stupendious Truth and Love  
Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe,  
By Choirs of Angels sung above,  
And by Assembled Saints below.
- 6 What Seraph of Celestial Birth  
To vie with *Isr'el's* God shall dare?  
Or who among the God's of Earth  
With our Almighty Lord compare?
- 7 With Rev'rence and religious Dread,  
His Saints should to his Temple press;  
His Fear thro' all their Hearts should spread  
Who his Almighty Name confess.
- 8 Lord God of Armies, who can boast,  
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd?  
Of such a num'rous faithful Host,  
As that which does thy Throne surround?



- 9 Thou dost the lawless Sea controul,  
And change the Prospect of the Deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows rowl,  
Thou mak'st the rowling Billows sleep.
- 10 Thoubreak'st in pieces *Rahab's* Pride,  
And didst oppressing Pow'r disarm ;  
Thy scatter'd Foes have dearly try'd  
The Force of thy resistless Arm.
- 11 In thee the sov'reign Right remains  
Of Earth and Heav'n ; thee Lord, alone  
The World, and all that it contains,  
Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 12 The Poles on which the Globe does rest,  
Were form'd by thy creating Voice ;  
*Tabor* and *Hermon*, East and West ;  
In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoyce.
- 13 Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,  
Yet, Lord, thou dost with Justice reign ;
- 14 Possess't of absolute Command,  
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
- 15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear  
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound ;  
Who may at Festivals appear,  
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.
- 16 Thy Saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,  
who on thy sacred Name rely ;  
And in thy Righteousness employ'd,  
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.
- 17 For in thy Strength they shall advance,  
Whose Conquests from thy Favour spring.
- 18 The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,  
And *Israel's* God our *Israel's* King.
- 19 Thus spak'st thou by the Prophet's Voice,  
“ A mighty Champion I will send,  
“ From *Judah's* Tribe have I made choice  
“ Of one who shall the rest defend.
- 20 “ My Servant *David* I have found,  
“ With holy Oil anointed him ;

- 21 "Him shall the Hand support that crown'd,  
"And guard that gave the Diadem.
- 22 "No Prince from him shall Tribute force,  
"No Son of Strife shall him annoy ;
- 23 "His spiteful Foes I will disperse,  
"And them before his Face destroy.
- 24 "My Truth and Grace shall him sustain ;  
"His Armies, in well-order'd Ranks,
- 25 "Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* Main  
"To *Tigris* and *Euphrates* Banks.
- 26 "Me for his Father he shall take,  
"His God and Rock of Safety call ;
- 27 "Him I my First-born Son will make,  
"And Earthly Kings his Subjects all.
- 28 "To him my Mercy I'll secure.  
"My Cov'nant make for ever fast.
- 29 "His Seed for ever shall endure,  
"His Throne, till Heav'n dissolves, shall last.

## P A R T III.

- 30 "But if his Heirs my Law forsake ;  
"And from my sacred Precepts stray ;
- 31 "If they my righteous Statutes break,  
"Nor strictly my Commands obey :
- 32 "Their Sins I'll visit with a Rod,  
"And for their Folly make them smart ;
- 33 "Yet will not cease to be their God,  
"Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.
- 34 "My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,  
"But in remembrance fast retain ;  
"The thing that once my Lips have spoke  
"Shall in eternal Force remain.
- 35 "Once have I sworn, but once for all  
"And made my holiness the Tie,  
"That I my Grant will ne'er recall,  
"Nor to my Servant *David* lie.
- 36 "Whose Throne and Race the constant Sun  
"Shall, like his Course, establisht see ;

- 37 "Of this my Oath, thou conscous Moon,  
"In Heav'n my faithful Witness be.
- 38 Such was thy gracious Promise, Lord,  
But thou hast now our Tribes forsook,  
Thy own Anointed hast abhorr'd,  
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.
- 39 Thou seemest to have render'd void  
The Cov'nant with thy Servant made,  
Thou hast his Dignity destroy'd,  
And in the Dust his Honour laid.
- 40 Of Strong-holds thou hast him bereft,  
And brought his Bulwarks to decay ;
- 41 His Frontier-Coasts defenceless left,  
A publick Scorn, and common Prey.
- 42 His Ruine does glad Triumphs yield  
To Foes advanc'd by thee to Might ;
- 43 Thou hast his conqu'ring Sword unsteel'd,  
His Valour turn'd to shameful Flight.
- 44 His Glory is to darkness fled,  
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground :
- 45 His Youth to wretched Bondage led,  
With Shame o're-whelm'd, & Sorrow dron'd
- 46 How long shall we thy Absence mourn ?  
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire ?  
Shall thy consuming Anger burn  
Till that, and we at once expire ?
- 47 Consider, Lord, how short a space  
Thou dost for mortal Life ordain ;  
No Method to prolong the Race,  
But loading it with Grief and Pain ?
- 48 What man is he that can controul  
Death's strict unalterable Doom ?  
Or rescue from the Grave his Soul,  
The Grave that must Mankind entomb ?
- 49 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundless Grace  
The Oath to which thy Truth did seal,  
Consign'd to *David* and his Race,  
The grant which Time should ne're repeal ?

- 50 See how thy Servants treated are  
 With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;  
 Which in my silent Breast I hear  
 From Nations of licentious Might.
- 51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,  
 Have made thy Servant's Hope their Jest:
- 52 Yet thy just Praises we'll proclaim,  
 And ever sing, *The Lord be blest.*

*Amen; Amen.*

Psalm XC.

- 1 **O** Lord the Saviour and Defence  
 of us thy chosen Race,  
 From Age to Age thou still hast been  
 our sure abiding-place.
- 2 Before thou brought'st the Mountains forth,  
 or th' Earth and World didst frame.  
 Thou always wert the mighty God,  
 and ever art the same.
- 3 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,  
 of which he first was made;  
 And when thou speak'st the word, *Return,*  
 'tis instantly obey'd.
- 4 For in thy sight a thousand Years  
 are like a Day that's past,  
 Or like a watch in dead of Night,  
 whose hours unminded waste.
- 5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a Flood,  
 we vanish hence like Dreams;  
 At first we grow like Grass that feels  
 the Sun's reviving Beams.
- 6 But howsoever fresh and fair  
 its Morning Beauty shows;  
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite  
 before the Ev'ning close.
- 7,8 We by thine Anger are consum'd,  
 and by thy Wrath dismay'd;  
 Our publick Crimes and secret Sins  
 before thy sight are laid.



- 9 Beneath thy Anger's sad Effects  
our drooping Days we spend:  
Our unregarded Years break off,  
like Tales that quickly end.
- 10 Our Term of Time is seventy years,  
an Age that few survive;  
But if, with more than common strength,  
to eighty we arrive;  
Yet then our boasted Strength decays,  
to Sorrow turn'd and and Pain,  
So soon the slender Thread is cut,  
and we no more remain.

## P A R T II.

- 11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects  
does, as he ought, revere?  
And yet thy Wrath does fall or rise,  
as more or less we fear.
- 12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum  
of our short Days to mind,  
That to true Wisdom all our Hearts  
may ever be inclin'd.
- 13 O to thy Servants, Lord, return,  
and speedily relent!  
As we of our Misdeeds, do thou  
of our just Doom repent.
- 14 To satisfy and cheer our Souls  
thy early mercy send;  
That we may all our Days to come,  
in Joy and Comfort spend.
- 15 Let happy Times with large Amends  
dry up our former Tears;  
Or equal at the least the Term  
of our afflicted Years.
- 16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this  
thy wondrous work be known,  
And to our Offspring yet unborn,  
thy glorious power be shown.



- 17 Let thy bright Rays upon us shine,  
give thou our work success;  
The glorious Work we have in hand  
do thou vouchsafe to bless.

Psalm XCI.

- 1 **H**E that has God his Guardian made,  
Shall under the Almighty's Shade,  
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
- 2 Thus to my Soul, of him I'll say,  
He is my Fortrefs and my Stay,  
My God in whom I will confide.
- 3 His tender Love and watchful Care  
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,  
And from the noisom Pestilence:
- 4 He over thee his wings shall spread,  
And cover thy unguarded head;  
His Truth shall be thy strong Defence.
- 9 No Terrours, that surprize by Night,  
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,  
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
- 6 Nor Plague, of unknown Rise, that kills  
In Darkness, nor infectious Ills,  
That in the hottest season slay.
- 7 A thousand at thy side shall die,  
At thy Right-hand ten thousand lie,  
While thy firm health untouch'd remains:
- 8 Thou only shalt look on, and see  
The Wicked's dismal Tragedy,  
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains.
- 9 Because with well-plac'd Confidence,  
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure Defence,  
And on the Highest dost rely;
- 10 Therefore no Ill shall thee befall,  
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling shall  
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.
- 11 For he thro-out thy happy days,  
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,

- Shall give his Angel strict Commands,  
 12 And they, lest thou shouldst chance to meet  
 With some rough Stone to wound thy Feet,  
 Shall bear thee safely in their hands.
- 13 Dragons and Asps that thirst for Blood,  
 And Lions roaring for their Food,  
 Beneath his conqu'ring Feet shall lie.
- 14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,  
 Therefore (says God) I'll set him free,  
 And fix his glorious Throne on high.
- 15 He'll call, I'll answer when he calls,  
 And rescue him when Ill befalls;  
 Increase his Honour and his Wealth:
- 16 And when, with undisturb'd Content,  
 His long and happy Life is spent,  
 His End I'll crown with saving Health.

## Psalm XCII.

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be  
 to thank the Lord most high;  
 And, with repeated Hymns of praise,  
 his Name to magnifie.
- 2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,  
 his goodness to relate;  
 And of his constant Truth, each Night,  
 the glad Effects repeat.
- 3 To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing,  
 with tuneful Psalt'ries joyn'd.  
 And to the Harp with solemn sounds,  
 for sacred use design'd.
- 4 For thro thy wondrous works, O Lord,  
 thou mak'st my Heart rejoyce;  
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
 and shout with chearful Voice.
- 5, 6 How wondrous are thy Works, O Lord!  
 how deep are thy Decrees!  
 Whose winding Tracts, in secret laid,  
 no stupid Sinner sees.

- 7 He little thinks, when wicked Men,  
like Grass look fresh and gay,  
How soon their short-liv'd Splendor must  
for ever pass away.
- 8,9 But thou, my God, art still most High;  
and all thy lofty Foes,  
Who thought they might securely sin,  
shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes,
- 10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign Pow'r,  
and mak'st it largely spread;  
And with refreshing Oil anoint'st  
my consecrated Head.
- 11 I soon shall see my stubborn Foes  
to utter Ruine brought;  
And hear the dismal End of those  
who have against me fought.
- 12 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,  
shall make a glorious show;  
As Cedars that in *Lebanon*  
in stately order grow.
- 13, 14 These, planted in the House of God,  
within his Courts shall thrive;  
Their Vigour and their Lustre both  
shall in old Age revive.
- 15 Thus will the Lord his Justice shew;  
and God my strong Defence,  
Shall due Rewards to all the World  
impartially dispense.

## Psalm XCIII.

- 1 **W**ith Glory clad, with Strength array'd,  
The Lord that o'er all Nature reigns,  
The World's Foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast Fabrick still sustains.
- 2 How surely stablish'd is thy Throne!  
Which shall no Change or Period see,  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Art God from all Eternity.

- 3,4 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,  
And toss the troubled Waves on high;  
But God above can still their Noise,  
And make the angry Sea comply.
- 5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;  
And they that in thy House would dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in Holiness excell:

## Psalm XCIV.

- 1,2 O God, to whom Revenge belongs,  
thy Vengeance now disclose;  
Arise, thou Judge of all the Earth,  
and Crush thy haughty Foes.
- 3,4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men  
their solemn Triumphs make?  
How long their wicked Actions boast?  
And insolently speak?
- 5,6 Not only they thy Saints oppress,  
but upprovok'd, they spill  
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,  
and helpless Orphans kill.
- 7 "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,  
(profanely thus they speak)  
"Nor any Notice of our Deeds  
"The God of *Jacob* take.
- 8 At length ye stupid Fools, your Wants  
endeavour to discern,  
In folly will you still proceed,  
and Wisdom never learn?
- 9,10 Can he be deaf who form'd the Ear,  
or blind who fram'd the Eye?  
Shall Earth's great Judge not punish those,  
who his known Will despise?
- 11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,  
to him their Hearts lie bare,  
His Eye surveys them all, and sees  
how vain their Counsels are.



## P A R T II,

- 12 Blest is the Man whom thou, O Lord,  
in kindness dost chastise,  
And by thy sacred Rules to walk  
dost lovingly advise.
- 13 This Man shall Rest and Safety find  
in Seasons of Distress;  
Whilst God prepares a Pit for those  
that stubbornly transgress.
- 14 For God will never from his Saints  
his Favour wholly take;  
His own Possession and his Lot,  
he will not quite forsake.
- 15 The World shall then confess thee just  
in all that thou hast done;  
And those that chuse thy upright ways,  
shall in those Paths go on.
- 16 Who will appear in my behalf,  
when wicked Men invade?  
Or who, when sinners would oppress,  
my righteous Cause shall plead?
- 17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept,  
but that the Lord was near,  
To stay me when I slip, when sad,  
my troubled heart to cheer.
- 20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,  
their sinful Throne sustain,  
Who make the Law a fair pretence  
their wicked Ends to gain?
- 21 Against the Lives of righteous Men  
they form their close Design;  
And Blood of Innocents to spill,  
in solemn League combine.
- 22 But my Defence is firmly plac'd  
in God the Lord most high;  
He is my Rock, to which I may  
for Refuge always fly.



- 23 The Lord shall cause their Ill Designs  
on their own heads to fall;  
He in their sins shall cut them off,  
our God shall slay them all.

Pfalm XCV.

- 1 **O** Come, loud Anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;  
For we our Voices high should raise,  
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his Favours past;  
To him address in joyful Songs,  
The praise that to his Name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state  
Is, with unrivall'd Glory, great;  
A King superiour far to all,  
Whom Gods the Heathen flaily call.
- 4 The Depths of Earth are in his hand,  
Her secret Wealth at his command;  
The strength of hills that threat the skies  
Subjected to his Empire lies.
- 5 The rouling Ocean's vast Abyfs  
By the same sov'reign right is his;  
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,  
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.
- 6 O let us to his Courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there,  
Down on our knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
- 7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,  
His Flock and Pasture-sheep are we;  
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,  
To day, if you his Voice will hear,
- 8 Let not your hard'ned hearts renew  
Your Father's Crimes and Judgments too;  
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they  
In Defart Plains of *Meribah*;

- 9 When through the WilderNESS they mov'd,  
And me with fresh Temptations prov'd;  
They still, through Unbelief, rebell'd,  
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.
- 10, 11 They forty Years my Patience griev'd,  
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd;  
Then,---'Tis a faithless Race, I said,  
Whose Heart from me has always stray'd;  
They ne'er will tread my righteous path;  
Therefore to them, in settled Wrath,  
Since they despis'd my Rest, I swear  
That they should never enter there.

## Psalm XCVI.

- 1 **S**ing to the Lord a new-made Song;  
Let Earth, in one assembl'd Throng,  
Her common Patron's praise resound.
- 2 Sing to the Lord and bless his Name,  
From day to day his Praise proclaim,  
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
- 3 To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,  
His Wonders to the Universe.
- 4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;  
In Majesty and glory rais'd.  
Above all other Deities:
- 5 For Pageantry and Idols all  
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call;  
He only rules who made the Skies.
- 6 With Majesty and Honour'd crown'd,  
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround:
- 7 Be therefore both to him restor'd  
By you, who have false Gods ador'd,  
Ascribe due Honour to his Name;
- 8 Peace-off'rings on his Altar lay,  
Before his Throne your Homage pay,  
Which he, and he alone can claim.
- 9 To worship at his sacred Court  
Let all the trembling World resort.

- 10 Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,  
Whose pow'r the Universe sustains,  
And banisht Justice will restore;
- 11 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,  
And heav'nly Mirth Let Earth exprefs,  
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar,  
Its mute Inhabitants rejoyce,  
And for this Triumph finda Voice.
- 12 For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,  
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring;  
The tuneful Quire of Birds awake,
- 13 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,  
Who now sets out with awful State,  
His Circuit through the Earth to take.  
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come  
With Justice to reward and doom.

Pfalm XCVII.

- 1 *Jehovah* reigns, let all the Earth  
In his just Government rejoyce;  
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,  
In his Applause unite their Voice.
- 2 Darkness and Clouds of awful shade  
His dazzling Glory shroud in state;  
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,  
And fixt by his Pavillion wait.
- 3 Devouring Fire before his Face  
His Foes around with Vengeance strook;
- 4 His Lightnings set the World on blaze,  
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.
- 5 The proudest Hills his Presence felt,  
Their height nor strength could help afford  
The proudest hills like Wax did melt  
In presence of th' Almighty Lord.
- 6 The Heav'ns, his Righteousness to show;  
With Storms of Fire our Foes pursu'd;  
And all the trembling World below,  
Have his descending Glory view'd.

- 7 Confounded be their impious host,  
Who make the Gods to whom they pray;  
All who of Pageant-Idols boast,  
To him, ye Gods, your worship pay.
- 8 Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,  
And *Judah's* Daughter's were o'er-joy'd;  
Because thy righteous Judgments, Lord,  
Have Pagan-Pride and Pow'r destroy'd.
- 9 For thou, O God, art seated high;  
Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd;  
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd, in the Skie,  
Supreme by all the God's art own'd.
- 10 You, who to serve this Lord aspire,  
Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem:  
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire  
And them from wicked Hands redeem.
- 11 For Seeds are sown of glorious Light,  
A future Harvest for the Just;  
And Gladness for the Heart that's right,  
To recompence its pious Trust.
- 12 Rejoyce, ye Righteous, in the Lord;  
Memorials of his Holiness  
Deep in your faithful Breasts record,  
And with your thankful Tongues confess.

## Psalm XCVIII.

- 1 Sing to the Lord a new-made Song,  
who wondrous things has done;  
With his Right-hand and holy Arm  
the Conquest he has won.
- 2 The Lord has through th' astonisht World  
display'd his saving Might,  
And made his righteous Acts appear  
in all the Heathens sight.
- Of *Israel's* House his Love and Truth  
have ever mindful been:  
Wide Earth's remotest Parts the Pow'r  
of *Israel's* God have seen.



- 4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants  
their chearful Voices raise,  
And all with universal Joy  
resound their maker's praise.
- 5 With Harp and Hymns soft Melody  
into the Consort bring
- 6 The Trumpet and shrill Cornet's sound,  
before th' Almighty King.
- 7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,  
with all that Seas contain ;  
The Earth and her Inhabitants  
join consort with the Main:
- 8 With Joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,  
to spreading Torrents they ;  
And echoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,  
redoubled Shouts convey ;
- 9 To welcome down the World's great Judge,  
who does with Justice come,  
And, with impartial Equity,  
both to reward and doom.

Psalm XCIX.

- 1 **J**ehovah reigns, let therefore all  
the guilty Nations quake ;  
On Cherub's Wings he sits enthron'd ;  
let Earth's Foundations shake.
- 2 On Sion's Hill he keeps his Court,  
his palace makes her Tow'rs ;  
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends  
supreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.
- 3 Let therefore All with praise address  
his great and dreadful Name ;  
And, with his unresisted Might,  
his Holiness proclaim.
- 4 For Truth and Justice in his Reign,  
of Strength and Pow'r take place ;  
His judgments are with Righteousness  
dispens'd to Jacob's Race.



- 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,  
before his Footstool fall ;  
And with his unresisted Might,  
his Holiness extol.
- 6 *Moses* and *Aron* thus of old  
among his Priests ador'd ;  
Amongst his Prophets *Samuel* thus  
his sacred Name implor'd.
- Distress, upon the Lord they call'd,  
who ne'er their Suit deny'd ;  
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd  
he graciously reply'd.
- 7 For, with their Camp, to guide their March  
the cloudy Pillar mov'd :  
They kept his Laws, and to his Will  
obedient Servants prov'd.
- 8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft  
his People for their sake,  
And those who rashly them oppos'd,  
did sad Examples make.
- 9 With Worship at his sacred Courts  
exalt our God and Lord ;  
For he, who only holy is,  
alone should be ador'd.

Psalm C.

- 1,2 **W**ith one consent let all the Earth  
To God their chearful Voices raise,  
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,  
And sing before him Songs of praise.
- 3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed ;  
We, whom he chuses for his own,  
The Flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 4 O enter then his Temple Gate,  
Thence to his Courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful Hymns repeat,  
And still his Name with praises bless.

- 5 For he's the Lord supremely good,  
His Mercy is for ever sure ;  
His Truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless Ages shall endure.

## Psalm CI.

- 1 **O**F Mercy's never-failing Spring,  
And stedfast Judgment I will sing,  
And since they both to thee belong,  
To thee, O Lord, address my Song.
- 2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,  
Wise discipline my Reign shall guide ;  
With blameless Life my self I'll make  
A Pattern for my Court to take.
- 3 No ill Design will I pursue,  
Nor those my Fav'rites make that do.
- 4 Who to Reproof bears no regard,  
Him will I totally discard.
- 5 The private Slanderer shall be  
In publick Justice doom'd by me :  
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,  
And mortifie the Heart of Pride ;
- 6 But Honesty call'd from her Cell,  
In splendour at my Court shall dwell :  
Who Virtue's practice make their Care,  
Shall have the first Preferments there.
- 7 No Politicks shall recommend  
His Countrey's Foe to be my Friend :  
None e'er shall to my Favour rise  
By flatt'ring or malicious Lyes.
- 8 All those who wicked Courses take,  
An early Sacrifice I'll make ;  
Cut off, destroy, till none remain  
God's holy City to profane.

## Psalm CII:

- 1 **W**hen I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,  
do thou, O Lord, attend ;

- To thy eternal Throne of Grace  
let my ſad Cry aſcend.
- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious Face  
in times of deep Diſtreſs,  
Incline thine Ear, and when I call,  
my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.
- 3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life,  
like ſcatter'd Smoke expires;  
My ſhriv'led Bones are like a Hearth  
parch'd with continual Fires.
- 4 My Heart, like Graſs that feels the Blaſt  
of ſome infectious Wind,  
Does languish ſo with Grief, that ſcarce  
my needful Food I mind.
- 5 By reaſon of my ſad eſtate  
I ſpend my Breath in Groans:  
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin  
ſcarce hides my ſtaring Bones.
- 6 I'm like a Pelican become,  
that does in Deſarts mourn;  
Or like an Owl that ſits all day  
in hollow Trees forlorn.
- 7 In Watchings or in reſtleſs Dreams  
the Night by me is ſpent;  
As by thoſe ſolitary Birds  
that looſom roofs frequent.
- 8 All day by railing Foes I'm made  
the Subject of their Scorn;  
Who all, poſſeſt with furious Rage,  
have my Deſtruction ſworn.
- 9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,  
oppreſt with Grief and Fears,  
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,  
my Drink is mixt with Tears.
- 10 Becauſe on me with double weight  
thy heavy Wrath does lie;  
For thou, to make my Fall more great,  
didſt liſt me up on high.

- 11 My days just hast'ning to their end,  
are like an Ev'ning-shade;  
My Beauty does, like wither'd Grass,  
with waning Lustre fade.
- 12 But thy eternal state, O Lord,  
no length of time shall waste;  
The mem'ry of thy wondrous Works,  
from Age to Age shall last.
- 13 Thou shalt arise and *Sion* view  
with an unclouded Face;  
For now her time is come, thy own  
appointed day of Grace,
- 14 Her scatter'd Ruines, by thy Saints  
with pity are survey'd;  
They grieve to see her lofty Spires  
in Dust and Rubbish laid.
- 15, 16 The Name and Glory of the Lord  
all heathen Kings shall fear;  
When he shall *Sion* build again  
and in full state appear.
- 17, 18 When he regards the Poor's Request,  
nor slight's their earnest Pray'r;  
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,  
shall his just praise declare.
- 19 For God, from his abode on high,  
his gracious Beams display'd.  
The Lord from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,  
has all the Earth survey'd.
- 20 He list'ned to the Captives moans,  
he heard their mournful Cry,  
And freed by his resistless pow'r,  
the Wretches doom'd to die.
- 21 That they in *Sion*, where he dwells,  
might celebrate his Fame,  
And thro the holy City sing  
loud praises to his Name.
- 22 When all the Tribes assembling there  
their solemn vows address,

And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Consent,  
the Lord their God confess.

- 23 But, e'er my Race is run, my strength  
through his fierce Wrath decays;  
He has, when all my wishes bloom'd,  
cut short my hopeful days.
- 24 Lord end not thou my Life, said I,  
when half is scarcely past;  
Thy years from worldly Changes free,  
to endless Ages last.
- 25 The strong Foundations of the Earth  
of old by thee were laid;  
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n  
with wondrous Skill have made: }
- 26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,  
they soon shall pass away;  
And, like a Garment often worn,  
shall tarnish and decay.
- Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,  
to thy Command they bend;  
But thou continu'st still the same,  
nor have thy Years an End.
- 28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints  
shall lasting Quiet give;  
Whose happy Race, securely fixt,  
shall in thy presence live.

Psalm CIII.

- 1, 2 **M**Y Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,  
God's holy Name for ever blest;  
Of all his Favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful Thanks express.
- 3, 4 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,  
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound;  
From Danger he thy life retrieves,  
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
- 5, 6 He with good things my Mouth ſupplies,  
My Vigour, Eagle like renews;



- He when the guiltless Suff'rer cries,  
His Foe with just Revenge pursues.
- 7 God made of old his righteous Ways  
To *Moses* and our Fathers known:  
His Works to his Eternal praise,  
Were to the Sons of *Jacob* shown.
- 8 The Lord abounds with tender Love,  
And unexempl'd Acts of Grace,  
His waken'd Wrath does slowly move,  
His willing Mercy flows apace.
- 9,10 God will not always harshly chide,  
But with his Anger quickly part;  
And loves his Punishments to guide  
More by his Love than our Desert.
- 11 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends,  
Above this little Spot of Clay;  
So much his boundless Love transcends  
The small Respects that we can pay.
- 12,13 As far as 'tis from East to West,  
So far has he our sins remov'd;  
Who with a Father's tender Breast  
Has such as fear him always lov'd.
- 14,15 For God, who all our Frame surveys,  
Considers that we are but Clay;  
How fresh so'er we seem, our Days  
Like Grass or Flowers must fade away.
- 16,17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,  
Nor can we find their former place;  
God's faithful Mercy ever lasts,  
To those that fear him, and their Race.
- 18 This shall attend on such as still  
Proceed in his appointed way;  
And who not only knows his Will,  
But to it just Obedience pay.
- 19,20 The Lord, the universal King,  
In Heav'n has fixt his lofty Throne:  
To him, ye Angels, praises sing,  
In whose great strength his Pow'r is shown.

- Ye that his just commands obey,  
And hear and do his sacred Will ;  
21 Ye hosts of his, this Tribute pay,  
Who still what he ordains fulfil.  
22 Let ev'ry Creature jointly bless  
The mighty Lord : and thou, my heart,  
With grateful Joy thy thanks express ;  
And in this Consort bear thy part.

Psalm CIV.

- 1 **B**less God, my Soul ; thou, Lord, alone  
Possessest Empire without Bounds,  
With honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne  
Eternal Majesty surrounds.  
2 With Light thou dost thy self enrobe,  
And Glory for a Garment take :  
Heaven's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe  
Thy Canopy of State to make.  
3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms  
His Palace-chambers in the Skies ;  
The Clouds his Chariot are, and Storms  
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.  
4 As bright as flame, and swift as wind,  
His Ministers heav'ns palace fill,  
To have their sundry Tasks assign'd ;  
All proud to serve their Sov'reigns Will.  
5,6 Earth, on her Center fixt, he set,  
Her Face with Waters overspread ;  
Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet,  
To lift above the waves their head.  
7 But when thy awful Face appear'd,  
Th'insulting waves dispers'd ; they fled  
When once thy thunder's Voice they heard,  
And by their haste confess their dread.  
8 Thence up by secret tracts they creep,  
And, gushing from the Mountain's side,  
Thro' Valleys travel to the Deep,  
Appointed to receive their Tide,

- 9 There haſt thou fixt the Ocean's bounds,  
The threatning Surges to repel;  
That they no more o'er-paſs their mounds,  
Nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

## P A R T II.

- 10 Yet thence in ſmaller parties drawn,  
The Sea recovers her loſt hills,  
And ſtarting Springs from eve'ry Lawn,  
Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
- 11 The Field's tame Beaſts are thither led,  
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought,  
And Aſſes on wild mountains bred,  
Have ſenſe to find theſe Currents out.
- 12 Their ſhady Trees, from ſcorching Beams,  
Yield ſhelter to the feather'd Throng;  
They drink, and to the Bounteous Streams  
Return the Tribute of their Song.
- 13 His Rains from Heav'n, parcht hills recruit,  
That ſoon tranſmit the liquid Store;  
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,  
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.
- 14 Graſs for our Cattel to devour,  
He makes the growth of every Field;  
Herbs, for Man's uſe, of various pow'r,  
That either Food or Phyſick yield.
- 15 With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,  
To chear Man's heart oppreſt with Cares;  
Gives Oyl that makes his Face to ſhine;  
And Corn, that waſted Strength repairs.

## P A R T III.

- 16 The Trees of God, without the Care,  
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed;  
The Mountain-Cedar looks as fair  
As thoſe in Royal Gardens bred.
- 17 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms  
The Wand'ers of the Air may reſt:

- The Hospitable Pine from Harms  
Protects the Stork, her pious Guest.
- 18 Wild Goats the craggy Rock ascend,  
It's tow'ring heights their Fortrefs make,  
Whose Cells in Labyrinths extend,  
Where feebler Creatures, refuge take.
- 19 The Moon's inconstant Aspect shows  
Th' appointed Seasons of the Year;  
Th' instructed Sun his Duty knows,  
His hours to rise, and disappear.
- 20, 21 Darkness he makes the Earth to shrou'd  
When Forest-Beasts securely stray;  
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud  
To providence, that sends 'em Prey.
- 22 They range all Night, on slaughter bent,  
Till summon'd by the rising Morn,  
To skulck in Dens, with one consent,  
The' conscious Ravagers return.
- 23 Forth to the Tillage of his soil,  
The Husbandman securely goes,  
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,  
With him returns to his Repose.
- 24 How various, Lord, thy Works are found  
For which thy Wisdom we adore!  
The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd,  
Till Nature's hand can grasp no more.

P A R T IV.

- 25 But still, the vast unfathom'd Main  
Of Wonders a new Scene supplies,  
Whose Depths Inhabitants contain  
Of every Form and every Size.
- 26 Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,  
There cut their unmolested way;  
*Leviathan*, whom there to sport  
Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.
- 27 These various Troops of Sea and Land,  
In sense of common Want agree;



- All wait on thy dispensing Hand,  
And have their daily Alms from thee.
- 28 They gather what thy Stores disperse,  
Without their trouble to provide;  
Thou op'st thy hand, the Universe,  
The craving World is all supply'd.
- 29 Thou for a Moment hid'st thy Face,  
The numerous Ranks of Creatures mourn,  
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race  
Forthwith to Mother-Earth return.
- 30 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,  
T' inspire the Mass with vital Seed;  
Nature's restor'd, and Parent Earth  
Smiles on her new created Breed.
- 31 Thus through successive Ages stands  
Firm fixt thy Providential Care;  
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own hands  
Thou dost the wastes of Time repair.
- 32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,  
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills;  
One touch from thee, with Clouds of Smoak  
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.
- 33 In praising God, while he prolongs  
My Breath, I will that Breath imploy;
- 34 And joyn Devotion to my Songs,  
Sincere, as is in him my Joy.
- 35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,  
My Soul, praise thou his holy Name,  
Till, with my Song, the listning World  
Joyn consort, and his praise proclaim.

Psalm CV.

- 1 **O** Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,  
invoke his sacred Name:  
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,  
his matchless Deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise, in lofty Hymns  
his wondrous works rehearse;



Make them the Theme of your Discourse,  
and Subject of your Verse.

- 3 Rejoyce in his Almighty Name  
alone to be ador'd ;  
And let their heart o'erflow with Joy  
that humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength  
devoutly still implore ;  
And where he's ever present, seek  
his Face for evermore.
- 5 The wonders that his hands have wrought,  
keep thankfully in mind ;  
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,  
and laws to us assign'd.
- 6 Know ye his Servant *Abraham's* Seed,  
and *Jacob's* chosen Race,
- 7 He's still our God, his Judgments still  
thro-out the Earth take place.
- 8 His Cov'nant he hath kept in mind  
for numerous Ages past,  
Which yet for thousand Ages more,  
in equal force shall last.
- 9 First sign'd to *Abr'am*, next by Oath  
to *Isaac* made secure ;
- 10 To *Jacob* and his Heirs a Law  
for ever to endure.
- 11 That *Canaan's* Land should be their Lot,  
when yet but few they were ;
- 12 But few in number, and those few  
all friendless Strangers there.
- 13 In Pilgrimage from Realm to Realm,  
securely they remov'd ;
- 14 Whilst proudest Monarchs for their sakes,  
severely he reprov'd.
- 15 " These mine anointed are, said he,  
" let none my Servants wrong,  
" Nor treat the poorest Prophet ill,  
" that does to me belong.

- 16 A Dearth at last, by his Command,  
did thro the Land prevail;  
Till Corn, the chief support of Life,  
sustaining Corn did fail.
- 17 But his indulgent Providence  
had pious *Joseph* sent,  
Sold into *Egypt*, but, their Death  
who sold him to prevent.
- 18 His Feet with heavy Chains were crush'd,  
with Calumny his Fame;
- 19 Till God's appointed Time and Word  
to his Deliv'rance came.
- 20 The King his sov'reign Orders sent,  
and rescu'd him with speed;  
Whom private Malice had confin'd,  
the People's Ruler freed.
- 21 His Court, Revenues, Realm, were all  
subjected to his Will;
- 22 His greatest Princes to controul,  
and teach his Statesmen Skill.

## P A R T II.

- 23 To *Egypt* then, invited Guests,  
half-tamild *Israel* came;  
And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,  
the fertile Soil of *Ham*.
- 24 Th' Almighty there with such Increase  
his People multiply'd,  
Till with their proud Oppressors they  
in Strength and Number vy'd.
- 25 Their vast increase th' *Egyptians* Hearts  
with jealous Anger fir'd,  
Till they his Servants to destroy  
by treach'rous Arts conspir'd.
- 26 His Servant *Moses* then he sent,  
his chosen *Aaron* too;
- 27 Empower'd with Signs and Miracles  
to prove their Mission true.

- 28 He call'd for Darkness, Darkness came,  
Nature his Summons knew.
- 29 Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to Blood  
the wondring Fishes flew.
- 30 In putrid Floods throughout the Land,  
the Pest of Frogs was bred ;  
From noisom Fens sent up to croack  
at *Pharaoh's* Board and Bed.
- 31 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies  
came down in cloudy Hosts ;  
Whilst Earth's enliv'ned Dust below  
bred Lice thro all their Coasts.
- 32 He sent 'em batt'ring Hail for Rain,  
and Fire for cooling Dew.
- 33 He smote their Vines, and Forest-Plants,  
and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.
- 34 He spake the Word, and Locusts came,  
with Caterpillars joyn'd :  
They prey'd upon the poor Remains  
the Storm had left behind.
- 35 From Trees to Herbage they descend ;  
no verdant thing they spare  
But like the naked Fallow-Field,  
leave all the Pastures bare.
- 36 From Field to Villages and Towns,  
commission'd Vengeance flew,  
One fatal stroke their eldest Hopes  
and Strength of *Egypt* flew.
- 37 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd  
with *Egypt's* borrow'd Wealth ;  
And, what transcends all Treasures else,  
enrich'd with vig'rous Health.
- 38 *Egypt* rejoyc'd, in hopes to find  
her Plagues with them remov'd ;  
Taught dearly now to fear worse Ills  
by those already prov'd.
- 39 Their shrouding Canopy by day  
a journeying Cloud was spread ;

- A fiery Pillar all the Night  
their Desert-Marches led.
- 40 They long'd for Flesh; with Ev'ning Quails  
he furnish'd ev'ry Tent;  
From Heav'ns own Granary, each Morn,  
the Bread of Angels sent.
- 41 He smote the Rock; whose flinty Breast  
pour'd forth a gushing Tide, (march'd,  
Whose following Stream, where-e'er they  
the Desert's Drought supply'd.
- 42 For still he did on *Abr'am's* Faith  
and ancient League reflect;
- 43 He brought his People forth with Joy,  
with Triumph his Elect.
- 44 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes,  
from *Canaan's* fertile Soil,  
To them in cheap Possession gave  
the Fruit of other's Toil.
- 45 That they his Statutes might observe,  
his sacred Laws obey.  
For Benefits so vast let us  
our Songs of Praise repay.

## Psalm CVI.

- 1 **O** Render thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal Love;  
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless?  
What Mortal Eloquence can raise  
His Tribute of immortal Praise?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy Judgments never stray,  
Who know what's right, nor only so,  
But always practice what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;

When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy Salvation visit me.

- 5 O! may I worthy prove to see  
Thy Saints in full prosperity!  
That I the joyful Choir may joyn,  
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
- 6 But ah! can we expect such Grace,  
Of Parents vile, the viler Race;  
Who their Misdeeds haved acted o'er,  
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score?
- 7 Ingrateful they no longer thought  
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;  
The Red-Sea they no sooner view'd,  
But they their base distrust renew'd.
- 8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,  
Once more to their Deliv'rance came;  
To make his Sov'reign Pow'r be known,  
That he is God, and he alone.
- 9 To right and left, at his Command,  
The parting Deep disclos'd her sand;  
Where firm and dry the Passage lay,  
As thro' some parcht and desert way.
- 10 Thus rescu'd from their Foes they were,  
Who closely press'd upon their Rear;
- 11 Whose Rage pursu'd 'em to those Waves  
That prov'd the rash Pursuer's Graves.
- 12 The watry Mountains sudden Fall  
O'erwhelms proud *Pharaoh*, Host and all:  
This Proof did stupid *Israel* move  
To own God's Truth, and praise his Love.

P A R T II.

- 13 But soon these Wonders they forgot,  
And for his Counsel waited not:
- 14 But lusting in the Wilderness,  
Did him with fresh Temptations press.
- 15 Strong Food at their Request he sent,  
But made their Sin their Punishment.



- 16 Yet still his Saints they did oppose,  
The Priest and Prophet whom he chose:
- 17 But Earth the Quarrel to decide,  
Her Vengeful Jaws extending wide,  
Rash *Dathan* to her Centre drew,  
With proud *Abiram's* factious Crew.
- 18 The rest of those who did conspire  
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,  
With all their impious Train, became  
A Prey to Heaven's devouring Flame.
- 19 Near *Horeb's* Mount, a Calf they made,  
And to the molten Image pray'd ;
- 20 Adoring what their Hands did frame,  
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
- 21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,  
And all his works in *Egypt* wrought ;
- 22 His Signs in *Ham's* astonisht Coast (lost.  
And where proud *Pharoah's* Troops were
- 23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,  
But *Moses* in the Breach appear'd ;  
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,  
And turn'd Heaven's kindled wrath away.
- 24 Yet they his pleasant Land despis'd ;  
Nor his repeated Promise priz'd ;
- 25 Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey,  
But when God said *Go up*, would stay.
- 26 This seal'd their Doom without Redress,  
To perish in the Wilderness ;  
Or else to be by Heathen hands  
O'erthrown, and scatter'd thro the Lands.

## P A R T III.

- 28 Yet, unreclaim'd, this stubborn Race,  
*Baal-peor's* Worship did embrace;  
Became his impious Guests, and fed  
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
- 29 Thus they persisted to provoke  
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke:

'Tis come :--the deadly Pest is come  
To execute their gen'ral Doom.

- 30 But *Phinehas*, fir'd with holy Rage,  
(Th' Almighty Vengeance to assuage)  
Did, by two bold Offender's Fall,  
The Atonement make that ransom'd *All*;
- 31 As him a heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,  
So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd ;  
To him confirming, and his Race,  
The Priesthood he so well did grace.
- 32 At *Meribath* God's Wrath they mov'd;  
Who *Moses* for their sakes reprov'd ;
- 33 Whose patient Soul they did provoke,  
Till rashly the meek Prophet spoke.
- 34 Nor when posses'd of *Canaan's* Land,  
Did they perform their Lord's Command,  
Nor his commission'd Sword employ  
The guilty Nations to destroy.
- 35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan Crew,  
But mingling, learnt their Vices too ;
- 36 And Worship to those Idols paid,  
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
- 37, 38 To Devils they did sacrifice  
Their Children with relentless Eyes,  
Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood  
Of their own Son's and Daughters Blood.  
No cheaper victims wou'd appease  
*Canaan's* remorseless Deities ;  
No Blood her Idols reconcile,  
But that which did the Land defile.

P A R T IV.

- 39 Nor did these savage Cruelties  
The harden'd Reprobates suffice ;  
For after their Heart's Lust they went,  
And daily did new Crimes invent.
- 40 But Sins of such infernal Hue,  
God's Wrath against his people drew,

M

Till

- Till he, their once indulgent Lord,  
His own Inheritance abhorr'd.
- 41 He them defenceless did expose  
To their insulting Heathen Foes;  
And made them on the Triumphs wait,  
Of those who bore them greatest Hate.
- 42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;  
Their List of Tyrants he increas'd,  
Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,  
Were made the Vassals of Mankind.
- 43 Yet, when distressed, they did repent,  
His Anger did as oft relent,  
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,  
Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yoke.
- 44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,  
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd;
- 45 But did to mind his promise bring,  
And Mercy's inexhausted Spring:
- 46 Compassion too he did impart,  
Ev'n to their Foe's obdurate Heart,  
And pity for their Suff'rings bred  
In those who them to Bondage led.
- 47 Still save us, Lord, and *Israel's* Bands  
Together bring from Heathen Lands;  
So to thy Name our thanks we'll raise,  
And ever triumph in thy Praise.
- 48 Let *Israel's* God be ever blest,  
His Name eternally confest;  
Let all his Saints with full Accord,  
Sing loud *Amens* — *Praise ye the Lord.*

## Psalm CVII.

- 1 **T**O God your grateful Voices raise,  
Who does your daily Patron prove,  
And let your never-ceasing praise  
Attend on his eternal Love.
- 2,3 Let those give thanks, whom he from Bands,  
Of proud oppressing Foes releas'd;

And

And brought them back from distant Lands;  
From North and South, and West and East.

- 4,5 Thro' lonely desert ways they went,  
Nor could a peopl'd City find;  
Till quite with Thirst and Hunger spent,  
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.
- 6 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear  
Did they their mournful Cry address;  
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
And free'd them from their deep Distress.
- 7 From crooked paths he led them forth,  
And in the certain way did guide,  
To wealthy Towns of great resort,  
Where all their Wants were well supply'd.
- 8 O then that all the Earth with me  
Would God for this his Goodness praise,  
And for the mighty works which he  
Thro-out the wond'ring world displays!
- 9 For he from Heav'n the sad estate  
Of longing Souls with Pity views;  
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,  
His Goodness daily Food renews.

P A R T II.

- 10 Some lie, with Darknes compass'd round,  
In death's uncomfortable Shade;  
And with unweildy Fetters bound,  
By pressing Cares more heavy made;
- 11, 12 Because God's Counsel they des'd,  
And lightly priz'd his holy Word,  
With these Afflictions they were try'd;  
They fell, and none could Help afford:
- 13 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear,  
Did they their mournful Cry address;  
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
And free'd them from their deep Distress;
- 24 From dismal Dungeons, dark as Night,  
And Shades as black as Death's Abode,



He brought them forth to chearful Light,  
And welcome Liberty bestow'd.

15 O then that all the Earth with me,  
Would God for this his Goodness praise!  
And for the mighty Works which he  
Thro' out the wond'ring World displays.

16 For he with his Almighty Hand  
The Gates of Brass in pieces broke;  
Nor could the massy Brass withstand,  
Or temper'd Steel resist his Stroke.

P A R T III.

17 Remorseless Wretches, void of Sense,  
With bold Transgressions God defie;  
And for their multiply'd Offence,  
Opprest with sore Diseases lie:

18 Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,  
Abhors to taste the choicest Meats;  
And they by faint Degrees draw near  
To Death's inhospitable Gates.

19 Then strait to God's indulgent Ear  
Do they their mournful Cry address;  
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
And frees them from their deep Distress!

20 He all their sad Distempers heals,  
His Word both Health and Safety gives;  
And when all human Succour fails,  
From near Destruction them retrieves.

21 O then that all the Earth with me,  
Would God for this his Goodness praise;  
And for the mighty Works which he  
Thro' out the wond'ring World displays!

22 With Offerings let his Altar flame,  
Whilst they their grateful Thanks express,  
And with loud Joy his holy Name  
For all his Acts of wonder bless!

P A R T IV.

23, 24 They that in Ships with Courage bold  
O'er swelling Waves their Trade pursue;



Do God's amazing Works behold,  
And in the Deep his Wonders view.

25 No sooner his command is past,  
But forth a dreadful Tempest flies,  
Which sweeps the Sea with rapid Haste,  
And makes the stormy Billows rise :

26 Sometimes the Ships, toss'd up to Heav'n,  
On tops of mounting Waves appear ;  
Then down the steep Abyss are driv'n ;  
Whilst ev'ry Soul dissolves with fear.

27 They reel and stagger to and fro,  
Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppress'd ;  
Nor do the skilful Seamen know,  
Which way to steer, what Course is best.

28 Then strait to God's indulgent Ear  
They do their mournful Cry address ;  
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
And frees them from their deep Distress.

29,30 He does the raging Storm appease,  
And makes the Billows calm and still ;  
With Joy they see their fury cease ;  
And their intended course fulfil.

31 O then that all the Earth, with me,  
Would God for this his Goodness praise !  
And for the mighty Works, which he  
Thro'-out the wond'ring World dispalsys !

32 Let them, where all the Tribes resort,  
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,  
And in the Elder's Sov'reign Court,  
With one consent his praise proclaim !

P A R T V.

33,34 A fruitful Land where Streams abound,  
God's just Revenge, if People sin,  
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,  
To punish those that dwell therein.

35,36 The parcht and desert Heath he makes  
To flow with Streams and springing Wells ;

- Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,  
And in strong Cities safely dwells.
- 37,38 He sows the Field; the Vineyard plants,  
Which gratefully his Toil repay;  
Nor can, whilst God his Blessing grants,  
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
- 39 But when his Sins Heav'ns wrath provoke,  
His Health and Substance fade away.  
He feels th' Oppressor's gauling Yoke,  
And is of Grief the wretched Prey. (mands,
- 40 The Prince who slights what God com-  
Expos'd to scorn, must quit his Throne;  
And over wild and desert Lands,  
Where no Path offers, stray alone.
- 41 Whilst God from all afflicting Cares,  
Sets up the humble Man on high;  
And makes in time his num'rous Heirs  
With his encreasing Flocks to vie.
- 42,43 Then Sinners shall have nought to say,  
The just a decent Joy shall show;  
The wise these strange Events shall weigh,  
And thence God's Goodness fully know.

## Psalm CVIII.

- 1 **O** God, my Heart is fully bent,  
to magnifie thy Name;  
My Tongue with cheerful Songs of Praise,  
shall celebrate thy Fame.
- 2 Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,  
thy warbling Notes delay;  
Whilst I with early Hymns of Joy,  
prevent the dawning Day.
- 3 To all the list'ning Tribes, O Lord,  
thy wonders I will tell,  
And to those Nations sing thy praise,  
that round about us dwell:
- 4 Because thy Mercy's boundless height  
the highest Heaven transcends;

And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds  
thy faithful Truth extends.

- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high  
above the starry Frame ;  
And let the World, with one consent,  
confess thy glorious Name.
- 6 That all thy chosen People Thee  
their Saviour may declare.  
Let thy Right-hand protect me still,  
and answer thou my Pray'r.
- 7 Since God himself hath said the word,  
whose Promise cannot fail :  
With Joy I *Schechem* shall divide :  
and measure *Succoth's* Vale,
- 8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* too ;  
and *Ephraim* owns my cause :  
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r supports,  
and *Judah* gives my Laws.
- 9 *Moab* I'll make my servile Drudge,  
on vanquisht *Edom* tread ;  
And through the proud *Philistine* Lands  
my conqu'ring Banners spread.
- 10 By whose Support and Aid shall I  
their well-fenc'd City gain ?  
Who will my Troops securely lead  
thro' *Edom's* guarded Plain ?
- 11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our Arms,  
which late thou didst forsake ?  
And wilt not thou of these our Hosts,  
once more the Guidance take ?
- 12 O to thy Servants in Distress  
thy speedy Succour send :  
For vain it is on human Aid  
for Safety to depend.
- 13 Then valiant Acts shall we perform,  
if thou thy pow'r disclose ;  
For God it is, and God alone,  
that treads down all our Foes.

## Psalm CIX.

- 1 **O** God, whose former Mercies make  
my constant Praise thy due,  
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state  
with wonted Favour view.
- 2 For sinful Men, with lying Lips,  
deceitful Speeches frame,  
And with their studied Slanders seek  
to wound my spotless Fame.
- 3 Their restless Hatred prompts them still  
malicious Lyes to spread ;  
And all aganſt my Life combine,  
by cauſeleſs Fury led.
- 4 Thoſe whom with tend'reſt Love I us'd,  
my chief Oppoſers are ;  
Whiſt I, of other Friends bereft,  
reſort to thee by Pray'r.
- 5 Since Miſchief, for the Good I did,  
their ſtrange Reward does prove ;  
And Hatred's the Return they make  
for undiſſembl'd Love.
- 6 Their guilty Leader ſhall be made  
to ſome ill Man a Slave ;  
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe  
for his Accuſer have.
- 7 His Gift, when Sentence is pronounc'd,  
ſhall meet a dreadful Fate ;  
Whiſt his rejected Pray'r but ſerves  
his Crimes to aggravate.
- 8 He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely Fate,  
ſha'n't live out half his days ;  
Another, by Divine Decree,  
ſhall on his Office ſeize.
- 9, 10 His Seed ſhall Orphans be, his Wiſe  
a Widow. plung'd in Grief ;



- His vagrant Children beg their Bread,  
where none can give Relief.
- 11 His ill-got Riches shall be made  
to Usurers a Prey ;  
The Fruit of all his Toil shall be  
by Strangers born away.
- 12 None shall be found, that to his Wants  
their Mercy will extend,  
Or to his helpless Orphan-Seed  
the least Assistance lend.
- 13 A swift Destruction soon shall seize  
on his unhappy Race ;  
And the next Age his hated Name  
shall utterly deface.
- 14 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins  
upon his Head shall fall ;  
God on his Mother's Crimes shall think,  
and punish him for all.
- 15 All these in horrid Order rank'd,  
before the Lord shall stand ;  
Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off  
their Mem'ry from the Land.

P A R T II.

- 16 Because he never Mercy shew'd,  
but still the Poor oppress'd ;  
And sought to slay the helpless Man,  
with heavy Woes distress'd.
- 17 Therefore the Curse he lov'd to vent,  
shall his own Portion prove ;  
And Blessing which he still abhorr'd,  
shall far from him remove.
- 18 Since he in cursing took such Pride,  
like water it shall spread  
Thro' all his Veins, and stick like Oil,  
with which his Bones are fed.
- 19 This, like a poyson'd Robe, shall still  
his constant cov'ring be,



- Or an envenom'd Belt, from which  
he never shall be free.
- 20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those  
that Ill to me design ;  
That with malicious false Reports  
against my Life combine.
- 21 But for thy glorious Name, O God,  
do thou deliver me ;  
And for thy gracious Mercy's sake,  
preserve and set me free.
- 22 For I to utmost Straits reduc'd,  
am void of all Relief ;  
My heart is wounded with Distress,  
and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
- 23 I, like an Ev'ning Shade, decline,  
which vanishes apace ;  
Like Locusts up and down I'm toss'd,  
and have no certain place.
- 24,25 My Knees with Fasting are grown weak,  
my Body lank and lean ;  
All that behold me shake their Heads,  
and treat me with Disdain.
- 26,27 But for thy Mercy's sake, O Lord,  
do thou my Foes withstand ;  
That all may see 'tis thy own Act,  
the Work of thy Right-hand.
- 28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless ;  
let Shame the Portion be  
Of all that my Destruction seek,  
while I rejoyce in Thee.
- 29 My Foe shall with Disgrace be cloath'd,  
and, spite of all his Pride,  
His own Confusion, like a Cloak,  
the guilty Wretch shall hide.
- 30 But I to God, in grateful Thanks,  
my chearful Voice will raise ;  
And where the great Assembly meets,  
set forth his noble praise.

- 31 For him the Poor shall always find  
 their sure and constant Friend;  
 And he shall from unrighteous Dooms  
 their guiltless Souls defend.

Psalm CX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,  
 "Till I thy Foes thy Footstool make,  
 "sit thou in state, at my Right-hand ;  
 2 "Supreme in *Sion* thou shalt be,  
 "and all thy proud Opposers see  
 "subjected to thy just Command.  
 3 "Thee in thy Pow'rs triumphant Day,  
 "the willing Nations shall obey,  
 "and when thy rising Beams they view,  
 "shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)  
 "appear as numberless and bright  
 "as Chrystal Drops of Morning Dew.  
 4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,  
 that like *Melchizedech's*, thy Reign  
 and Priesthood shall no Period know :  
 5 No proud Competitor to sit  
 at thy Right-hand will he permit ;  
 but in his wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow.  
 6 The sentenc'd Heathen he shall slay,  
 and fill with Carcasses his way,  
 till he hath struck Earth's Tyrants dead.  
 7 But in the high-way Brooks shall first,  
 like a poor Pilgrim, slake his Thirst,  
 and then in Triumph raise his Head.

Psalm CXI.

- 1 **P**raise ye the Lord ; our God to praise  
 My Soul her utmost Pow'r raise,  
 With private Friends, and in the Throng  
 Of Saints his Praise shall be my Song.  
 2 His Works, for Greatness tho' renown'd,  
 His wond'rous Works with ease are found  
 By

- By those who seek for them aright,  
And in the pious Search delight.
- 3 His Works are all of matchless Fame,  
And universal Glory claim;  
His truth, confirm'd thro' Ages past.  
Shall to eternal Ages last.
- 4 By precept he has us enjoyn'd,  
To keep his wondrous Works in mind;  
And to posterity record,  
That good and gracious is our Lord.
- 5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,  
Has all his Servants Wants supply'd;  
And he will ever keep in mind  
His Cov'nant with our Fathers sign'd.
- 6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,  
They saw his matchless Pow'r employ'd;  
Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd,  
And we their Heritage possess'd.
- 7 Just are the Dealings of his Hands,  
Immutable are his Commands;
- 8 By Truth and Equity sustain'd,  
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
- 9 He set his Saints from Bondage free,  
And then establish'd his Decree,  
For ever to remain the same;  
Holy and Rev'rend is his Name.
- 10 Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,  
Must with the Fear of God begin;  
Immortal Praise, and heav'nly Skill  
Have they who know, and do his Will.

## Psalm CXII.

## H A L L E L U J A H.

- 1 **T**Hat Man is blest who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred Law:
- 2 His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,  
And with successive Honours crown'd.

- 3 His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be  
An inexhausted Treasury ;  
His Justice free from all Decay,  
Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.
- 4 The Soul that's fill'd with Vertue's Light,  
Shine's brightest in Affliction's Night :  
To pity the Distrest inclin'd,  
As well as just to all Mankind.
- 5 His lib'ral Favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends :  
Yet what his Charity impairs,  
He saves by Prudence in Affairs.
- 6 Beset with threatening Dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground ;  
The sweet Remembrance of the Just,  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.
- 7 Ill Tidings never can surprize  
His Heart that still on God relies :
- 8 On Safety's Rock he sits and sees  
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.
- 9 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,  
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd,  
Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,  
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
- 10 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,  
And gnash their Teeth in Agony ;  
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,  
And vanish, with themselves, away.

Psalm CXIII.

- 1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,  
the Triumphs of his Name record,
- 2 His sacred Name for ever bless.
- 3 Where e'er the circling Sun displays  
his rising Beams, or setting Rays,  
due praise to his great Name address.
- 4 God thro' the World extends his Sway,  
the Regions of æternal Day,  
but Shadows of his Glory are.



- 5 To him whose Majesty excels,  
 who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,  
 let no created Pow'r compare.
- 6 Tho' tis beneath his State to view  
 in highest Heav'n what Angels do,  
 yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care :  
 He takes the Needy from his Cell,  
 advancing him in Courts to dwell,  
 Companion to the greatest there.
- 7 When childless Families despair,  
 He sends the Blessing of an Heir,  
 to rescue their expiring Name;  
 Makes her that barren was to bear,  
 and joyfully her fruit to rear,  
 O then extol his matchless Fame !

Psalm CXIV.

- 1 **W**Hen *Isr'el* by th' Almighty led,  
 (Enrich'd with their Oppressors spoil)  
 From *Egypt* march'd ; and *Jacob's* Seed  
 From Bondage in a foreign Soil.  
*Jehovah*, for his Residence,  
 Chose out imperial *Judah's* Tent,  
 His Mansion Royal, and from thence  
 Thro' *Israel's* Camp his Orders sent.
- 3 The distant Sea with Terrors saw,  
 And from th' Almighty's presence fled ;  
 Old *Jordan's* Streams, surpriz'd with Awe,  
 Retreated to their Fountain's Head.
- 4 The taller Mountains skipp'd, like Rams,  
 When danger near the Fold they hear ;  
 The Hills skipp'd after them, like Lambs  
 affrighted by their Leader's Fear.
- 5 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,  
 And naked leave your oozy Bed ?  
 Why *Jordan*, against Nature's Law,  
 Recoild'st thou to thy Fountain's Head ?



- 6 Why Mountains, did ye skip like Rams,  
When Danger does approach the Fold?  
Why after you the Hills like Lambs,  
When they their Leader's Flight behold?
- 7 Earth tremble on; well may'st thou fear  
Thy Lord and Maker's Face to see;  
When *Jacob's* awful God draws near,  
'Tis time for Earth and Seas to flee.
- 8 To flee from God, who Natures Law  
Confirms and cancels at his Will;  
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,  
And thirsty Vales with Water fill.

Psalm CXV.

- 1 **L**ord, not to us, we claim no Share,  
but to thy sacred Name  
Give Glory for thy Mercy's sake,  
and Truth's eternal Fame.
- 2 Why should the Heathen cry, Where's now  
the God whom we adore?
- 3 Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art,  
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
- 4 Their God's but Gold and Silver are,  
the Works of Mortal Hands:
- 5 With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes  
the molten Idol stands.
- 6 The Pageant has both Ears and Nose,  
but neither hears nor smells;
- 7 Its Hands and Feet nor feel, nor move,  
no Life within it dwells.
- 8 Such senseless Stocks they are, that we  
can nothing like 'em find,  
But those who on their Help rely,  
and them for Gods design'd.
- 9 O *Isr'el*, make the Lord your Trust,  
who is your Help and Shield;
- 10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,  
who only Help can yield.

11 Let

- 11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,  
on him they fear, rely ;  
Who them in Danger can defend,  
and all their Wants supply.
- 12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,  
and *Israel's* House will bless.  
Priests, Levites, Profelytes, ev'n All  
who his great Name confess.
- 14 On you, and on your Heirs, he will  
increase of Blessings bring ;
- 15 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are  
of this Almighty King :
- 16 Heav'ns highest Orb of Glory, he  
his Empire's Seat design'd ;  
And gave this lower Globe of Earth  
a Portion to Mankind.
- 17 They who in Death and Silence sleep,  
to him no Praise afford :
- 18 But we will bless for evermore  
our ever-living Lord.

Psalm CXVI.

- 1 **M**Y Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love  
intirely is possest,  
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear  
the Voice of my Request.
- 2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,  
I never will despair ;  
But still in all the straits of Life  
to him address my Prayer.
- 3 With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,  
with pains of Hell oppress'd,  
When Troubles seiz'd my aking Heart,  
and Anguish rack'd my Breast.
- 4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,  
and thus to him I pray'd ;  
“ Lord, I beseech thee, save my Soul,  
with Sorrows quite dismay'd.

- 5,6 How just and merciful is God,  
how gracious is the Lord !  
Who saves the harmless, and to me  
does timely help afford.
- 7 Then free from pensive Cares, my Soul,  
resume thy wonted Rest ;  
For God has wond'rously to thee  
his bounteous Love exprest.
- 8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd  
my dangers and my Fears ;  
My Feet from falling he secur'd,  
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
- 9 Therefore my Life's remaining years,  
which God to me shall lend,  
Will I in praises to his Name,  
and in his Service spend.
- 10,11 In God I trusted, and of him  
in greatest Straits did boast ;  
(For in my Flight all hopes of Aid  
from faithless Men were lost :)
- 12,13 Then what Return to him shall I  
for all his goodness make ?  
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal  
the Cup of Blessing take.
- 14,15 I'll pay my Vows amongst his Saints,  
whose Blood (howe'er despis'd  
By Wicked Men) in God's account  
is always highly priz'd :
- 16 By various Ties, O Lord, must I  
to thy Dominion bow,  
Thy humble Handmaid's Son, before,  
thy ransom'd Captive now !
- 17,18 To thee I'll Offerings bring of praise ;  
and whilst I bless thy Name,  
The just performance of my Vows  
to all thy Saints proclaim.
- 19 They, in *Jerusalem* shall meet,  
and in thy House shall joyn,

To bless thy Name one consent;  
and mix their Songs with mine.

Psalm CXVII.

- 1 **W**ith cheerful Notes let all the Earth  
to Heav'n their Voices raise;  
Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,  
sing solemn Hymns of Praise:  
2 God's tender Mercy knows no bound,  
his Truth shall ne'er decay;  
Then let the willing Nations round,  
their grateful Tribute pay.

Psalm CXVIII.

- 1,2 **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,  
his Mercies ne'er decay:  
That his kind Favours ever last,  
let thankful *Isr<sup>el</sup>* say.  
3,4 Their Sense of his eternal Love  
let *Aaron's House* express;  
And that it never fails, let all  
that fear the Lord confess.  
5 To God I made my humble moan,  
with troubles quite oppress;  
And he releas'd me from my Straits,  
and granted my Request.  
6 Since therefore God does on my side  
so graciously appear;  
Why should the vain Attempts of Men  
possess my Soul with fear?  
7 Since God with those that aid my Cause  
vouchsafes my part to take;  
To all my Foes, I need not doubt,  
a just Return to make  
8,9 For better 'tis to trust in God,  
and have the Lord our Friend,  
Than on the greatest humane Pow'r  
for Safety to depend.

- 10,11 Tho' many Nations closely leagu'd,  
did oft beset me round ;  
Yet by his boundless Pow'r sustain'd,  
I did their Strength confound.
- 12 They swarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage  
was but a short-liv'd Blaze ;  
For whilst on God I still rely'd,  
I vanquish'd them with ease.
- 13 When all united press'd me hard,  
in hopes to make me fall ;  
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part,  
and sav'd me from them all.
- 14 The Honour of my strange Escape  
to him alone belongs ;  
He is my Saviour, and my Strength,  
he only claims my Songs.
- 15 Joy fills the Dwelling of the Just,  
whom God has sav'd from Harm ;  
For wond'rous things are brought to pass  
by his Almighty Arm.
- 16 He, by his own resistless Pow'r,  
has endless Honour won ;  
The saving Strength of his Right-hand  
amazing Works has done.
- 17 God will not suffer me to fall,  
but still prolongs my Days ;  
That by declaring all his Works,  
I may advance his Praise.
- 18 When God had sorely me chastiz'd,  
till quite of Hopes bereav'd,  
His Mercy from the Gates of Death  
my fainting Life repriev'd,
- 19 Then open wide the Temple-Gates  
to which the Just repair ;  
That I may enter in, and praise  
my great Deliv'rer there.
- 20,21 Within those Gates of God's Abode,  
to which the righteous press ;



Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,  
thy holy Name I'll bless.

22,23 That which the Builders once refus'd,  
is now the Corner stone ;

This is the wond'rous Work of God,  
the Work of God alone.

24,25 This Day is God's ; let all the Land  
exalt their cheerful Voice :

Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,  
and make us still rejoyce.

26 Him that approaches in God's Name,  
let all th' Assembly bless ;

" We that belong to God's own House,  
" have wish'd you good Success.

27 God is the Lord, thro' whom we all  
both Light and Comfort find ;

Fast to the Altar's Horn with Cords,  
the chosen Victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still  
I'll praise thy holy Name ;

Because thou only art my God,  
I'll celebrate thy Fame.

29 O then with me, give thanks to God,  
who still does gracious prove ;

And let the Tribute of our Praise  
be endless as his Love.

### Psalm CXIX.

#### A L E P H.

1 **H**OW blest are they who always keep  
the pure and perfect way !

Who never from the sacred Paths  
of God's Commandments stray !

2 How blest ! who to his righteous Laws  
have still obedient been !

And have with fervent humble Zeal  
his Favour sought to win !

- 3 Such Men their utmost caution use  
to shun each wicked Deed ;  
But in the path which he directs,  
with constant Care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoyn'd us, Lord,  
to learn thy sacred Will ;  
And all our Diligence employ  
thy Statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy Will  
might o'er my ways preside !  
And I the course of all my Life  
by thy Direction guide !
- 6 Then with Assurance should I walk,  
from all Confusion free ;  
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways  
with thy Commands agree.
- 7 My upright Heart shall my glad Mouth  
with cheerful Praises fill ;  
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,  
I shall have learnt thy Will.
- 8 So to thy sacred Laws shall I  
all due Observance pay ;  
O then forsake me not, my God,  
nor cast me quite away.

*B E T H.*

- 9 How shall the Young preserve their Ways,  
from all Pollution free ?  
By making still their Course of Life  
with thy Commands agree.
- 10 With hearty Zeal for thee I seek,  
to thee for Succour pray ;  
O suffer not my careless Steps  
from thy right Paths to stray.
- 11 Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,  
thy Word, my Treasure, lies ;  
To succour me with timely Aid,  
when sinful Thoughts arise.

- 12 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul  
shall ever bless thy Name :  
O teach me then by thy just Laws  
my future Life to frame.
- 13 My Lips unlock'd by pious Zeal,  
to others have declar'd,  
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth  
deserve our best Regard.
- 14 Whilst in the way of thy Commands  
more solid Joy I found,  
Than had I been with vast Increase  
of envy'd Riches crown'd.
- 15 Therefore thy just and upright Laws,  
shall always fill my mind ;  
And those sound Rules which thou prescrib'st  
all due respect shall find,
- 16 To keep thy Statutes undecac'd  
shall be my constant Joy ;  
The strict Remembrance of thy Word  
shall all my Thoughts employ.

## G I M E L.

- 17 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,  
do thou my Life defend :  
That I, according to thy Word,  
my future time may spend.
- 18 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,  
that so I may discern  
The wond'rous things which they behold  
who thy just Precepts learn.
- 19 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,  
from place to place I stray,  
Thy righteous Judgments from my sight  
remove not thou away.
- 20 My fainting Soul is almost pin'd,  
with earnest longing spent ;  
Whilst always on the eager Search  
of thy just Will, intent.

- 21 Thy sharp Rebuke shall crush the Proud,  
whom still thy Curse pursues ;  
Since they to walk in thy right ways  
presumptuously refuse.
- 22 But far from me, do thou, O Lord,  
Contempt and Shame remove ;  
For I thy sacred Laws affect  
with undissembled Love.
- 23 Tho' Princes oft in Counsel met,  
against thy Servant spake ;  
Yet I, thy Statutes to observe,  
my constant Business make.
- 24 For thy Commands have always been  
my Comfort and Delight ;  
By them I learn, with prudent Care,  
to guide my Steps aright.

## D A L E T H.

- 25 My Soul oppress'd with deadly Care.  
close to the Earth does cleave ;  
Revive me, Lord, and let me now  
thy promis'd Aid receive.
- 26 To thee I still declar'd my Ways,  
who didst incline thine Ear :  
O teach me then my future Life  
by thy just Laws to steer.
- 27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,  
and by their Guidance walk,  
The wond'rous works which thou hadst done  
shall be my constant Talk.
- 28 But see, my Soul within me sinks,  
press'd down with weighty Care ;  
Do thou, according to thy Word,  
my wasted Strength repair.
- 29 Far, far from me be all false Ways  
and lying Arts remov'd.  
But kindly grant I still may keep  
the Path by thee approv'd.

- 30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,  
my happy Choice I made ;  
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,  
before me always laid.
- 31 My Care has been to make my Life  
with thy Commands agree ;  
O then preserve thy Servant, Lord,  
from Shame and Ruine free.
- 32 So in the way of thy Commands  
shall I with Pleasure run,  
And with a Heart, enlarg'd with Joy,  
successfully go on.

## H E

- 33 Instruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,  
thy righteous Paths display ;  
And I from them, through all my Life,  
will never go astray.
- 34 If thou true Wisdom from above  
wilt graciously impart,  
To keep thy perfect Laws I will  
devote my zealous Heart.
- 35 Direct me in the sacred Ways  
to which thy Precepts lead ;  
Because my chief Delight has been  
thy righteous Paths to tread.
- 36 Do thou to thy most just Commands  
incline my willing Heart ;  
Let no desire of worldly Wealth  
from thee my Thoughts divert.
- 37 From those vain Objects turn my Eyes  
which this false World displays ;  
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength  
to keep thy righteous Ways.
- 38 Confirm the Promise which thou mad'st,  
and give thy Servant Aid,  
Who to transgress thy sacred Laws  
is awfully afraid.



- 39 The foul Disgrace I justly fear,  
in mercy, Lord, remove ;  
For all the Judgments thou ordain'st,  
are full of Grace and Love.
- 40 Thou know'st how, after thy Commands,  
my longing Heart does pant ;  
O then make haste to raise me up,  
and promis'd Succour grant.

V A U.

- 41 Thy constant Blessing, Lord, bestow,  
to cheer my drooping Heart.  
To me, according to thy Word,  
thy saving Health impart.
- 42 So shall I when my Foes upbraid,  
this ready Answer make ;  
" In God I trust, who never will  
" his faithful Promise break.
- 43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth  
be from my Mouth remov'd ;  
Since still my ground of stedfast Hope  
thy just Decrees have prov'd.
- 44 So I to keep thy righteous Laws  
will all my Study bend  
From Age to Age, my time to come  
in their Observance spend.
- 45 E'er long I trust to walk at large,  
from all incumbrance free ;  
Since I resolv'd to make my Life,  
with thy Commands agree.
- 46 Thy Laws shall be my constant talk ;  
and Princes shall attend.  
Whilst I the Justice of thy Ways  
with Confidence defend.
- 47 My longing Heart and ravish'd Soul  
shall both o'erflow with Joy ;  
When in thy lov'd Commandments I  
my happy hours employ.

48 Then

- 48 Then will I to thy just Decrees  
lift up my willing Hands ;  
My Care and Bus'ness then shall be  
to study thy Commands.

## Z A I N.

- 49 According to thy promis'd Grace,  
thy Favour, Lord, extend ;  
Make good to me the Word, on which  
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
- 50 That, only Comfort in distress  
did all my Griefs controul ;  
Thy Word, when troubles hem'd me round,  
reviv'd my fainting Soul.
- 51 Insulting Foes did proudly mock,  
and all my Hopes deride ;  
Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs  
could make me turn aside.
- 52 Thy Judgments then, of antient date  
I quickly call'd to mind ;  
'Till ravish'd with such Thoughts, my Soul  
did speedy Comfort find.
- 53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one  
with deadly Horror strook,  
To think how all my sinful Foes  
have thy just Laws forsook.
- 54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees  
my cheerful Anthems made ;  
Whilst thro' strange Lands and desert Wilds  
I like a Pilgrim stray'd.
- 55 Thy Name, that cheer'd my Heart by day,  
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night ;  
I then resolv'd by thy just Laws,  
to guide my Steps aright.
- 56 That Peace of Mind which has my Soul  
in deep distress sustain'd,  
By strict Obedience to thy Will  
I happily obtain'd.

C H E T H.

- 57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou  
and sure Possession art ;  
Thy Words I stedfastly resolve  
to treasure in my Heart.
- 58 With all the strength of warm desires  
I did thy Grace implore ;  
Disclose, according to thy Word,  
thy Mercy's boundless Store.
- 59 With due Reflection and strict Care  
on all my Ways I thought ;  
And so, reclaim'd to thy just Paths,  
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
- 60 I lost no time, but made great haste,  
resolv'd, without delay,  
To watch, that I might never more  
From thy Commandments stray.
- 61 Tho' num'rous Troops of sinful Men  
to rob me have combin'd ;  
Yet, I thy pure and righteous Laws  
have ever kept in mind.
- 62 In dead of Night I will arise,  
to sing thy solemn praise ;  
Convinc'd how much I always ought  
to love thy righteous Ways.
- 63 To such as fear thy holy Name  
my self I closely joyn,  
To all who their obedient Wills  
to thy Commands resign.
- 64 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,  
abundantly is shed ;  
O make me then exactly learn,  
thy sacred Paths to tread.

T E T H.

- 65 With me, thy Servant thou hast dealt  
most graciously, O Lord,

Repeated

- Repeated Benefits bestow'd,  
according to thy Word.
- 66 Teach me the sacred Skill ; by which  
right Judgment is attain'd,  
Who in belief of thy Commands  
have stedfastly remain'd.
- 67 Before Affliction stopt my Course,  
my Footsteps went astray ;  
But I have since been disciplin'd  
thy Precepts to obey.
- 68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,  
and all thou dost is so ;  
On me, thy Statutes to discern,  
the saving Skill bestow.
- 69 The proud have forg'd malicious Lyes  
my spotless Fame to stain :  
But my fix'd Heart, without Reserve,  
thy Precepts shall retain.
- 70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous Ills,  
in sensual pleasures live,  
My Soul can relish no Delight  
but what thy Precepts give.
- 71 'Tis good for me that I have felt  
Affliction's chast'ning Rod,  
That I might duly learn and keep  
the Statutes of my God.
- 72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds  
of more esteem I hold,  
Than untouch'd Mines, than thousand Mines  
of Silver and of Gold.

7 O D.

- 73 To me who am the Workmanship  
of thy Almighty Hands,  
The heav'nly Understanding give  
to learn thy just Commands.
- 74 My preservation to thy Saints  
strong Comfort will afford,

To

To see Success attend my Hopes,  
who trusted in thy Word.

75 That right thy Judgments are, I now  
by sure Experience see,  
And that in Faithfulness, O Lord,  
thou hast afflicted me.

76 O let thy tender Mercy now  
afford me needful Aid;  
According to thy Promise, Lord,  
to me, thy Servant, made.

77 To me thy saving Grace restore,  
that I again may live;  
Whose Soul can relish no Delight,  
but what thy Precepts give.

78 Defeat the Proud, who, unprovok'd,  
to ruine me have fought,  
Who only on thy sacred Laws  
employ my harmless Thought.

79 Let those that fear thy Name, espouse  
my Cause, and those alone  
Who have by strict and pious search  
thy sacred precepts known.

80 In thy blest Statutes let my Heart  
continue always sound,  
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lot,  
may never me confound.

C A P H.

81 My Soul with long Expectance faints  
to see thy saving Grace;  
Yet still on thy unerring Word  
my Confidence I place.

82 My very Eyes consume and fail  
with waiting for thy Word;  
O! when wilt thou thy kind Relief  
and promis'd Aid afford?

83 My Skin like shrivel'd Parchment shows,  
that long in Smoke is set;

Yet



- Yet no Affliction me can force  
thy Statutes to forget,  
84 How many days must I endure  
of Sorrow and Distress?  
When wilt thou Judgment execute  
on them who me oppress?
- 85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,  
that have no other Foes,  
But such as are averse to thee,  
and thy just Laws oppose.
- 86 With sacred Truth's eternal Laws  
all thy Commands agree;  
Men persecute me without Cause,  
thou, Lord, my Helper be.
- 87 With close Designs against my Life  
they had almost prevail'd;  
But in Obedience to thy Will  
my Duty never fail'd.
- 88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,  
my drooping Heart to cheer;  
That by thy righteous Statutes, I  
my Life's whole Course may steer.

*L A M E D.*

- 89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,  
unchang'd thou dost remain;  
Thy Word, establish'd in the Heav'ns,  
does all their Orbs sustain.
- 90 Thro' circling Ages; Lord, thy Truth  
immoveable shall stand,  
As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'st  
by thy Almighty Hand.
- 91 All things the Course by thee ordain'd  
ev'n to this day fulfil;  
They are the faithful Subjects all,  
and Servants of thy Will.
- 92 Unless thy sacred Law had been  
my Comfort and Delight,

I must have fainted, and expir'd  
in dark Affliction's Night.

93 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts  
shall never, Lord, depart ;  
For thou, by them, hast to new Life  
restor'd my dying Heart.

94 As I am thine, intirely thine,  
protect me, Lord, from Harm ;  
Who have thy Precepts sought to know,  
and carefully perform.

95 The Wicked have their Ambush laid  
my guiltless Life to take ;  
But in the midst of danger I  
thy Word my Study make.

96 I've seen an end of what we call  
Perfection here below ;  
But thy Commandments, like thy self,  
no Change or Period know.

*M E M.*

97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,  
no Language can display ;  
They with fresh Wonders entertain  
my ravish'd Thoughts all day.

98 Thro' thy Commands I wiser grow  
than all my subtil Foes ;  
For thy sure Word does me direct,  
and all my Ways dispose.

99 From me my former Teachers now  
may abler Counsel take ;  
Because thy sacred Precepts I  
my constant Study make.

100 In Understanding I excel  
the Sages of our days ;  
Because by thy unerring Rules  
I order all my Ways.

101 My Feet with Care I have refrain'd  
from every sinful Way,

That

That to thy sacred Word I might  
intire Obedience pay.

102 I have not from thy Judgments stray'd,  
by vain desires misled ;  
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me  
thy righteous paths to tread.

103 How sweet are all thy Words to me ;  
O what divine Repast !  
How much more grateful to my Soul,  
than Honey to my Taste.

104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I  
with heav'nly Skill am blest,  
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin  
I utterly detest.

N U N.

105 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,  
the way of Truth to show ;  
A Watch-light to point out the path,  
in which I ought to go.

106 I swear, (and from my solemn Oath  
will never start aside ;)   
That in thy righteous Judgments I  
will stedfastly abide.

107 Since I with Grievs am so oppress'd,  
that I can bear no more,  
According to thy Word, do thou  
my fainting Soul restore.

108 Let still my Sacrifice of praise  
with thee Acceptance find,  
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,  
instruct my willing Mind.

109 Tho' ghastly dangers me surround,  
my Soul they cannot aw,  
Nor, with continual Terrors, keep  
from thinking on thy Law.

110 My wicked and invet'rate Foes  
for me their Snare's have laid ;

Yet I have kept the upright path,  
nor from thy precepts stray'd.

111. Thy Testimonies I have made  
my Heritage and Choice;  
For they, when other Comforts fail,  
my drooping Heart rejoyce.

112. My Heart with early Zeal began  
thy Statutes to obey;  
And 'till my Course of Life is done,  
shall keep thy upright Way.

S A M E C H.

113. Deceitful Thoughts and Practices  
I utterly detest;  
But to thy Law Affection bear  
too great to be exprest.

114. My Hiding-place, my Refuge-Tow'r,  
and Shield art thou, O Lord;  
I firmly anchor all my Hopes  
on thy unerring Word.

115. Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,  
approach not my Abode;  
For firmly I resolve to keep  
the Precepts of my God.

116. According to thy gracious Word,  
from Danger set me free,  
Nor make me of those Hopes asham'd  
that I repose on thee.

117. Uphold me, so shall I be safe,  
and rescu'd from Distress;  
To thy Decrees continually  
my just Respect address.

118. The wicked thou hast trod to earth,  
who from thy Statutes stray'd;  
Their vile Deceit the just Reward  
of their own Falshood made.

119. The wicked from thy holy Land  
thou dost, like Dross, remove;

O

I there-

- I therefore with such Justice charm'd,  
thy Testimonies love ;
120. Yet with that love they make me dread  
lest I should so offend,  
When on Transgressors I behold  
Thy Judgments thus descend.

## A I N.

121. Judgment and Justice I have lov'd ;  
O therefore, Lord, engage  
In my Defence, nor give me up  
to my Oppressors Rage.
122. Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me ;  
and so shall this Distress  
Prove good for me ; nor shall the Proud  
my guiltless Soul oppress.
123. My Eyes, 'alas! begin to fail,  
in long expectation held,  
'Till thy Salvation they behold,  
and righteous Word fulfill'd.
124. To me, thy Servant, in distress,  
thy wonted Grace display,  
And discipline my willing Heart  
thy Statutes to obey.
125. On me, devoted to thy Fear,  
thy sacred Skill bestow,  
That of thy Testimonies I  
the full extent may know.
126. 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,  
thy Vengeance to employ,  
When Men with open Violence  
thy sacred Law destroy.
127. Yet their Contempt of thy Commands,  
but makes their Value rise  
In my esteem, who purest Gold  
compar'd with them despise.
128. Thy Precepts therefore I account  
in all respects divine,

They



They teach me to diſcern the right,  
and all falſe Ways decline.

*P E.*

129. The Wonders which thy Laws contain  
no Words can repreſent,  
Therefore to learn and praſtiſe them  
my zealous Heart is bent.
130. The very entrance to thy Word  
celeſtial Light diſplays;  
And Knowledge of true Happineſs  
to ſimpleſt Minds conveys.
131. With eager Hopes I waiting ſtood,  
and fainted with Deſire,  
That of thy wiſe Commands I might  
the ſacred Skill acquire.
132. With Favour, Lord, look down on me,  
who thy Relief implore;  
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe  
who thy bleſt Name adore.
133. Directed by thy heav'nly Word  
let all my Footſteps be;  
Nor Wickedneſs of any kind  
Dominion have o'er me.
134. Release, intirely ſet me free  
from perſecuting Hands,  
That, unmoleſted, I may learn,  
and praſtiſe thy Commands.
135. On me, devoted to thy Fear,  
Lord, make thy Face to ſhine,  
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,  
my Heart with Zeal incline.
136. My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn  
whence briny Rivers flow,  
To ſee Mankind, againſt thy Laws,  
in bold defiance go.

## T S A D H I.

137. Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom  
wrong'd Innocence may truſt;  
And, like thy ſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,  
in all reſpects are juſt.
138. Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,  
which thou didſt firſt decree,  
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd,  
ſucceeding times ſhall ſee.
139. With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away,  
my Soul with Anguiſh frets,  
To ſee my Foes condemn at once  
thy promiſes and Threats.
140. Yet each neglected Word of thine,  
(howe'er by them deſpis'd)  
Is pure, and for eternal Truth  
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.
141. Brought, for thy ſake, to low Eſtate,  
Contempt from All I find;  
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive  
thy Precepts from my Mind.
142. Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,  
when Time it ſelf is paſt;  
Thy Law is Truth it ſelf, that Truth  
which ſhall for ever laſt.
143. Tho' Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubts and Dread,  
to compaſs me unite,  
Beſet with Danger, ſtill I make  
thy Precepts my Delight.
144. Eternal and unerring Rules  
thy Teſtimonies give:  
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make  
my Soul for ever live.

## K O P H.

145. with my whole Heart to God I call'd,  
Lord, hear my earneſt Cry;

And

- And I thy Statutes to perform,  
will all my Care apply.
146. Again more fervently I pray'd,  
O save me, that I may  
Thy Testimonies throughly know,  
and stedfastly obey.
147. My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day  
prevented, while I cry'd  
To him on whose engaging Word  
my Hope alone rely'd.
148. With Zeal have I awak'd before  
the midnight-Watch was set,  
That I, of thy mysterious Word,  
might perfect Knowledge get.
149. Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,  
and wonted Favour shew;  
O quicken me, and so approve  
thy Judgments ever true.
150. My persecuting Foes advance,  
and hourly nearet draw;  
What Treatment can I hope from them  
who violate thy Law?
151. Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is,  
thou, Lord, art yet more near,  
Thou, whose Commands are righteous all,  
thy promises sincere.
152. Concerning thy Divine Decrees  
my Soul has known of old,  
That they were true, and shall their Truth  
to endless Ages hold.

R E S C H.

153. Consider my Affliction, Lord,  
and me from Bondage draw;  
Think on thy Servant in Distress,  
who ne'er forgets thy Law.
154. Plead thou my cause; to that and me  
thy timely Aid afford;

With Beams of mercy quicken me,  
according to thy Word.

155. From hard'n'd Sinners thou remov'st  
Salvation far away ;

'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them  
who from thy Statutes stray.

156. Since great thy tender mercies are  
to all who thee adore ;

According to thy Judgments, Lord,  
my fainting Hopes restore.

157. A num'rous Host of spiteful Foes  
against my life combine ;

But all too few to force my Soul  
thy Statutes to decline.

158. Those bold Transgressors I beheld,  
and was with grief oppress'd,

To see with what audacious Pride  
thy Cov'nant they transgress'd.

159. Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,  
how I thy Precepts love ;

O therefore quicken me with Beams  
of mercy from above.

160. As from the Birth of Time thy Truth  
has held through Ages past,

So shall thy righteous Judgments, firm,  
to endless Ages last.

#### S C H I N.

161. Tho' mighty Tyrants, without cause,  
conspire my Blood to shed,

Thy sacred Word has Pow'r alone  
to fill my Heart with dread

162. And yet that Word my joyful Breast  
with heav'nly Rapture warms,

Nor Conquest, nor the Spoils of War,  
have such transporting Charms.

163. Perfidious Practises and Lies  
I utterly detest ;

But



But to thy Laws affection bear,  
too vast to be express:

164. Sev'n times a day, with grateful Voice  
thy Praises I resound,  
Because I find thy Judgments all  
with Truth and Justice crown'd.

165. Secure, substantial Peace have they  
who truly love thy Law;  
No smiling Mischief them can tempt,  
nor frowning Danger aw.

166. For thy Salvation I have hop'd,  
and tho' so long delay'd,  
With cheerful Zeal and strictest Care,  
all thy Commands obey'd

167. Thy Testimonies I have kept,  
and constantly obey'd;  
Because the love I bore to them  
the Service easie made.

168. From strict Observance of thy Laws  
I never yet withdrew,  
Convinc'd that my most secret ways  
are open to thy View.

T A U.

169. To my Request and earnest Cry  
attend, O gracious Lord;  
Inspire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,  
according to thy Word.

170. Let my repeated Pray'r at last  
before thy Throne appear;  
According to thy plighted Word,  
For my Relief draw near.

171. Then shall my grateful Lips return  
the Tribute of their praise,  
When thou thy Counsels hast reveal'd,  
and taught me thy just ways.

172. My Tongue the praises of thy Word  
shall thankfully resound,



Because thy Promises are all  
with Truth and Justice crown'd.

173. Let thy Almighty Arm appear,  
and bring me timely Aid;  
For I the Laws thou hast ordain'd,  
my Heart's free choice have made.

174. My Soul has waited long to see  
thy saving Grace restor'd;  
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,  
thy heav'nly Laws, afford.

175. Prolong my life, that I may sing  
my great Restorer's Praise;  
Whose Justice from the depth of Woes,  
my fainting Soul shall raise.

176. Like some lost Sheep I've stray'd, till I  
despair my way to find;  
Thou therefore, Lord, thy Servant seek,  
who keeps thy Laws in mind.

Psalm CXX.

1. **I**N deep Distress I oft have cry'd  
To God, who never yet deny'd  
To rescue me oppress'd with Wrongs.

2. Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance send,  
From lying Lips my Soul defend,  
And from the Rage of slander'ing Tongues.

3. What little Profit can accrue?  
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,  
O thou perfidious Tongue! to thee?

4. Thy Sting upon thy self shall turn;  
Of lasting Flames that fiercely burn,  
The constant Fuel thou shalt be.

5. But O! how wretched is my Doom,  
Who am a Sojourner become  
In barren *Mesech's* desert Soil!

With *Kedar's* wicked Tents inclos'd,

to lawless Savages expos'd,

Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.

My

6. My hapless Dwelling is with those  
Who Peace and Amity oppose,  
and Pleasure take in others Harms:
7. Sweet Peace is all I court and seek;  
But when to them of Peace I speak,  
they strait cry out, *To Arms, to Arms.*

Psalm CXXI.

1. **T**O *Sion's* Hill I lift my Eyes,  
From thence expecting Aid;
2. From *Sion's* Hill and *Sion's* God,  
who Heaven and Earth has made.
3. Then thou, my Soul, in safety rest,  
thy Guardian will not sleep;
4. His watchful Care that *Isr'el* guards,  
will *Isr'el's* Monarch keep.
5. Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,  
thou shalt securely rest,
6. Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee  
by Day or Night molest.
7. From common Accidents of Life  
his care shall guard thee still:
8. From the blind Strokes of Chance and Foes,  
that lie in wait to kill.
9. At home, abroad, in Peace, in War,  
thy God shall thee defend;  
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage  
safe to thy Journey's end.

Psalm CXXII.

1. **O**'Twas a joyful Sound to hear  
our Tribes devoutly say,  
Up *Isr'el*, to the Temple haste,  
and keep your Festal Day.
2. At *Salem's* Courts we must appear  
with our assembl'd Pow'rs;
3. In strong and beauteous Order rang'd,  
like her united Tow'rs.

4. 'Tis

4. 'Tis thirder, by Divine Command  
the Tribes of God repair,  
Before his Ark to celebrate  
his Name with Praise and Pray'r.
5. Tribunals stand erected there;  
where Equity takes place;  
There stand the Courts and Palaces  
of Royal *David's* Race.
6. O, pray we then for *Salem's* Peace,  
for they shall prosp'rous be,  
(Thou holy City of our God!)  
who bear true Love to thee.
7. May Peace within thy sacred Walls  
a constant Guest be found,  
With Plenty and Prosperity  
thy Palaces be crown'd.
8. For my dear Brethren's sake, and Friends  
no less than Brethren dear,  
I'll pray----May Peace in *Salem's* Tow'rs  
a constant Guest appear.
9. But most of all I'll seek thy Good,  
and ever wish thee well,  
For *Sion* and the Temple's sake,  
where God vouchsafes to dwell.

## Psalm CXXIII.

- 1,2 **O**N thee who dwell'st above the Skies,  
For mercy wait my longing Eyes;  
As Servants watch their Master's Hands,  
And Maids their Mistress's Commands.
- 3,4 **O** then have Mercy on us, Lord,  
Thy gracious Aid to us afford;  
To us whom cruel Foes oppress,  
Grown rich and proud by our Distress.

## Psalm CXXIV.

1. **H**AD not the Lord (may *Is'el* say)  
been pleas'd to interpose;

2. Had

2. Had he not then espous'd our Cause  
when Men against us rose:
- 3,4,5. Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,  
and rag'd without Controul;  
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods  
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.
6. But prais'd be our eternal Lord,  
who rescu'd us that Day,  
Nor to their savage Jaws gave up  
our threat'ned Lives a prey.
7. Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd  
from out the Fowler's Net;  
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are cross'd,  
and we at freedom set.
8. Secure in his Almighty Name,  
our Confidence remains,  
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,  
of both sole Monarch reigns.

Psalm CXXV.

1. **W**HO place on *Sion's* God their Trust,  
like *Sion's* Rock shall stand;  
Like her immoveably be fixt  
by his Almighty Hand.
2. Look how the Hills on ev'ry side  
*Jerusalem* inclose,  
So stands the Lord around his Saints,  
to guard 'em from their Foes.
3. The wicked may afflict the Just,  
but ne'er too long oppreis,  
Nor force him by Despair to seek  
base means for his Redress.
4. Be good, O righteous God, to those  
who righteous Deeds affect;  
The Heart that innocence retains,  
let innocence protect.
5. All those who walk in crooked Paths,  
the Lord shall soon destroy;



Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints  
with lasting Peace and Joy.

Psalm CXXVI.

1. **W**hen *Sion's* God her Sons recall'd  
from long Captivity,  
It seem'd at first a Pleasing Dream  
of what we wish'd to see.
2. But soon in an accusom'd Mirth  
we did our Voice employ,  
And sung our great Restorer's Praise  
in thankful Hymns of Joy.  
Our Heathen Foes repining stood,  
yet were compell'd to own,  
That great and wondrous was the Work  
our God for us had done.
3. 'Twas great, say they; 'twas wond'rous great,  
much more should we confess;  
The Lord has done great things, whereof  
we reap the glad Success.
4. To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,  
of *Isr'el's* captive Bands,  
More welcome than refreshing Showr's  
to parch'd and thirsty Lands.
5. That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,  
may see our Labours thrive,  
Till finish'd with success, to make  
our drooping Hearts revive.
6. Tho' he despond that sows his Grain,  
yet doubtless he shall come  
To bind his full ear'd Sheaves, and bring  
the joyful Harvest home.

Psalm CXXVII.

1. **W**E build with fruitless Cost, unless  
the Lord the Pile sustain,  
Unless the Lord the City keep,  
the Watchman wakes in vain.



2. In vain we rise before the day,  
and late to rest repair,  
Allow no respite to our Toil,  
and eat the Bread of Care:  
Supplies of Life, with Ease to them,  
he on his Saints bestows;  
He crowns their Labour with Success,  
their Nights with sound Repose.
3. Children, those Comforts of our Life,  
are Presents from the Lord;  
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,  
As Piety's Reward.
4. As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,  
when marching forth to War,  
Ev'n so the Sons of sprightly Youth,  
their Parents Safeguard are.
5. Happy the man whose Quiver's fill'd  
with these prevailing Arms;  
He needs not fear to meet his Foe,  
at Law, or War's Alarms.

Psalm CXXVIII.

1. **T**HE Man is blest who fears the Lord,  
nor only Worship pays,  
But keeps his steps confin'd with Care,  
to his appointed ways.
2. He shall upon the sweet Returns  
of his own Labour feed;  
Without dependance live, and see  
his Wishes all succeed,
3. His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,  
Her lovely Fruit shall bring;  
His Children, like young Olive-plants,  
about his Table spring;
4. Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus;
5. him *Sion's* God shall bless,  
And grant him all his days to see  
*Jerusalem's* Success,

6. He

6. He shall live on, till Heirs from him  
descend with vast Increase :  
Much blest in his own prosp'rous State,  
and more in *Isr'el's* Peace.

Psalm CXXIX.

1. **F**ROM my Youth up, may *Isr'el* say,  
they oft have me assail'd,  
2. Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,  
but never quite prevail'd.  
3. They oft have plow'd my patient Back  
with Furrows deep and long,  
4. But our just God has broke their Chains,  
and rescu'd us from Wrong.  
5. Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout;  
be still the Doom of those,  
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate;  
And *Sion's* God oppose.  
6. Like Corn upon our House's Tops,  
untimely let them fade,  
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,  
has blasted in the Blade :  
7. Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,  
but unregarded leaves ;  
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains  
to fold it into Sheaves.  
8. No Traveller that passes by,  
vouchsafes a Minute's Stop  
To give it one kind Look, or crave  
Heav'ns Blessing on the Crop.

Psalm CXXX.

1. **F**ROM lowest Depths of Woe,  
to God I sent my Cry ;  
2. Lord ! hear my supplicating Voice,  
and graciously reply.  
3. Should'st thou severely judge,  
who can the Tryal bear ?

4. But

4. But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
and quite renounce thy Fear.
5. My Soul with patience waits  
for thee the living Lord;  
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,  
thy never-failing Word.
6. My longing Eyes look out  
for thy enliv'ning Ray,  
More duly than the Morning-Watch  
to spy the dawning Day.
7. Let *Isr'el* trust in God;  
no bounds his Mercy knows; (whence  
The plenteous Source and Spring from  
Eternal Succour flows.
8. Whose friendly Streams to us  
Supplies in Want convey;  
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,  
and wash our Guilt away.

Psalm CXXXI.

1. **O** Lord, I am not proud of Heart,  
nor cast a scornful Eye;  
Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ  
in things for me too high.
2. With Infant-Innocence thou know'st  
I have my self demean'd;  
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe,  
that from the Breast is wean'd.
3. Like me let *Isr'el* hope in God,  
his Aid alone implore;  
Both now and ever trust in him  
who lives for evermore.

Psalm CXXXII.

1. **L**ET *David*, Lord, a constant place  
in thy Remembrance find;  
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,  
be ever in thy Mind.

2. Remember what a solemn Oath  
to thee, his Lord, he swore ;  
How to the mighty God he vow'd,  
whom *Jacob's* Sons adore:
- 3,4. I will not go into mine House,  
nor to my Bed ascend ;  
No soft Repose shall close my Eyes,  
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend ;
5. Till for the Lord's design'd Abode  
I mark'd the destin'd Ground ;  
Till I a decent place of Rest  
for *Jacob's* God have found.
6. Th' appointed place, with Shouts of Joy,  
at *Ephrata* we found,  
And made the Woods and neighb'ring fields  
our glad Applause resound.
7. O! with due Rev'ence let us then  
to his Abode repair ;  
And prostrate at his Footstool fall'n  
pour out our humble Pray'r.
8. Arise, O Lord, and now possess  
thy constant place of Rest ;  
Be that, not only with thy Ark,  
but with thy Presence blest. (ness,
- 9,10. Clothe thou thy Priests with Righteous-  
make thou thy Saints rejoyce ;  
And for thy Servant *David's* sake  
hear thy Anointed's Voice.
11. God sware to *David* in his Truth,  
(nor shall his Oath be vain )  
One of thy Off-spring after thee  
upon thy Throne shall reign :
12. And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,  
and to my Laws submit,  
Their Children too upon thy Throne  
for evermore shall sit.
- 13, 14. For *Sion* does, in God's esteem,  
all other Seats excel ;



His place of everlasting Rest,  
where he desires to dwell.

15, 16. Her Store, says he, I will increase,  
her Poor with Plenty bless;  
Her Saints shall shout for Joy, her Priests  
my saving-health confess.

17. There *David's* Pow'r shall long remain  
in his successive Line,  
And my anointed Servant there  
shall with fresh Lustre shine.

18. The Faces of his vanquish'd Foes  
confusion shall o'er-spread;  
Whilst with confirm'd Success his Crown  
shall flourish on his Head.

Psalm CXXXIII.

1. **H**OW vast must their Advantage be!  
how great their Pleasure prove!  
Who live like Brethren, and consent  
in Offices of Love!

2. True Love is like that precious Oyl,  
which, Pour'd on *Aaron's* Head,  
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes  
its costly Moisture shed.

3. 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does  
on *Hermon's* Top distill;  
Or like the early Drops that fall  
on *Sion's* fruitful Hill.

For *Sion* is the chosen Seat,  
where the Almighty King  
The promis'd Blessing has ordain'd,  
And Life's eternal Spring.

Psalm CXXXIV.

1. **B**less God, ye Servants that attend  
upon his solemn State;  
That in his Temple, Night by Night,  
with humble Rev'rence wait;



- 2, 3. Within his House lift up your Hands,  
and bless his holy Name;  
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,  
who Earth and Heav'n didst frame.

Psalm CXXXV.

1. **O** Praise the Lord with one Consent,  
and magnifie his Name;  
Let all the Servants of the Lord  
his worthy praise proclaim.
2. Praise him all ye that in his House,  
attend with constant care;  
With those that to his outmost Courts  
with humble Zeal repair.
3. For this our truest Int'rest is,  
glad Hymns of praise to sing;  
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,  
a most delightful thing.
4. For God his own peculiar choice  
the Sons of *Jacob* makes;  
And *Isr'el's* Off-spring for his own  
most valu'd Treasure takes.
5. That God is great, we often have  
by glad Experience found;  
And seen how he with wond'rous Pow'r  
above all Gods is crown'd.
6. For he with unresisted Strength,  
performs his Sov'reign Will;  
In Heav'n, and Earth, and watry Stores  
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.
7. He raises Vapours from the Ground,  
which dois'd in liquid Air,  
Fall down at last in Show'r's, thro' which  
his dreadful Lightnings glare:
8. He from his Store-house brings the Winds;  
and he with vengeful Hand,  
The First-born slew of Man and Beast,  
thro' *Egypt's* mourning Land.

9. He

9. His dreadful Signs and Wonders shew'd  
thro' stubborn *Egypt's* Coasts,  
Nor *Pharaoh* could his Plagues escape,  
nor all his num'rous Hosts.
- 10, 11. 'Twas he that various Nations smote,  
and mighty Kings suppress'd;  
*Sibon* and *Og*, and all besides  
who *Canaan's* Land possess'd.
- 12, 13. Their Land, upon his chosen race  
he firmly did entail;  
For which his Fame shall always last,  
his Praise shall never fail.
14. For God shall soon his People's Cause  
with pitying Eyes survey;  
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn  
his kindled Rage away.
15. Those Idols, whose false Worship spreads  
o'er all the Heathen Lands,  
Are made of Silver and of Gold,  
the Work of humane Hands,
- 16, 17. They move not their fictitious Tongues,  
nor see with polish'd Eyes;  
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,  
no Breath their Mouth supplies.
18. As senseless as themselves are they  
that all their Skill apply  
To make them, or in dang'rous Times,  
on them for Aid rely.
19. Their just Returns of Thanks to God,  
let gratefull *Isr'el* pay;  
Nor let the Priests of *Aaron's* Race  
to bless the Lord delay;
20. Their Sense of his unbounded Love  
let *Levi's* House express;  
And let all those that fear the Lord  
his Name for ever bless:
21. Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works  
in *Sion's* Courts proclaim,

Let them in *Salem*, where he dwells,  
exalt his holy Name.

Psalm CXXXVI.

1. **T**O God the mighty Lord,  
Your joyfull Thanks repeat,  
To him due praise afford  
As good as he is great;  
For God does prove  
Our constant Friend,  
His boundless Love  
Shall never end
- 2,3. To him whose wond'rous Pow'r  
All other Gods obey,  
Whom earthly Kings adore,  
This gratefull Homage pay :  
For God, &c.
- 4,5. By his Almighty Hand  
Amazing Works are wrought;  
The Heav'ns by his Command  
Were to perfection brought.  
For God, &c.
6. He spread the Ocean round  
About the spacious Land;  
And made the rising Ground  
Above the Waters stand.  
For God, &c.
- 7,8,9. Thro' Heav'n he did display  
His num'rous Hosts of Light;  
The Sun to rule by day,  
The Moon and Stars by Night.  
For God, &c.
- 10,11,12. He struck the First-born dead  
Of *Egypt's* stubborn Land;  
And thence his People led  
With his resistless Hand.  
For God, &c.

13, 14. By him the raging Sea,  
As if in pieces rent,  
Disclos'd a middle way  
Thro' which his people went.  
For God &c.

15. Where soon he overthrew  
Proud *Pharaoh* and his Host,  
Who daring to pursue,  
Were in the Billows lost.  
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18. Thro' Desarts vast and wild  
He led the chosen Seed;  
And famous Princes foil'd,  
And made great Monarchs bleed.  
For God, &c.

19, 20. *Sihon*, whose potent Hand  
Great *Ammon's* Sceptre sway'd,  
And *Og*, whose stern Command  
Rich *Bashan's* Land obey'd.  
For God, &c.

21, 22. And of his wondrous Grace,  
Their Lands, whom he destroy'd,  
He gave to *Isr'el's* Race,  
To be by them enjoy'd.  
For God, &c.

23, 24. He in our Depth of Woes,  
On us with Favour thought;  
And from our cruel Foes  
In Peace and Safety brought.  
For God, &c.

25, 26. He does the Food supply  
On which all Creatures live:  
To God who reigns on high  
Eternal Praises give.

For God will prove  
Our constant Friend,  
His boundless Love  
Shall never end.

## Psalm CXXXVII.

1. **W**HEN we, our weary'd Limbs to rest,  
Sat down by proud *Euphrates* Stream,  
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress'd,  
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.
2. Our Harps, that when with Joy we sung,  
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,  
With silent Strings neglected hung  
On Willow-trees that wither'd there.
3. Mean while our Foes, who all conspir'd  
To triumph in our slavish Wrongs,  
Musick and Mirth of us requir'd :  
" Come, sing us one of *Sion's* Songs.
4. How shall we tune our Voice to sing?  
Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands ?  
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King  
Be sung by Slaves in foreign Lands ?
5. O *Salem*, our once happy Seat!  
When I of thee forgetful prove,  
Let then my trembling Hand forget  
The speaking Strings with Art to move !
6. If I to mention thee forbear,  
Eternal Silence seize my Tongue ;  
Or if I sing one chearful Ayr,  
Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.
7. Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* Race,  
In thy own City's fatal Day,  
Cry'd out, " her stately Walls deface,  
" And with the Ground quite level lay.
8. Proud *Babel's* Daughter, doom'd to be  
Of Grief and Woe the Wretched Prey;  
Blest is the Man who shall to thee  
The wrongs thou lay'st on us, repay.
9. Thrice blest, who with Just Rage possess't,  
And deaf to all the Parents Moans,  
Shall snatch the Infants from the Breast,  
And dash their Heads against the Stones.



Psalm CXXXVIII.

1. **W**ith my whole Heart, my God and King,  
thy Praise I will proclaim;  
Before the Gods with Joy will sing,  
and bless thy holy name.
2. I'll worship at thy sacred Seat;  
and with thy Love inspir'd,  
The praises of thy Truth repeat,  
o'er all thy Works admir'd.
3. Thou graciously inclin'd'st thine Ear,  
when I to thee did cry;  
And when my Soul was press'd with Fear,  
didst inward Strength supply.
4. Therefore shall ev'ry earthly Prince  
thy Name with praise pursue,  
Whom these admir'd Events convince  
that all thy Works are true.
5. They all thy wondrous ways, O Lord,  
with chearful Songs shall bless;  
And all thy glorious Acts record,  
thy awful Pow'r confess.
6. For God, altho' enthron'd on high,  
does thence the poor respect;  
The Proud far off, his scornful Eye  
beholds with just neglect.
7. Tho' I with Troubles am oppress'd,  
he shall my Foes disarm:  
Relieve my Soul when most distress'd,  
and keep me safe from Harm!
8. The Lord, whose Mercies ever last,  
shall fix my happy State;  
and mindful of his Favours past,  
shall his own Work complete.

Psalm CXXXIX.

- 1, 2. **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast  
My rising up, and lying down; (known  
P 4 My

- My secret Thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3. Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,  
My publick Haunts, and private Ways;
4. Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,  
My yet-unnutter'd Words intent.
5. Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand;  
On every side I find thy Hand.
6. O Skill, for human reach too high!  
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!
7. O could I so perfidious be  
To think of once deserting thee!  
Where, Lord, cou'd I thy Influence shun,  
Or whither from thy Presence run?
8. If up to Heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light:  
Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains,  
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
9. If I the Morning's Wings cou'd gain,  
And fly beyond the Western Main;
10. Thy swifter Hand wou'd first arrive,  
And there arrest thy Fugitive.
11. Or shou'd I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the sable Wings of night;  
One glance from thee, one piercing Ray,  
Would kindle Darkness into Day.
12. The Veil of Night is no disguise,  
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes;  
Thro' midnight-Shades thou find'st thy way,  
As in the blazing Noon of Day.  
Thou know'st the Texture of my Heart,
13. My Reins, and ev'ry vital Part  
Each single Thread, in Nature's Loom,  
By thee was cover'd in the womb.
14. I'll praise thee from whose Hands I came,  
A Work of such a curious Frame;  
The Wonders thou in me hast shown,  
My Soul with grateful Joy must own.

15. Thine Eyes my Substance did survey,  
While yet a lifeless mass it lay  
In secret, how exactly wrought,  
E'er from its dark Enclosure brought.
16. Thou didst the shapeless Embrio see,  
Its parts were registred by thee;  
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
17. Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
That since this Maze of life I trod,  
Thy thoughts of Love to me surmount  
The pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18. Far sooner could I reckon o'er  
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore:  
Each Morn revising what I've done,  
I find the account but new begun.
19. The wicked thou shalt slay, O God:  
Depart from me, ye men of Blood,
20. Whose Tongues Heav'n's Majesty profane,  
And take th'Almighty's Name in vain.
21. Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,  
Who thee with Enmity pursue?  
And does not Grief my Heart oppress,  
When Repobates thy Laws transgress?
22. Who practise Enmity to thee,  
Shall utmost Hatred have from me:  
Such men I utterly detest,  
As if they were my Foes profess. (Heart,
- 23, 24. Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and  
If mischief lurks in any part;  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way.

Psalm CXL.

1. **P**reserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes  
of teacherous intent;
2. And from the Sons of Violence,  
on open Mischief bent.

Their

3. Their fland'ring Tongue the Serpent's Sting  
in sharpness do's exceed;  
Between their Lips the Gall of Asps  
and Adders Venom breed.
4. Preserve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,  
nor leave my Soul forlorn,  
A Prey to Sons of Violence,  
who have my Ruine sworn.
5. The proud for me have laid their Snare,  
and spread their wily Net;  
With Traps and Gins where e'er I move,  
I find my Steps beset.
6. But thus environ'd with Distress,  
thou art my God, I said;  
Lord, hear my supplicating Voice  
that calls to thee for Aid.
7. O Lord, the God, whose saving Strength  
kind Succour did convey,  
And cover'd my advent'rous Head  
in Battel's doubtful day.
8. Permit not their unjust Designs  
to answer their Desire;  
Lest they encourag'd by Success,  
to bolder Crimes aspire.
9. Let first their Chiefs the sad Effects  
of their Injustice mourn;  
The blast of their envenom'd Breath,  
upon themselves return.
10. Let them who kindl'd first the flame,  
its Sacrifice become;  
The Pit they digg'd for me be made  
their own untimely Tomb.
11. Tho' Slanders Breath may raise a Sorn,  
it quickly will decay;  
Their Rage does but the Torrent swell  
that bears themselves away.
12. God will assert the poor Man's Cause,  
and speedy Succour give:

The Juſt ſhall celebrate his praiſe,  
and in his Preſence live.

Pſalm CXLI.

1. **T**O thee, O Lord, my Cries aſcend,  
O haſte to my Relief:  
And with accuſtom'd Pity hear  
the Accents of my Grief.
2. Inſtead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r  
like Morning-Incense riſe;  
My liſted Hands ſupply the place  
of Evening Sacrifice.
3. From haſty Language curb my Tongue;  
and let a conſtant Guard  
Still keep the Portal of my Lips  
with wary Silence barr'd.
4. From wicked Men's Deſigns and Deeds  
my Heart and Hands refrain;  
Nor let me in the Booty ſhare  
of their unrighteous Gain.
5. Let upright Men reprove my Faults,  
and I ſhall think 'em kind,  
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head,  
I their Reproof ſhall find;  
And, in return, my fervent pray'r  
I ſhall for them addreſs,  
When they are tempted and reduc'd,  
like me, to fore Diſtreſs.
6. When ſculking in *Engeddi's* Rock,  
I to their Chiefs appeal,  
If one reproachful Word I ſpoke,  
when I had pow'r to kill.
7. Yet us they perſecute to Death,  
our ſcatter'd Ruins lie  
As thick, as from the Hewer's Ax  
the fever'd Splinters flie.
8. But, Lord, to thee I ſtill direct  
my ſupplicating Eyes;



O leave not destitute my Soul;  
whose Trust on thee relies!

9. Do thou preserve me from the Snares  
that wicked Hands have laid;  
Let them in their own Nets be caught,  
while my Escape is made.

Psalm CXLII.

1. **T**O God with mournful Voice  
in deep Distress I pray'd;  
2. Made him the Umpire of my Cause,  
my Wrongs before him laid.  
3. Thou didst my Steps direct,  
when my griev'd Soul despair'd;  
For where I thought to walk secure,  
they had their Traps prepar'd.  
4. I look'd, but found no Friend  
to own me in Distress;  
All Refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd  
his Pity, or Redress.  
5. To God at last I pray'd,  
thou, Lord, my Refuge art,  
My portion in the Land of Life,  
till Life it self depart.  
6. Reduc'd to greatest Straits,  
to thee I make my moan,  
O! save me from oppressing Foes,  
for me too pow'rful grown.  
7. That I may praise thy name,  
my Soul from Prison bring;  
Whilst of thy kind Regard to me  
assembled Saints shall sing.

Psalm CXLIII.

1. **L**ORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry  
thy wonted Audience lend;  
In thy accusom'd Faith and Truth  
a gracious Answer send.

2. Nor

2. Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring  
thy servant to be try'd ;  
For in thy sight no living Man  
can e'er be justify'd.
3. The spiteful Foe pursues my life,  
whose Comforts all are fled ;  
He drives me into Caves as dark  
as Mansions of the dead.
4. My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,  
and sinks within my Breast ;  
My mournful Heart grows desolate,  
with heavy Woes oppress'd.
5. I call to mind the Days of old ;  
and Wonders thou hast wrought :  
My former Dangers and Escapes  
employ my musing Thought.
6. To thee my Hands in humble Prayer  
I fervently stretch out ;  
My Soul for thy refreshment thirsts,  
like Land oppress'd with Drought.
7. Hear me with speed ; my Spirit fails ;  
thy Face no longer hide,  
Lest I become forlorn like them  
that in the Grave reside.
8. Thy kindness early let me hear,  
whose Trust on thee depends ;  
Teach me the Way where I should go :  
my Soul to thee ascends.
9. Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes  
preserve, and set me free ;  
A safe Retreat against their Rage,  
my Soul implores from thee.
10. Thou art my God, thy righteous Will  
instruct me to obey ;  
Let thy good Spirit conduct and keep  
my Soul in thy right way.
11. O for the sake of thy great Name  
revive my drooping Heart ;

For

- For thy Truth's sake, to me distress'd;  
 thy promis'd Aid impart,  
 12. In pity to my Suff'rings, Lord;  
 reduce my Foes to shame;  
 Slay them that persecute a Soul  
 devoted to thy Name.

## Psalm CXLIV.

1. **F**OR ever blest be God the Lord,  
 Who does his needful Aid impart,  
 At once both Strength and Skill afford  
 To wield my Arms with warlike Art.  
 2. His Goodness is my Fort and Tow'r,  
 My strong Deliv'rance and my Shield;  
 In him I trust, whose matchless Pow'r  
 Makes to my sway fierce Nations yield.  
 3. Lord, what's in Man that thou shouldst love  
 Of him such tender Care to take?  
 What in his Off-spring cou'd thee move  
 Such great Account of him to make?  
 4. The Life of Man does quickly fade,  
 His Thoughts but empty are, and vain;  
 His Days are like a flying Shade,  
 Of whose short stay no Signs remain.  
 5. In solemn State, O God, descend,  
 Whilst Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;  
 The smoking Hills afunder rend,  
 Of thy Approach the awful Signs.  
 6. Discharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,  
 And make my scatter'd Foes retreat;  
 Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,  
 And their Destruction soon complete.  
 7,8. Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage  
 Thy boundless Pow'r my Foes to quell;  
 And snatch me from the stormy Rage  
 Of threatening Waves that proudly swell.  
 Fight thou against my foreign Foes,  
 Who utter Speeches false and vain;

Who

- Who tho' in solemn Leagues they close,  
Their sworn Engagement ne'er maintain.
9. So I to thee, O King of kings,  
In new-made Hymns my Voice shall raise,  
And Instruments of various Strings  
Shall help me thus to sing thy praise.
10. " God does to Kings his Aid afford,  
" to them his sure Salvation sends;  
" Tis he that from the murd'ring Sword  
" His Servant *David* still defends.
11. Fight thou against my foreign Foes,  
Who utter Speeches false and vain,  
Who, tho' in solemn Leagues they close,  
Their sworn Engagement ne'er maintain.
12. Then our young Sons like Trees shall grow,  
Well planted in some fruitful place;  
Our Daughters shall like Pillars show,  
Design'd some royal Court to grace.
13. Our Garners, fill'd with various Store,  
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed;  
Our Sheep increasing more and more,  
Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.
14. Strong shall our lab'ring Oxen grow,  
Nor in their constant Labour faint;  
Whilst we no War, nor Slav'ry know,  
and in our Streets hear no Complaint.
15. Thrice happy is that people's Case,  
Whose various Blessings thus abound,  
Who God's true Worship still embrace,  
And are with his Protection crown'd.

Psalm CXLV.

- 1,2. **T**HREE I will bless, my God and King  
thy endless praise proclaim;  
This Tribute daily I will bring,  
and ever bless thy name.
3. Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,  
and highly to be prais'd;

Thy

- Thy Majesty, with boundless Height;  
above our Knowledge rais'd.
4. Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame  
to future times extends;  
From Age to Age thy glorious Name  
succesively descends.
- 5,6. Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,  
and wond'rous Works express;  
The World with me thy Might shall own,  
and thy great Pow'r confess.
7. The praise that to thy Love belongs,  
they shall with Joy proclaim;  
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs  
shall be the constant Theme.
8. The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace  
his Pity still supplies;  
His Anger moves with slowest pace:  
his willing mercy flies.
- 9,10. Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,  
to all thy Works express; (Name  
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great  
is by thy Servants blest.
11. They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,  
shall of thy Kingdom speak;  
And thy great Pow'r by all admir'd,  
their lofty Subject make.
12. God's glorious Works of ancient date  
shall thus to all be known;  
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,  
with publick Splendor shown.
13. His steadfast Throne from Changes free,  
shall stand for ever fast;  
His boundless Sway no end shall see,  
but Time it self out-last

## PART II.

- 14,15. The Lord does them support that fall,  
and makes the prostrate rise:

For



- For his kind Aid all Creatures call,  
 who timely food ſupplies ;
16. Whate'er their various Wants require  
 with open Hand he gives ;  
 And ſo fulfills the juſt Deſire  
 of every thing that lives.
- 17, 18. How holy is the Lord, how juſt !  
 how righteous all his ways !  
 How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt,  
 for his Aſſiſtance prays !
19. He grants the full Deſires of thoſe  
 who him with fear adore ;  
 And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,  
 when they his Aid implore.
20. The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care,  
 whom grateful Love employs ;  
 But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,  
 with furious Rage deſtroys.
21. My time to come, in praiſes ſpent,  
 ſhall ſtill advance his Fame,  
 And all Mankind with one Conſent  
 for ever bleſs his Name.

Pſalm CXLVI.

- 1, 2. **O** Praiſe the Lord, and thou my Soul  
 for ever bleſs his Name :  
 His wond'rous Love, while Life ſhall laſt,  
 my conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.
3. On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,  
 let none for Aid rely ;  
 They cannot ſave in dang'rous times  
 nor timely help apply.
4. Depriv'd of Breath, to Duſt they turn  
 and there neglected lie,  
 And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns  
 together with them die.
5. Then happy he, who *Jacob's* God  
 for his Protector takes ;

- Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord  
his constant Refuge makes.
6. The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,  
and all that they contain,  
Will never quit his stedfast Truth,  
nor make his Promise vain.
7. The poor oppress'd, from all their Wrongs,  
are eas'd by his Decree;  
He gives the Hungry needful Food,  
and sets the Pris'ners free.
8. By him the Blind receive their sight,  
the weak and fall'n he rears:  
With kind regard and tender Love  
he for the righteous cares.
9. The Strangers he preserves from Harm,  
the Orphan kindly treats,  
Defends the Widow, and the wiles  
of wicked Men defeats.
10. The God that does in *Sion* dwell,  
is our eternal King:  
From Age to Age his Reign endures,  
let all his Praises sing.

## Psalm CXLVII.

1. **O** Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,  
and celebrate his Fame;  
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis  
to praise his holy Name.
2. His holy City God will build,  
tho' levell'd with the Ground;  
Bring back his People, tho' dispers'd  
thro' all the Nations round.
- 3, 4. He kindly heals the broken Hearts,  
and all their wounds does close;  
He tells the number of the Stars,  
their several Names he knows.
- 5, 6. Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,  
his Wisdom has no Bound;

The meek he raises, but throws down  
the wicked to the Ground.

7. To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise  
with grateful Voices sing;  
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,  
and strike each warbling String.
8. He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence  
refreshing Rain bestows;  
Through him, on Mountain-tops, the Grass  
with wond'rous Plenty grows.
9. He, savage Beasts, that loosely range  
with timely food supplies;  
He feeds the Raven's tender Brood,  
and stops their hungry Cries.
10. He values not the warlike Steed,  
but does his Strength disdain;  
The nimble Foot that swiftly runs,  
no Prize from him can gain.
11. But he, to him that fears his Name,  
his tender Love extends;  
To him that on his boundless Grace  
with stedfast Hope depends.
- 12, 13. Let *Sion* and *Jerusalem* then,  
to God their Praise address;  
Who fenc'd their Gates with massie Bars,  
and does their Children bless.
- 14, 15. Thrô all their Borders he gives Peace;  
with finest Wheat they're fed;  
He speaks the Word, and what he wills  
is done as soon as said.
16. Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool;  
descend at his command;  
And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread,  
is scatter'd o'er the land.
17. When, joyn'd to these, he does his Hail  
in little Morfels break,  
Who can against his Piercing Cold  
secure Defences make?

18. He sends his Word, which melts the Ice ;  
 he makes his Wind to blow,  
 And soon the Streams, congeal'd before,  
 in plenteous Currents flow.
19. By him his Statutes and Decrees  
 to *Jacob's* Sons were shown ;  
 And still to *Israel's* chosen Seed  
 his righteous Laws are known.
20. No other Nation this can boast,  
 nor did he e'er afford  
 To heathen Lands his Oracles,  
 and Knowledge of his Word.

*Hallelujah.*

Psalm CXLVIII.

1. **Y**E boundless Realms of Joy  
 Exalt your Maker's Fame ;  
 His praise your Song employ  
 Above the starry Frame :  
 Your Voices raise,  
 Ye Cherubim  
 And Seraphim,  
 To sing his Praise.
- 3,4. Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,  
 And Sun that guid'st the Day,  
 Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,  
 To him your Homage pay:  
 His praise declare  
 Ye Heav'ns above,  
 And Clouds that move  
 In liquid Air.
- 5,6. Let them adore the Lord,  
 And praise his holy Name,  
 By whose Almighty Word  
 They all from nothing came.  
 And all shall last  
 From Changes free ;  
 His firm Decree  
 Stands ever fast.
- 7,8. Let



7,8. Let Earth her Tribute pay;  
Praise him, ye dreadful Whales,  
And Fish that through the Sea  
Glide swift with glitt'ring Scales.  
Fire, Hail, and Snow,  
And misty Air,  
And Winds that, where  
He bids them, blow.

9,10. By Hills and Mountains (all  
In grateful Consort joyn'd )  
By Cedars stately tall,  
And Trees for Fruit design'd :  
By ev'ry Beast,  
And creeping thing,  
And Fowl of Wing,  
His Name be blest.

11, Let all of Royal Birth,  
With those of humbler Frame;  
And Judges of the Earth,  
Matchless Praise proclaim.  
In this Design  
Let Youths with Maids,  
And hoary Heads  
With Children join.

12. Und Zeal be shown,  
His bound'rous Fame to raise,  
Whose glorious Name alone  
Deserves our endless Praise.  
To His utmost Ends,  
His Majesty obey:

His glorious Sway  
The Sky transcends.  
His chosen Saints to grace  
He sets them up on high,  
And favours Israel's Race  
Who still to him are nigh.  
O therefore raise  
Your grateful voice

And



And still rejoyce  
The Lord to praise.

Psalm CXLIX.

1,2. **O** Praise ye the Lord,  
prepare your glad Voice,  
His Praise in the great  
Assembly to sing.  
In our great Creator  
let *Isr'el* rejoyce;  
And Children of *Sion*  
be glad in their King.

3,4. Let them his great Name  
extol in the Dance;  
With Timbrel and Harp  
his Praises express;  
Who always takes pleasure  
his Saints to advance,  
And with his Salvation  
the Humble to bless.

5,6. With Glory adorn'd  
his People shall sing  
To God, who their Beds  
with Safety does shield;  
Their Mouths fill'd with Praise  
of him their great King;  
Whilst a two-edged Sword  
their Right Hand shall wield

7,8. Just Vengeance to take  
for Injuries past;  
To punish those Lands  
for Ruin design'd;  
With Chains, as their Captives,  
to tie their Kings fast,  
With Fetters of Iron  
their Nobles to bind.

9. Thus shall they make good,  
when them they destroy,

The dreadful Decree  
 which God does proclaim:  
 Such Honour and Triumph  
 his Saints shall enjoy.  
 O therefore for ever  
 exalt his great Name.

Psalm CL.

1. **O** Praise the Lord in that blest Place,  
 From whence his Goodness largely flows;  
 Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face  
 Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.
2. Praise him for all the mighty Acts  
 Which he in our behalf has done;  
 His Kindness this Return exacts,  
 With which our Praise should equal run.
3. Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice  
 Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound;  
 Praise him with Harp's melodious Noise,  
 And gentle Psaltry's silver Sound.
4. Let Virgin-Troops soft Timbrels bring,  
 And some with graceful Motion dance;  
 Let Instruments of various Strings,  
 With Organs join'd his Praise advance.
5. Let them who joyful Hymns compose:  
 To Cymbals set their Songs of Praise;  
 Cymbals of common use, and those  
 That loudly sound on solemn Days.
6. Let all, that vital Breath enjoy,  
 The Breath he does to them afford,  
 In just returns of Praise employ;  
 Let every Creature praise the Lord.

# GLORIA PATRI, &c.

*Common Measure.*

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be Glory; as it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.

*As Psalm 25.*

To God, the Father, Son,  
and Spirit, Glory be;  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
to all Eternity.

*As the 100. Psalm.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God, whom Earth and Heav'n adore;  
Be Glory, as it was of Old,  
is now and shall be evermore.

*As Ps. 37. and last part of the 113th,  
Psalm-Tune.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God, whom Heav'n's Triumphant Host,  
and suffering Saints on Earth adore,  
Be Glory; as in Ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
when Time it self must be no more.

*As Psalm 148.*

To God, the Father, Son,  
and Spirit ever blest,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All Worship be addrest;  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

*As Psalm 149.*

By Angels in Heav'n  
of ev'ry Degree,  
And Saints upon Earth,  
All Praise be addrest  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever blest;  
As it has been, now is,  
and always shall be.

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A N

ALPHABETICAL

T A B L E

Shewing how to find any Psalm  
by its Beginning.

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About the

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